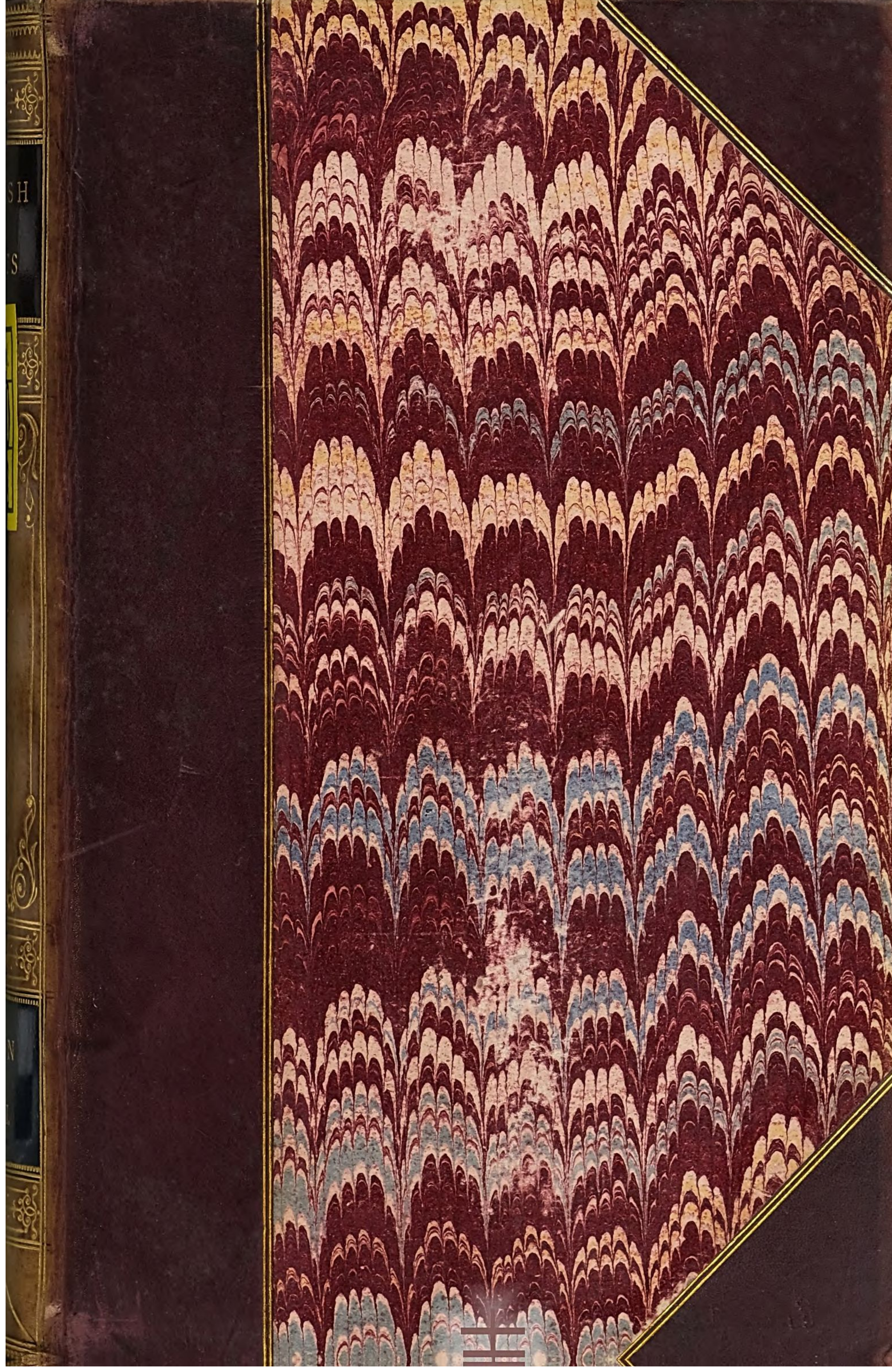








P. O. angl. 620 9

/ 8

q. a. niebig

Tang lewood

20th
1890

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
LORD BYRON

WITH A MEMOIR

TEN VOLUMES IN FIVE
VOL. II.



NEW YORK
PUBLISHED BY HURD AND HOUGHTON
BOSTON: H. O. HOUGHTON AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1878

British Poets. [8.]

The Riverside Press, Cambridge :
Printed by H. O. Houghton and Company

Bayerische
Staatsbibliothek
München

G 91 / 2192

CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

COMPRISING VOLS. III. AND IV.

VOL. III.

	PAGE
BEPPPO. A VENETIAN STORY	1
THE PROPHECY OF DANTE	43
FRANCESCA OF RIMINI. FROM DANTE	85
THE MORGANTE MAGGIORE OF PULCI. CANTO FIRST	95
THE BLUES : A LITERARY ECLOGUE	163
THE VISION OF JUDGMENT	187
THE AGE OF BRONZE : OR, CARMEN SECULARE ET AN- NUS HAUD MIRABILIS	245

VOL. IV.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE	1
To Ianthe	9
Canto the First	13
Canto the Second	71
Appendix to Canto the Second	123
Canto the Third	154
Canto the Fourth	221
Historical Notes to Canto the Fourth	307

BEPPPO.

A VENETIAN STORY.

(1)

VOL. III.

1

Rosalind. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: Look, you lisp, and wear strange suits: disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your Nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think that you have swam in a *Gondola*.

As You Like It, Act IV. Sc. 1

Annotation of the Commentators.

That is, been at *Venice*, which was much visited by the young English gentlemen of those times, and was then what *Paris* is now — the seat of all dissoluteness. — S. A.*

* [Roger Ascham, Queen Elizabeth's tutor, says, in his "Schoolmaster," — "Although I was only nine days at Venice, I saw, in that little time, more liberty to sin, than ever I heard tell of in the city of London in nine years."]

INTRODUCTION TO BEPPO.

BEPPO was written at Venice, in October, 1817, and acquired great popularity immediately on its publication in the May of the following year. Byron's letters show that he attached very little importance to it at the time. He was not aware that he had opened a new vein, in which his genius was destined to work out some of his brightest triumphs. "I have written," he says to Mr. Murray, "a poem humorous, in or after the excellent manner of Mr. Whistlecraft, and founded on a Venetian anecdote which amused me. It is called *Beppo* — the short name for Giuseppe, — that is, the *Joe* of the Italian Joseph. It has politics and ferocity." Again — "Whistlecraft is my immediate model, but Berni is the father of that kind of writing; which, I think, suits our language, too, very well. We shall see by this experiment. It will, at any rate, show that I can write cheerfully, and repel the charge of monotony and mannerism." He wished Mr. Murray to accept of *Beppo* as a free gift, or, as he chose to express it, "as part of the contract for Canto Fourth of *Childe Harold*;" adding, however, — "if it pleases, you shall have more in the same mood; for

I know the Italian *way of life*, and, as for the *verse* and the *passions*, I have them still in tolerable vigor."

John Hookham Frere has the merit of having introduced the *Bernesque* style into our language; but his performance, entitled "Prospectus and Specimen of an intended National Work, by William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stowmarket, in Suffolk, Harness and Collar Makers, intended to comprise the most interesting Particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table," though it delighted all elegant and learned readers, obtained at the time little notice from the public at large, and is already almost forgotten. For the causes of this failure, it appears needless to look further than the last sentence we have been quoting from the letters of the author of the more successful *Beppo*. Whistlecraft had the *verse*: it had also the humor, the wit, and even the poetry of the Italian model; but it wanted the life of actual manners, and the strength of stirring passions. Mr. Frere had forgot, or was, with all his genius, to profit by remembering, that the poets, whose unfit style he was adopting, always made their style *appear* a secondary matter. They never failed to embroider their merriment on the texture of a really interesting story. Byron perceived this; and avoiding his immediate master's one fatal error, and at least equalling him in the excellences which he did display, engaged at once the sympathy of readers of every class, and became substantially the founder of a new species of English poetry.

BEPPŌ.

I.

'Tis known, at least it should be, that throughout
All countries of the Catholic persuasion,
Some weeks before Shrove Tuesday comes about,
The people take their fill of recreation,
And buy repentance, ere they grow devout,
However high their rank, or low their station,
With fiddling, feasting, dancing, drinking, masquing,
And other things which may be had for asking.

II.

The moment night with dusky mantle covers
The skies (and the more duskily the better),
The time less liked by husbands than by lovers
Begins, and prudery flings aside her fetter :
And gaiety on restless tiptoe hovers,
Giggling with all the gallants who beset her ;
And there are songs and quavers, roaring, humming,
Guitars, and every other sort of strumming.

III.

And there are dresses splendid, but fantastical,
Masks of all times and nations, Turks and Jews,
And harlequins and clowns, with feats gymnastical,
Greeks, Romans, Yankee-doodles, and Hindoos ;
All kinds of dress, except the ecclesiastical,
All people, as their fancies hit, may choose,
But no one in these parts may quiz the clergy, —
Therefore take heed, ye Freethinkers! I charge ye.

IV.

You'd better walk about begirt with briars,
Instead of coat and smallclothes, than put on
A single stitch reflecting upon friars,
Although you swore it only was in fun ;
They'd haul you o'er the coals, and stir the fires
Of Phlegethon with every mother's son,
Nor say one mass to cool the caldron's bubble
That boiled your bones, unless you paid them double.

V.

But saving this, you may put on whate'er
You like by way of doublet, cape, or cloak,
Such as in Monmouth-street, or in Rag Fair,
Would rig you out in seriousness or joke ;
And even in Italy such places are,
With prettier name in softer accents spoke,
For, bating Covent Garden, I can hit on
No place that's called "Piazza" in Great Britain.

VI.

This feast is named the Carnival,* which being
Interpreted, implies “farewell to flesh :”
So called, because the name and thing agreeing,
Through Lent they live on fish both salt and
fresh.

But why they usher Lent with so much glee in,
Is more than I can tell, although I guess
'Tis as we take a glass with friends at parting,
In the stage-coach or packet, just at starting.

VII.

And thus they bid farewell to carnal dishes,
And solid meats, and highly spiced ragouts,
To live for forty days on ill-dressed fishes,
Because they have no sauces to their stews,
A thing which causes many “poohs” and “pishes,”
And several oaths (which would not suit the
Muse),
From travellers accustomed from a boy
To eat their salmon, at the least, with soy ;

* [“ The Carnival,” says Mr. Rose, “ though it is gayer or duller, according to the genius of the nations which celebrate it, is, in its general character, nearly the same all over the peninsula. The beginning is like any other season ; towards the middle you begin to meet masques and murmurs in sunshine : in the last fifteen days the plot thickens ; and during *the three last* all is hurly-burly. The shops are shut, all business is at a stand, and the drunken cries heard at night afford a clear proof of the pleasures to which these days of leisure are dedicated.” — *Letters from the North of Italy.*]

VIII.

And therefore humbly I would recommend
“The curious in fish-sauce,” before they cross
The sea, to bid their cook, or wife, or friend,
Walk or ride to the Strand, and buy in gross
(Or if set out beforehand, these may send
By any means least liable to loss),
Ketchup, Soy, Chili-vinegar, and Harvey,
Or, by the Lord! a Lent will well nigh starve ye;

IX.

That is to say, if your religion's Roman,
And you at Rome would do as Romans do,
According to the proverb, — although no man,
If foreign, is obliged to fast; and you,
If Protestant, or sickly, or a woman,
Would rather dine in sin on a ragout —
Dine and be d—d! I don't mean to be coarse,
But that's the penalty, to say no worse.

X.

Of all the places where the Carnival
Was most facetious in the days of yore,
For dance, and song, and serenade, and ball,
And masque, and mime, and mystery, and more
Than I have time to tell now, or at all,
Venice the bell from every city bore, —
And at the moment when I fix my story,
That sea-born city was in all her glory.

XI.

They've pretty faces yet, those same Venetians,
 Black eyes, arched brows, and sweet expressions
 still ;
 Such as of old were copied from the Grecians,
 In ancient arts by moderns mimicked ill ;
 And like so many Venuses of Titian's
 (The best's at Florence * — see it, if ye will,)
 They look when leaning over the balcony,
 Or stepped from out a picture by Giorgione,†

XII.

Whose tints are truth and beauty at their best,
 And when you to Manfrini's palace go,‡

* ["At Florence I remained but a day, having a hurry for Rome. However, I went to the two galleries, from which one returns drunk with beauty; but there are sculpture and painting, which, for the first time, gave me an idea of what people mean by their *cant*, about those two most artificial of the arts. What struck me most were, — the mistress of Raphael, a portrait; the mistress of Titian, a portrait; a Venus of Titian, in the Medici gallery — *the* Venus; Canova's Venus, also in the other gallery," etc. — *Byron's Letters*, 1817.]

† ["I know nothing of pictures myself, and care almost as little; but to me there are none like the Venetian — above all, Giorgione. I remember well his judgment of Solomon, in the Mariscalchi gallery in Bologna. The real mother is beautiful, exquisitely beautiful." — *Byron's Letters*, 1820.]

‡ [The following is Byron's account of his visit to this palace, in April, 1817. — "To-day, I have been over the Manfrini palace, famous for its pictures. What struck most in the general collection, was the extreme resemblance of the style of the female faces in the mass of pictures, so many centuries or generations

That picture (howsoever fine the rest)
 Is loveliest to my mind of all the show ;
 It may perhaps be also to *your* zest,
 And that's the cause I rhyme upon it so :
 'Tis but a portrait of his son, and wife,
 And self ; but *such* a woman ! love in life !

XIII.

Love in full life and length, not love ideal,
 No, nor ideal beauty, that fine name,
 But something better still, so very real,
 That the sweet model must have been the same ;
 A thing that you would purchase, beg, or steal,
 Wer't not impossible, besides a shame :
 The face recalls some face, as 'twere with pain,
 You once have seen, but ne'er will see again ;

XIV.

One of those forms which flit by us, when we
 Are young, and fix our eyes on every face ;

old, to those you see and meet every day among the existing Italians. The Queen of Cyprus and Giorgione's wife,* particularly the latter, are Venetians as it were of yesterday ; the same eyes and expression, and, to my mind, there is none finer. You must recollect, however, that I know nothing of painting, and that I detest it, unless it reminds me of something I have seen, or think it possible to see."]

* [This appears to be an incorrect description of the picture ; as, according to Vasari and others, Giorgione never was married, and died young.]

And, oh ! the loveliness at times we see
 In momentary gliding, the soft grace,
 The youth, the bloom, the beauty which agree,
 In many a nameless being we retrace,
 Whose course and home we knew not, nor shall
 know,
 Like the lost Pleiad * seen no more below.

XV.

I said that like a picture by Giorgione
 Venetian women were, and so they *are*,
 Particularly seen from a balcony,
 (For beauty's sometimes best set off afar)
 And there, just like a heroine of Goldoni,
 They peep from out the blind, or o'er the bar ;
 And truth to say, they're mostly very pretty,
 And rather like to show it, more's the pity !

XVI.

For glances beget ogles, ogles sighs,
 Sighs wishes, wishes words, and words a letter,
 Which flies on wings of light-heeled Mercuries,
 Who do such things because they know no
 better
 And then, God knows, what mischief may arise,
 When love links two young people in one
 fetter,
 Vile assignations, and adulterous beds,
 Elopements, broken vows, and hearts, and heads.

* " Quæ septem dici sex tamen esse solent." — OVID.

XVII.

Shakspeare described the sex in Desdemona
 As very fair, but yet suspect in fame,*
 And to this day from Venice to Verona
 Such matters may be probably the same,
 Except that since those times was never known a
 Husband whom mere suspicion could inflame
 To suffocate a wife no more than twenty,
 Because she had a "cavalier servente."

XVIII.

Their jealousy (if they are ever jealous)
 Is of a fair complexion altogether,
 Not like that sooty devil of Othello's
 Which smothers women in a bed of feather,
 But worthier of these much more jolly fellows,
 When weary of the matrimonial tether
 His head for such a wife no mortal bothers,
 But takes at once another, or another's.†

XIX.

Didst ever see a Gondola? For fear
 You should not, I'll describe it you exactly:

* ["Look to't:

In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
 They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
 Is — not to leave undone, but keep unknown." — *Othello*.]

† ["Jealousy is not the order of the day in Venice, and
 daggers are out of fashion, while duels on love matters are
 unknown — at least, with the husbands." — *Byron's Letters*.]

'Tis a long covered boat that's common here,
Carved at the prow, built lightly, but compactly,
Rowed by two rowers, each called "Gondolier,"
It glides along the water looking blackly,
Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe,
Where none can make out what you say or do.

XX.

And up and down the long canals they go,
And under the Rialto * shoot along,
By night and day, all paces, swift or slow,
And round the theatres, a sable throng,
They wait in their dusk livery of woe, —
But not to them do woful things belong,
For sometimes they contain a deal of fun,
Like mourning coaches when the funeral's done.

XXI.

But to my story. — 'Twas some years ago,
It may be thirty, forty, more or less,
The carnival was at its height, and so
Were all kinds of buffoonery and dress ;

* [An English abbreviation. Rialto is the name, not of the bridge, but of the island from which it is called; and the Venetians say, *il ponte di Rialto*, as we say Westminster Bridge. In that island is the Exchange. It was there that the Christian held discourse with the Jew; and Shylock refers to it, when he says,

Signor Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto, you have rated me." — ROGERS.]

A certain lady went to see the show,
Her real name I know not, nor can guess,
And so we'll call her Laura, if you please,
Because it slips into my verse with ease.

XXII.

She was not old, nor young, nor at the years
Which certain people call a "*certain age*,"
Which yet the most uncertain age appears,
Because I never heard, nor could engage
A person yet by prayers, or bribes, or tears,
To name, define by speech, or write on page,
The period meant precisely by that word, —
Which surely is exceedingly absurd.

XXIII.

Laura was blooming still, had made the best
Of time, and time returned the compliment,
And treated her genteelly, so that, dressed,
She looked extremely well where'er she went;
A pretty woman is a welcome guest,
And Laura's brow a frown had rarely bent,
Indeed she shone all smiles, and seemed to flatter
Mankind with her black eyes for looking at her.

XXIV.

She was a married woman; 'tis convenient,
Because in Christian countries 'tis a rule
To view their little slips with eyes more lenient;
Whereas if single ladies play the fool,

(Unless within the period intervenient
A well-timed wedding makes the scandal cool)
I don't know how they ever can get over it,
Except they manage never to discover it.

XXV.

Her husband sailed upon the Adriatic,
And made some voyages, too, in other seas,
And when he lay in quarantine for pratique
(A forty days' precaution 'gainst disease),
His wife would mount, at times, her highest attic,
For thence she could discern the ship with ease:
He was a merchant trading to Aleppo,
His name Giuseppe, called more briefly, Beppo.

XXVI.

He was a man as dusky as a Spaniard,
Sunburnt with travel, yet a portly figure;
Though colored, as it were, within a tanyard,
He was a person both of sense and vigor —
A better seaman never yet did man yard:
And *she*, although her manners showed no rigor,
Was deemed a woman of the strictest principle,
So much as to be thought almost invincible.

XXVII.

But several years elapsed since they had met;
Some people thought the ship was lost, and some
That he had somehow blundered into debt,
And did not like the thought of steering home;

And there were several offered any bet,
Or that he would, or that he would not come,
For most men (till by losing rendered sager)
Will back their own opinions with a wager.

XXVIII.

Tis said that their last parting was pathetic,
As partings often are, or ought to be,
And their presentiment was quite prophetic
That they should never more each other see,
(A sort of morbid feeling, half poetic,
Which I have known occur in two or three,)
When kneeling on the shore upon her sad knee,
He left this Adriatic Ariadne.

XXIX.

And Laura waited long, and wept a little,
And thought of wearing weeds, as well she might;
She almost lost all appetite for victual,
And could not sleep with ease alone at night;
She deemed the window-frames and shutters brittle
Against a daring housebreaker or sprite,
And so she thought it prudent to connect her
With a vice-husband, *chiefly to protect her.*

XXX.

She chose, (and what is there they will not choose,
If only you will but oppose their choice?)
Till Beppo should return from his long cruise,
And bid once more her faithful heart rejoice,

A man some women like, and yet abuse —
 A coxcomb was he by the public voice ;
 A Count of wealth, they said, as well as quality,
 And in his pleasures of great liberality.*

XXXI.

And then he was a Count, and then he knew
 Music, and dancing, fiddling, French and Tuscan ;
 The last not easy, be it known to you,
 For few Italians speak the right Etruscan.
 He was a critic upon operas, too,
 And knew all niceties of the sock and buskin ;
 And no Venetian audience could endure a
 Song, scene, or air, when he cried "seccatura !"

XXXII.

His "bravo" was decisive, for that sound
 Hushed "Academie" sighed in silent awe ;
 The fiddlers trembled as he looked around,
 For fear of some false note's detected flaw.
 The "prima donna's" tuneful heart would bound,
 Dreading the deep damnation of his "bah !"
 Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto,
 Wished him five fathom under the Rialto.

XXXIII.

He patronized the Improvisatori,
 Nay, could himself extemporize some stanzas,

* [MS. — "A Count of wealth inferior to his quality,
 Which somewhat limited his liberality."

Wrote rhymes, sang songs, could also tell a story,
 Sold pictures, and was skilful in the dance as
 Italians can be, though in this their glory [has ;
 Must surely yield the palm to that which France
 In short, he was a perfect cavaliero,
 And to his very valet seemed a hero.

XXXIV.

Then he was faithful too, as well as amorous ;
 So that no sort of female could complain,
 Although they're now and then a little clamorous,
 He never put the pretty souls in pain ;
 His heart was one of those which most enamour us,
 Wax to receive, and marble to retain.
 He was a lover of the good old school.
 Who still become more constant as they cool.

XXXV.

No wonder such accomplishments should turn
 A female head, however sage and steady —
 With scarce a hope that Beppo could return,
 In law he was almost as good as dead, he
 Nor sent, nor wrote, nor showed the least concern,
 And she had waited several years already ;
 And really if a man won't let us know
 That he's alive, he's *dead*, or should be so.

XXXVI.

Besides, within the Alps, to every woman,
 (Although, God knows, it is a grievous sin,)

'T is, I may say, permitted to have *two* men ;
 I can't tell who first brought the custom in,
 But " Cavalier Serventes " are quite common,
 And no one notices nor cares a pin ;
 And we may call this (not to say the worst)
 A *second* marriage which corrupts the *first*.

XXXVII.

The word was formerly a " Cicisbeo,"
 But *that* is now grown vulgar and indecent,
 The Spaniards call the person a "*Cortejo*," *
 For the same mode subsists in Spain, though
 recent ;
 In short it reaches from the Po to Teio,
 And may perhaps at last be o'er the sea sent.
 But Heaven preserve Old England from such courses !
 Or what becomes of damage and divorces ?

XXXVIII.

However, I still think, with all due deference
 To the fair *single* part of the Creation,
 That married ladies should preserve the preference
 In *tête-à-tête* or general conversation —
 And this I say without peculiar reference
 To England, France, or any other nation —
 Because they know the world, and are at ease,
 And being natural, naturally please.

* *Cortejo* is pronounced *Corteho*, with an aspirate, according to the Arabesque guttural. It means what there is as yet no precise name for in England, though the practice is as common as in any tramontane country whatever.

XXXIX.

'Tis true your budding Miss is very charming,
But shy and awkward at first coming out,
So much alarmed, that she is quite alarming,
All Giggle, Blush; half Pertness, and half Pout;
And glancing at *Mamma*, for fear there's harm in
What you, she, it, or they, may be about,
The Nursery still lisps out in all they utter —
Besides, they always smell of bread and butter.

XL.

But "Cavalier Servente" is the phrase
Used in politest circles to express
This supernumerary slave, who stays
Close to the lady as a part of dress,
Her word the only law which he obeys.
He is no sinecure, as you may guess;
Coach, servants, gondola, he goes to call,
And carries fan and tippet, gloves and shawl.

XLI.

With all its sinful doings, I must say,
That Italy's a pleasant place to me,
Who love to see the Sun shine every day,
And vines (not nailed to walls) from tree to tree
Festooned, much like the back scene of a play,
Or melodrame which people flock to see,
When the first act is ended by a dance
In vineyards copied from the south of France.

XLII.

I like on Autumn evenings to ride out,
Without being forced to bid my groom be sure
My cloak is round his middle strapped about,
Because the skies are not the most secure;
I know too that, if stopped upon my rout,
Where the green alleys windingly allure,
Reeling with *grapes* red wagons choke the way,—
In England 't would be dung, dust, or a dray.

XLIII.

I also like to dine on becaficas,
To see the Sun set, sure he'll rise to-morrow,
Not through a misty morning twinkling weak as
A drunken man's dead eye in maudlin sorrow,
But with all Heaven t' himself; that day will break as
Beauteous as cloudless, nor be forced to borrow
That sort of farthing candlelight which glimmers
While reeking London's smoky caldron simmers

XLIV.

I love the language, that soft bastard Latin,
Which melts like kisses from a female mouth,
And sounds as if it should be writ on satin,
With syllables which breathe of the sweet South,
And gentle liquids gliding all so pat in,
That not a single accent seems uncouth,
Like our harsh northern whistling, grunting guttural,
Which we're obliged to hiss, and spit, and sputter all.

XLV.

I like the women too (forgive my folly),
 From the rich peasant cheek of ruddy bronze,*
 And large black eyes that flash on you a volley
 Of rays that say a thousand things at once,
 To the high dama's brow, more melancholy,
 But clear, and with a wild and liquid glance,
 Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
 Soft as her clime,† and sunny as her skies.

XLVI.

Eve of the land which still is Paradise!
 Italian beauty! didst thou not inspire
 Raphael,‡ who died in thy embrace, and vies
 With all we know of Heaven, or can desire,
 In what he hath bequeathed us? — in what guise,
 Though flashing from the fervor of the lyre,
 Would *words* describe thy past and present glow,
 While yet Canova can create below? §

* [MS. — "From the tall peasant with her ruddy bronze."]

† [MS. — "Like her own clime, all sun, and bloom, and skies."]

‡ For the received accounts of the cause of Raphael's death, see his lives.

§ (In talking thus, the writer, more especially
 Of women, would be understood to say,
 He speaks as a spectator, not officially,
 And always, reader, in a modest way;
 Perhaps, too, in no very great degree shall he
 Appear to have offended in this lay,
 Since, as all know, without the sex, our sonnets
 Would seem unfinished, like their untrimmed bonnets.)

(Signed) PRINTER'S DEVIL.

XLVII.

“England ! with all thy faults I love thee still,”
I said at Calais, and have not forgot it ;
I like to speak and lucubrate my fill ;
I like the government (but that is not it) ;
I like the freedom of the press and quill ;
I like the Habeas Corpus (when we’ve got it) ;
I like a parliamentary debate,
Particularly when ’t is not too late ;

XLVIII.

I like the taxes, when they’re not too many ;
I like a sea-coal fire, when not too dear ;
I like a beaf-steak, too, as well as any ;
Have no objection to a pot of beer ;
I like the weather, when it is not rainy,
That is, I like two months of every year.
And so God save the Regent, Church, and King !
Which means that I like all and every thing.

XLIX.

Our standing army, and disbanded seamen,
Poor’s rate, Reform, my own, the nation’s debt,
Our little riots just to show we are free men,
Our trifling bankruptcies in the Gazette,
Our cloudy climate, and our chilly women,
All these I can forgive, and those forget,
And greatly venerate our recent glories,
And wish they were not owing to the Tories.

L.

But to my tale of Laura, — for I find
Digression is a sin, that by degrees
Becomes exceeding tedious to the mind,
And, therefore, may the reader too displease --
The gentle reader, who may wax unkind,
And caring little for the author's ease,
Insist on knowing what he means, a hard
And hapless situation for a bard.

LI.

Oh that I had the art of easy writing
What should be easy reading! could I scale
Parnassus, where the Muses sit inditing
Those pretty poems never known to fail,
How quickly would I print (the world delighting)
A Grecian, Syrian, or Assyrian tale;
And sell you, mixed with western sentimentalism,
Some samples of the finest Orientalism.

LII.

But I am but a nameless sort of person,
(A broken Dandy lately on my travels)
And take for rhyme, to hook my rambling verse on,
The first that Walker's Lexicon unravels,
And when I can't find that, I put a worse on,
Not caring as I ought for critics' cavils;
I've half a mind to tumble down to prose,
But verse is more in fashion — so here goes.

LIII.

The Count and Laura made their new arrangement,
Which lasted, as arrangements sometimes do,
For half a dozen years without estrangement;
They had their little differences, too;
Those jealous whiffs, which never any change meant;
In such affairs there probably are few
Who have not had this pouting sort of squabble,
From sinners of high station to the rabble.

LIV.

But on the whole, they were a happy pair,
As happy as unlawful love could make them,
The gentleman was fond, the lady fair,
Their chains so slight, 't was not worth while to
break them:
The world beheld them with indulgent air;
The pious only wished "the devil take them!"
He took them not; he very often waits,
And leaves old sinners to be young ones' baits.

LV.

But they were young: Oh! what without our youth
Would love be! What would youth be without
love!
Youth lends it joy, and sweetness, vigor, truth,
Heart, soul, and all that seems as from above;
But, languishing with years, it grows uncouth —
One of few things experience don't improve,

Which is, perhaps, the reason why old fellows
Are always so preposterously jealous.

LVI.

It was the Carnival, as I have said
Some six and thirty stanzas back, and so
Laura the usual preparations made,
Which you do when your mind's made up to go
To-night to Mrs. Boehm's masquerade,
Spectator, or partaker in the show ;
The only difference known between the cases
Is — *here*, we have six weeks of "varnished faces."

LVII.

Laura, when dressed, was (as I sang before)
A pretty woman as was ever seen,
Fresh as the Angel o'er a new inn door,
Or frontispiece of a new Magazine,
With all the fashions which the last month wore,
Colored, and silver paper leaved between
That and the title-page, for fear the press
Should soil with parts of speech the parts of dress.

LVIII.

They went to the Ridotto ; — 't is a hall
Where people dance, and sup, and dance again ;
Its proper name, perhaps, were a masqued ball,
But that's of no importance to my strain ;
'Tis (on a smaller scale) like our Vauxhall,
Excepting that it can't be spoilt by rain :

The company is "mixed," (the phrase I quote is
As much as saying, they 're below your notice) ;

LIX.

For a "mixed company" implies that, save
Yourself and friends, and half a hundred more,
Whom you may bow to without looking grave,
The rest are but a vulgar set, the bore
Of public places, where they basely brave
The fashionable stare of twenty score
Of well-bred persons, called "*the World*;" but I,
Although I know them, really don't know why.

LX.

This is the case in England; at least was
During the dynasty of Dandies,* now
Perchance succeeded by some other class
Of imitated imitators:— how
Irreparably soon decline, alas!
The demagogues of fashion: all below
Is frail; how easily the world is lost
By love, or war, and now and then by frost!

* ["I liked the Dandies: they were always very civil to me; though, in general, they disliked literary people, and persecuted and mystified Madame De Stael, Lewis, Horace Twiss, and the like. The truth is, that though I gave up the business early, I had a tinge of Dandyism in my minority, and probably retained enough of *it* to conciliate the great ones, at four and twenty." — *Byron's Diary*, 1821.]

LXI.

Crushed was Napoleon by the northern Thor,
 Who knocked his army down with icy hammer,
 Stopped by the *elements*,* like a whaler, or
 A blundering novice in his new French grammar;
 Good cause had he to doubt the chance of war,
 And as for Fortune — but I dare not d—n her
 Because, were I to ponder to infinity,
 The more I should believe in her divinity. †

LXII.

She rules the present, past, and all to be yet,
 She gives us luck in lotteries, love, and marriage;
 I cannot say that she's done much for me yet;
 Not that I mean her bounties to disparage,
 We've not yet closed accounts, and we shall see yet
 How much she'll make amends for past miscarriage;

* ["When Brummell was obliged to retire to France, he knew no French, and having obtained a grammar for the purpose of study, our friend Scrope Davies was asked what progress Brummell had made in French: he responded, 'that Brummell had been stopped, like Bonaparte in Russia, by the *elements*.' I have put this pun into Beppo, which is 'a fair exchange and no robbery;' for Scrope made his fortune at several dinners (as he owned himself), by repeating occasionally, as his own, some of the buffooneries with which I had encountered him in the morning." — *Byron's Diary*, 1821.]

† ["Like Sylla, I have always believed that all things depend upon Fortune, and nothing upon ourselves. I am not aware of any one thought or action, worthy of being called good to myself or others, which is not to be attributed to the good goddess — Fortune!" — *Byron's Diary*, 1821.]

Meantime the goddess I'll no more importune,
Unless to thank her when she's made my fortune.

LXIII.

To turn, — and to return ; — the devil take it !
This story slips forever through my fingers,
Because, just as the stanza likes to make it,
It needs must be — and so it rather lingers ;
This form of verse began, I can't well break it,
But must keep time and tune like public singers ;
But if I once get through my present measure,
I'll take another when I'm next at leisure.

LXIV.

They went to the Ridotto ('tis a place
To which I mean to go myself to-morrow,*
Just to divert my thoughts a little space,
Because I'm rather hippish, and may borrow
Some spirits, guessing at what kind of face
May lurk beneath each mask ; and as my sorrow
Slackens its pace sometimes, I'll make, or find,
Something shall leave it half an hour behind.)

LXV.

Now Laura moves along the joyous crowd,
Smiles in her eyes, and simpers on her lips ;

* [In the margin of the original MS. Byron has written —
"January 19th, 1818. To-morrow will be a Sunday, and full
Ridotto."]

To some she whispers, other speaks aloud ;
To some she curtsies, and to some she dips,
Complains of warmth, and this complaint avowed,
Her lover brings the lemonade, she sips ;
She then surveys, condemns, but pities still
Her dearest friends for being dressed so ill.

LXVI.

One has false curls, another too much paint,
A third — where did she buy that frightful turban ?
A fourth 's so pale she fears she 's going to faint,
A fifth 's look 's vulgar, dowdyish, and suburban,
A sixth 's white silk has got a yellow taint,
A seventh 's thin muslin surely will be her bane,
And lo ! an eighth appears, — “ I 'll see no more ! ”
For fear, like Banquo's kings, they reach a score.

LXVII.

Meantime, while she was thus at others gazing,
Others were levelling their looks at her ;
She heard the men's half-whispered mode of praising,
And, till 't was done, determined not to stir ;
The women only thought it quite amazing
That, at her time of life, so many were
Admirers still, — but men are so debased,
Those brazen creatures always suit their taste.

LXVIII.

For my part, now, I ne'er could understand
Why naughty women — but I won't discuss

A thing which is a scandal to the land,
I only don't see why it should be thus ;
And if I were but in a gown and band,
Just to entitle me to make a fuss,
I'd preach on this till Wilberforce and Romilly
Should quote in their next speeches from my homily.

LXIX.

While Laura thus was seen and seeing, smiling,
Talking, she knew not why and cared not what,
So that her female friends, with envy broiling,
Beheld her airs and triumph, and all that ;
And well-dressed males still kept before her filing,
And passing bowed and mingled with her chat ;
More than the rest one person seemed to stare
With pertinacity that's rather rare.

LXX.

He was a Turk, the color of mahogany ;
And Laura saw him, and at first was glad,
Because the Turks so much admire philogyny,
Although their usage of their wives is sad ;
'Tis said they use no better than a dog any
Poor woman, whom they purchase like a pad :
They have a number, though they ne'er exhibit 'em,
Four wives by law, and concubines "ad libitum."

LXXI.

They lock them up, and veil, and guard them daily,
They scarcely can behold their male relations,

So that their moments do not pass so gaily
 As is supposed the case with northern nations ;
 Confinement, too, must make them look quite palely ;
 And as the Turks abhor long conversations,
 Their days are either passed in doing nothing,
 Or bathing, nursing, making love, and clothing.

LXXII.

They cannot read, and so don't lisp in criticism ;
 Nor write, and so they don't affect the muse ;
 Were never caught in epigram or witticism,
 Have no romances, sermons, plays, reviews, —
 In harams learning soon would make a pretty schism !
 But luckily these beauties are no " Blues,"
 No bustling Botherbys have they to show 'em
 " That charming passage in the last new poem."

LXXIII.

No solemn, antique gentleman of rhyme,
 Who having angled all his life for fame,
 And getting but a nibble at a time,
 Still fussily keeps fishing on, the same
 Small " Triton of the minnows," the sublime
 Of mediocrity, the furious tame,
 The echos' echo, usher of the school
 Of female wits, boy bards — in short, a fool !

LXXIV.

A stalking oracle of awful phrase, [law)
 The approving "*Good!*" (by no means GOOD in

Humming like flies around the newest blaze,
 The bluest of bluebottles you e'er saw,
 Teasing with blame, excruciating with praise,
 Gorging the little fame he gets all raw,
 Translating tongues he knows not even by letter,
 And sweating plays so middling, bad were better.

LXXV.

One hates an author that's *all author*, fellows
 In foolscap uniforms turned up with ink,
 So very anxious, clever, fine, and jealous,
 One don't know what to say to them, or think,
 Unless to puff them with a pair of bellows;
 Of coxcombry's worst coxcombs e'en the pink
 Are preferable to these shreds of paper,
 These unquenched snuffings of the midnight taper.

LXXVI.

Of these same we see several, and of others,
 Men of the world, who know the world like men,
 Scott, Rogers, Moore, and all the better brothers,
 Who think of something else besides the pen;
 But for the children of the "mighty mother's,"
 The would-be wits and can't-be gentlemen
 I leave them to their daily "tea is ready,"
 Smug coterie, and literary lady.

LXXVII.

The poor dear Mussulwomen whom I mention
 Have none of these instructive pleasant people,

And *one* would seem to them a new invention,
 Unknown as bells within a Turkish steeple ;
 I think 't would almost be worth while to pension
 (Though best-sown projects very often reap ill)
 A missionary author, just to preach
 Our Christian usage of the parts of speech.

LXXVIII.

No chemistry for them unfolds her gasses,
 No metaphysics are let loose in lectures,
 No circulating library amasses
 Religious novels, moral tales, and strictures
 Upon the living manners, as they pass us ;
 No exhibition glares with annual pictures ;
 They stare not on the stars from out their attics,
 Nor deal (thank God for that !) in mathematics.

LXXIX.

Why I thank God for that is no great matter,
 I have my reasons, you no doubt suppose,
 And as, perhaps, they would not highly flatter,
 I'll keep them for my life (to come) in prose .
 I fear I have a little turn for satire,
 And yet methinks the older that one grows
 Inclines us more to laugh than scold, though laughter
 Leaves us so doubly serious shortly after.

LXXX.

Oh, Mirth and Innocence ! Oh, Milk and Water !
 Ye happy mixtures of more happy days !

In these sad centuries of sin and slaughter,
Abominable Man no more allays
His thirst with such pure beverage. No matter,
I love you both, and both shall have my praise.
Oh, for old Saturn's reign of sugar-candy! —
Meantime I drink to your return in brandy.

LXXXI.

Our Laura's Turk still kept his eyes upon her,
Less in the Mussulman than Christian way,
Which seems to say, "Madam, I do you honor,
"And while I please to stare, you'll please to
stay:"

Could staring win a woman, this had won her,
But Laura could not thus be led astray;
She had stood fire too long and well, to boggle
Even at this stranger's most outlandish ogle.

LXXXII.

The morning now was on the point of breaking,
A turn of time at which I would advise
Ladies who have been dancing, or partaking
In any other kind of exercise,
To make their preparations for forsaking
The ball-room ere the sun begins to rise,
Because when once the lamps and candles fail,
His blushes make them look a little pale.

LXXXIII.

I've seen some balls and revels in my time,
And stayed them over for some silly reason,
And then I looked (I hope it was no crime)
To see what lady best stood out the season ;
And though I've seen some thousands in their prime,
Lovely and pleasing, and who still may please on,
I never saw but one (the stars withdrawn),
Whose bloom could after dancing dare the dawn.

LXXXIV.

The name of this Aurora I'll not mention,
Although I might, for she was nought to me
More than that patent work of God's invention,
A charming woman, whom we like to see ;
But writing names would merit reprehension.
Yet if you like to find out this fair *she*,
At the next London or Parisian ball
You still may mark her cheek, out-blooming all.

LXXXV.

Laura, who knew it would not do at all
To meet the daylight after seven hours' sitting
Among three thousand people at a ball,
To make her curtsy thought it right and fitting ;
The Count was at her elbow with her shawl,
And they the room were on the point of quitting,
When lo ! those cursed gondoliers had got
Just in the very place where they *should not*.

LXXXVI.

In this they're like our coachmen, and the cause
 Is much the same — the crowd, and pulling,
 hauling,
 With blasphemies enough to break their jaws,
 They make a never intermitting bawling.
 At home, our Bow-street gemmen keep the laws,
 And here a sentry stands within your calling;
 But for all that, there is a deal of swearing,
 And nauseous words past mentioning or bearing.

LXXXVII.

The Count and Laura found their boat at last,
 And homeward floated o'er the silent tide,
 Discussing all the dances gone and past;
 The dancers and their dresses, too, beside;
 Some little scandals eke: but all aghast
 (As to their palace stairs the rowers glide)
 Sate Laura by the side of her Adorer,*
 When lo! the Mussulman was there before her.

LXXXVIII.

"Sir," said the Count, with brow exceeding grave,
 "Your unexpected presence here will make
 "It necessary for myself to crave
 "Its import? But perhaps 'tis a mistake;
 "I hope it is so; and at once to wave
 "All compliment, I hope so for *your* sake;

* [MS. — "Sate Laura with a kind of comic horror."]

“You understand my meaning, or you *shall*.”

“Sir,” (quoth the Turk) “’tis no mistake at all.

LXXXIX.

“That lady is *my wife* !” Much wonder paints

The lady’s changing cheek, as well it might ;

But where an Englishwoman sometimes faints,

Italian females don’t do so outright ;

They only call a little on their saints,

And then come to themselves, almost or quite ;

Which saves much hartshorn, salts, and sprinkling
faces,

And cutting stays, as usual in such cases.

XC.

She said, — what could she say ? Why, not a word :

But the Count courteously invited in

The stranger, much appeased by what he heard :

“Such things, perhaps, we’d best discuss within,”

Said he ; “don’t let us make ourselves absurd

“In public, by a scene, nor raise a din,

For then the chief and only satisfaction

Will be much quizzing on the whole transaction.”

XCI. .

They entered, and for coffee called — it came,

A beverage for Turks and Christians both,

Although the way they make it’s not the same

Now Laura, much recovered, or less loth

To speak, cries "Beppo! what's your pagan name?"

Bless me! your beard is of amazing growth!

And how came you to keep away so long?

Are you not sensible 't was very wrong?

XCII.

And are you *really, truly*, now a Turk?

With any other women did you wive?

Is't true they use their fingers for a fork?

Well, that's the prettiest shawl — as I'm alive!

You'll give it me? They say you eat no pork.

And how so many years did you contrive

To — Bless me! did I ever? No, I never

Saw a man grown so yellow! How's your liver?

XCIII.

Beppo! that beard of yours becomes you not;

It shall be shaved before you're a day older:

Why do you wear it? Oh! I had forgot —

Pray don't you think the weather here is colder?

How do I look? You shan't stir from this spot

In that queer dress, for fear that some beholder

Should find you out, and make the story known.

How short your hair is! Lord! how gray it's grown!

XCIV.

What answer Beppo made to these demands

Is more than I know. He was cast away

About where Troy stood once, and nothing stands,

Became a slave of course, and for his pay

Had bread and bastinadoes, till some bands
Of pirates landing in a neighboring bay,
He joined the rogues and prospered, and became
A renegado of indifferent fame.

XCV.

But he grew rich, and with his riches grew so
Keen the desire to see his home again,
He thought himself in duty bound to do so,
And not be always thieving on the main:
Lonely he felt, at times, as Robin Crusoe,
And so he hired a vessel come from Spain,
Bound for Corfu: she was a fine polacca,
Manned with twelve hands, and laden with tobacco.

XCVI.

Himself, and much (heaven knows how gotten!) cash,
He then embarked with risk of life and limb,
And got clear off, although the attempt was rash;
He said that *Providence* protected him —
For my part, I say nothing — lest we clash
In our opinions: — well, the ship was trim,
Set sail, and kept her reckoning fairly on,
Except three days of calm when off Cape Bonn.

XCVII.

They reached the island, he transferred his lading,
And self and live stock, to another bottom,
And passed for a true Turkey-merchant, trading
With goods of various names, but I've forgot 'em.

However, he got off by this evading,
Or else the people would perhaps have shot him ;
And thus at Venice landed to reclaim
His wife, religion, house, and Christian name.

XCVIII.

His wife received, the patriarch re-baptized him,
(He made the church a present, by the way) ;
He then threw off the garments which disguised
him,
And borrowed the Count's smallclothes for a day :
His friends the more for his long absence prized
him,
Finding he'd wherewithal to make them gay,
With dinners, where he oft became the laugh of
them,
For stories — but *I* don't believe the half of them.

XCIX.

Whate'er his youth had suffered, his old age
With wealth and talking make him some amends ;
Though Laura sometimes put him in a rage,
I've heard the Count and he were always friends.
My pen is at the bottom of a page,
Which being finished, here the story ends ;
'Tis to be wished it had been sooner done,
But stories somehow lengthen when begun.*

* [This extremely clever and amusing performance affords a very curious and complete specimen of a kind of diction and composition of which our English literature has hitherto pre-

sented very few examples. It is, in itself, absolutely a thing of nothing — without story, characters, sentiments, or intelligible object; — a mere piece of lively and loquacious prattling, in short, upon all kinds of frivolous subjects, — a sort of gay and desultory babbling about Italy and England, Turks, balls, literature, and fish sauces. But still there is something very engaging in the uniform gaiety, politeness, and good humor of the author, and something still more striking and admirable in the matchless facility with which he has cast into regular, and even difficult, versification the unmingled, unconstrained, and unselected language of the most light, familiar, and ordinary conversation. With great skill and felicity, he has furnished us with an example of about one hundred stanzas of good verse, entirely composed of common words, in their common places; never presenting us with one sprig of what is called poetical diction, or even making use of a single inversion, either to raise the style or assist the rhyme — but running on in an inexhaustible series of good easy colloquial phrases, and finding them fall into verse by some unaccountable and happy fatality. In this great and characteristic quality it is almost invariably excellent. In some other respects, it is more unequal. About one half is as good as possible, in the style to which it belongs; the other half bears, perhaps, too many marks of that haste with which such a work must necessarily be written. Some passages are rather too snappish, and some run too much on the cheap and rather plebeian humor of out-of-the-way-rhymes, and strange-sounding words and epithets. But the greater part is extremely pleasant, amiable, and gentlemanlike. —JEFFREY.]

THE
PROPHECY OF DANTE.

"'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

CAMPBELL.

[THIS poem, which Lord Byron, in sending it to Mr. Murray, called "the best thing he had ever done, if not *unintelligible*," was written in the summer of 1819, at

— "that place
Of old renown, once in the Adrian sea,
Ravenna! — where from Dante's sacred tomb
He had so oft, as many a verse declares,
Drawn inspiration." — ROGERS.

The Prophecy, however, was first published in May, 1821. It is dedicated to the Countess Guiccioli, who thus describes the origin of its composition: — "On my departure from Venice, Lord Byron had promised to come and see me at Ravenna. Dante's tomb, the classical pine wood,* the relics of antiquity which are to be found in that place, afforded a sufficient pretext for me to invite him to come, and for him to accept my invitation. He came in the month of June, 1819, arriving at Ravenna on the day of the festival of the Corpus Domini. Being deprived at this time of his books, his horses, and all that occupied him at Venice, I begged him to gratify me by writing something on the subject of Dante; and, with his usual facility and rapidity, he composed his Prophecy."]

* " 'T was in a grove of spreading pines he strayed," etc

DRYDEN'S *Theodore and Honoria*.

DEDICATION.

LADY! if for the cold and cloudy clime
Where I was born, but where I would not die,
Of the great Poet-sire of Italy
I dare to build the imitative rhyme,
Harsh Runic copy of the South's sublime,
THOU art the cause; and howsoever I
Fall short of his immortal harmony,
Thy gentle heart will pardon me the crime.
Thou, in the pride of Beauty and of Youth,
Spakest; and for thee to speak and be obeyed
Are one; but only in the sunny South
Such sounds are uttered, and such charms displayed,
So sweet a language from so fair a mouth —
Ah! to what effort would it not persuade?

Ravenna, June 21, 1819.

P R E F A C E.

IN the course of a visit to the city of Ravenna in the summer of 1819, it was suggested to the author that having composed something on the subject of Tasso's confinement, he should do the same on Dante's exile, — the tomb of the poet forming one of the principal objects of interest in that city, both to the native and to the stranger.

“On this hint I spake,” and the result has been the following four cantos, in terza rima, now offered to the reader. If they are understood and approved, it is my purpose to continue the poem in various other cantos to its natural conclusion in the present age. The reader is requested to suppose that Dante addresses him in the interval between the conclusion of the *Divina Commedia* and his death, and shortly before the latter event, foretelling the fortunes of Italy in general in the ensuing centuries. In adopting this plan I have had in my mind the *Cassandra* of Lycophron, and the *Prophecy of Nereus* by Horace, as well as the *Prophecies of Holy Writ*. The measure adopted is the terza rima of Dante,

which I am not aware to have seen hitherto tried in our language, except it may be by Mr. Hayley, of whose translation I never saw but one extract, quoted in the notes to Caliph Vathek; so that — if I do not err — this poem may be considered as a metrical experiment. The cantos are short, and about the same length of those of the poet, whose name I have borrowed, and most probably taken in vain.

Amongst the inconveniences of authors in the present day, it is difficult for any who have a name, good or bad, to escape translation. I have had the fortune to see the fourth canto of Childe Harold translated into Italian *versi sciolti*, — that is, a poem written in the *Spenserean stanza* into *blank verse*, without regard to the natural divisions of the stanza or of the sense. If the present poem, being on a national topic, should chance to undergo the same fate, I would request the Italian reader to remember that when I have failed in the imitation of his great “Padre Alighier,” I have failed in imitating that which all study and few understand, since to this very day it is not yet settled what was the meaning of the allegory in the first canto of the *Inferno*, unless Count Marchetti’s ingenious and probable conjecture may be considered as having decided the question.

He may also pardon my failure the more, as I am not quite sure that he would be pleased with my success, since the Italians, with a pardonable nationality, are particularly jealous of all that is left them as a nation — their literature; and in the present

bitterness of the classic and romantic war, are but ill disposed to permit a foreigner even to approve or imitate them, without finding some fault with his ultramontane presumption. I can easily enter into all this, knowing what would be thought in England of an Italian imitator of Milton, or if a translation of Monti, or Pindemonte, or Arici, should be held up to the rising generation as a model for their future poetical essays. But I perceive that I am deviating into an address to the Italian reader, when my business is with the English one; and be they few or many, I must take my leave of both.

the first of these is the fact that the
the second is the fact that the
the third is the fact that the
the fourth is the fact that the
the fifth is the fact that the
the sixth is the fact that the
the seventh is the fact that the
the eighth is the fact that the
the ninth is the fact that the
the tenth is the fact that the

the eleventh is the fact that the
the twelfth is the fact that the
the thirteenth is the fact that the
the fourteenth is the fact that the
the fifteenth is the fact that the

the sixteenth is the fact that the
the seventeenth is the fact that the
the eighteenth is the fact that the
the nineteenth is the fact that the
the twentieth is the fact that the

the twenty-first is the fact that the
the twenty-second is the fact that the
the twenty-third is the fact that the
the twenty-fourth is the fact that the
the twenty-fifth is the fact that the

the twenty-sixth is the fact that the
the twenty-seventh is the fact that the
the twenty-eighth is the fact that the
the twenty-ninth is the fact that the
the thirtieth is the fact that the

the thirty-first is the fact that the
the thirty-second is the fact that the
the thirty-third is the fact that the
the thirty-fourth is the fact that the
the thirty-fifth is the fact that the

the thirty-sixth is the fact that the
the thirty-seventh is the fact that the
the thirty-eighth is the fact that the
the thirty-ninth is the fact that the
the fortieth is the fact that the

the forty-first is the fact that the
the forty-second is the fact that the
the forty-third is the fact that the
the forty-fourth is the fact that the
the forty-fifth is the fact that the

THE
PROPHECY OF DANTE.*

CANTO THE FIRST.

ONCE more in man's frail world ! which I had left
So long that 't was forgotten ; and I feel
The weight of clay again, — too soon bereft
Of the immortal vision which could heal
My earthly sorrows, and to God's own skies
Lift me from that deep gulf without repeal,

* [Dante Alighieri was born in Florence in May, 1265, of an ancient and honorable family. In the early part of his life he gained some credit in a military character, and distinguished himself by his bravery in an action where the Florentines obtained a signal victory over the citizens of Arezzo. He became still more eminent by the acquisition of court honors ; and at the age of thirty-five he rose to be one of the chief magistrates of Florence, when that dignity was conferred by the suffrages of the people. From this exaltation the poet himself dated his principal misfortunes. Italy was at that time distracted by the contending factions of the Ghibelines and Guelphs, — among the latter Dante took an active part. In one of the proscriptions he was banished, his possessions confiscated, and he died in exile in 1321.]

Where late my ears rung with the damned cries
 Of souls in hopeless bale ; and from that place
 Of lesser torment, whence men may arise
 Pure from the fire to join the angelic race ;
 Midst whom my own bright Beatricē blessed *
 My spirit with her light ; and to the base
 Of the eternal Triad ! first, last, best,
 Mysterious, three, sole, infinite, great God !
 Soul universal ! led the mortal guest,
 Unblasted by the glory, though he trod
 From star to star to reach the almighty throne.
 Oh Beatricē ! whose sweet limbs the sod
 So long hath pressed, and the cold marble stone,
 Thou sole pure seraph of my earliest love,
 Love so ineffable, and so alone,
 That nought on earth could more my bosom move,
 And meeting thee in heaven was but to meet
 That without which my soul, like the arkless dove,
 Had wandered still in search of, nor her feet
 Relieved her wing till found ; without thy light
 My paradise had still been incomplete.†
 Since my tenth sun gave summer to my sight

* The reader is requested to adopt the Italian pronunciation of Beatrice, sounding all the syllables.

† “ Che sol per le belle opre
 Che fanno in cielo il sole e l' altre stelle,
 Dentro di lui *si crede il Paradiso*,
 Così se guardi fiso,
 Pensar ben dei ch' ogni terren piacere
 Si trova dove tu non puoi vedere.”

Canzone, in which Dante [?] describes the person of Beatrice, Strophe third.

Thou wert my life, the essence of my thought,
Loved ere I knew the name of love,* and bright
Still in these dim old eyes, now overwrought
With the world's war, and years, and banishment,
And tears for thee, by other woes untaught;
For mine is not a nature to be bent
By tyrannous faction, and the brawling crowd,
And though the long, long conflict hath been spent
In vain, and never more, save when the cloud
Which overhangs the Apennine, my mind's eye
Pierces to fancy Florence, once so proud
Of me, can I return, though but to die,
Unto my native soil, they have not yet
Quenched the old exile's spirit, stern and high.
But the sun, though not overcast, must set,
And the night cometh; I am old in days,
And deeds, and contemplation, and have met
Destruction face to face in all his ways.
The world hath left me, what it found me, pure,
And if I have not gathered yet its praise,
I sought it not by any baser lure;
Man wrongs, and Time avenges, and my name
May form a monument not all obscure,
Though such was not my ambition's end or aim,
To add to the vain-glorious list of those
Who dabble in the pettiness of fame,

* [According to Boccaccio, Dante was a lover long before he was a soldier, and his passion for the Beatrice whom he has immortalized commenced while he was in his ninth year, and she in her eighth year. — CARY.]

And make men's fickle breath the wind that blows
 Their sail, and deem it glory to be classed
 With conquerors, and virtue's other foes,
 In bloody chronicles of ages past.

I would have had my Florence great and free : *
 Oh Florence ! Florence ! unto me thou wast
 Like that Jerusalem which the Almighty He
 Wept over, "but thou wouldst not ;" as the bird
 Gathers its young, I would have gathered thee
 Beneath a parent pinion, hadst thou heard
 My voice ; but as the adder, deaf and fierce,
 Against the breast that cherished thee was stirred
 Thy venom, and my state thou didst amerce,
 And doom this body forfeit to the fire.

Alas ! how bitter is his country's curse
 To him who *for* that country would expire,
 But did not merit to expire *by* her,
 And loves her, loves her even in her ire.
 The day may come when she will cease to err,
 The day may come she would be proud to have
 The dust she dooms to scatter, and transfer †
 Of him, whom she denied a home, the grave

L'Esilio che m' è dato onor mi tegno.

* * * * *

Cader tra' buoni è pur di lode degno."

Sonnet of Dante,

in which he represents Right, Generosity, and Temperance as banished from among men, and seeking refuge from Love, who inhabits his bosom.

† "Ut si quis predictorum ullo tempore in fortiam dicti communis pervenerit, *talis perveniens igne comburatur, sic quod moriatur.*" Second sentence of Florence against Dante, and the

But this shall not be granted ; let my dust
Lie where it falls ; nor shall the soil which gave
Me breath, but in her sudden fury thrust
Me forth to breathe elsewhere, so reassume
My indignant bones, because her angry gust
Forsooth is over, and repealed her doom ;
No, — she denied me what was mine — my roof,
And shall not have what is not hers — my tomb.
Too long her armed wrath hath kept aloof
The breast which would have bled for her, the heart
That beat, the mind that was temptation proof,
The man who fought, toiled, travelled, and each part
Of a true citizen fulfilled, and saw
For his reward the Guelf's ascendant art
Pass his destruction even into a law.
These things are not made for forgetfulness,
Florence shall be forgotten first ; too raw
The wound, too deep the wrong, and the distress
Of such endurance too prolonged to make
My pardon greater, her injustice less,
Though late repented ; yet — yet for her sake
I feel some fonder yearnings, and for thine,

fourteen accused with him. The Latin is worthy of the sentence. — [On the 27th of January, 1302, Dante was mulcted eight thousand lire, and condemned to two years' banishment ; and in case the fine was not paid, his goods were to be confiscated. On the eleventh of March, the same year, he was sentenced to a punishment due only to the most desperate of malefactors. The decree, that he and his associates in exile should be burned, if they fell into the hands of their enemies, was first discovered in 1772.]

My own Beatricē, I would hardly take
Vengeance upon the land which once was mine,
And still is hallowed by thy dust's return,
Which would protect the murderess like a shrine,
And save ten thousand foes by thy sole urn.
Though, like old Marius from Minturnæ's marsh
And Carthage ruins, my lone breast may burn
At times with evil feelings hot and harsh,
And sometimes the last pangs of a vile foe
Writhe in a dream before me, and o'erarch
My brow with hopes of triumph, — let them go!
Such are the last infirmities of those
Who long have suffered more than mortal woe,
And yet being mortal still, have no repose
But on the pillow of Revenge — Revenge,
Who sleeps to dream of blood, and waking glows
With the oft-baffled, slakeless thirst of change,
When we shall mount again, and they that trod
Be trampled on, while Death and Até range
O'er humbled heads and severed necks — Great
God!
Take these thoughts from me — to thy hands I
yield
My many wrongs, and thine almighty rod
Will fall on those who smote me, — be my shield!
As thou hast been in peril, and in pain,
In turbulent cities, and the tented field —
In toil, and many troubles borne in vain
For Florence. — I appeal from her to Thee!
Thee, whom I late saw in thy loftiest reign,

Even in that glorious vision, which to see
And live was never granted until now,
And yet thou hast permitted this to me.
Alas! with what a weight upon my brow
The sense of earth and earthly things come back,
Corrosive passions, feelings dull and low,
The heart's quick throb upon the mental rack,
Long day, and dreary night; the retrospect
Of half a century bloody and black,
And the frail few years I may yet expect
Hoary and hopeless, but less hard to bear,
For I have been too long and deeply wrecked
On the lone rock of desolate Despair
To lift my eyes more to the passing sail
Which shuns that reef so horrible and bare;
Nor raise my voice — for who would heed my wail?
I am not of this people, nor this age,
And yet my harpings will unfold a tale
Which shall preserve these times when not a page
Of their perturbed annals could attract
An eye to gaze upon their civil rage,
Did not my verse embalm full many an act
Worthless as they who wrought it: 'tis the doom
Of spirits of my order to be racked
In life, to wear their hearts out, and consume
Their days in endless strife, and die alone;
'Then future thousands crowd around their tomb,
And pilgrims come from climes where they have
known
'The name of him — who now is but a name,

And wasting homage o'er the sullen stone,
Spread his — by him unheard, unheeded — fame;
And mine at least hath cost me dear: to die
Is nothing; but to wither thus — to tame
My mind down from its own infinity —
To live in narrow ways with little men,
A common sight to every common eye,
A wanderer, while even wolves can find a den,
Ripped from all kindred, from all home, all things
That make communion sweet, and soften pain —
To feel me in the solitude of kings
Without the power that makes them bear a
crown —
To envy every dove his nest and wings
Which waft him where the Apennine looks down
On Arno, till he perches, it may be,
Within my all inexorable town,
Where yet my boys are, and that fatal she,*

* This lady, whose name was *Gemma*, sprung from one of the most powerful Guelf families, named Donati. Corso Donati was the principal adversary of the Ghibellines. She is described as being "*Admodum morosa, ut de Xantippe Socratis philosophi conjuge scriptum esse legimus*," according to Giannozzo Manetti. But Lionardo Aretino is scandalized with Boccace, in his life of Dante, for saying that literary men should not marry. "Qui il Boccaccio non ha pazienza, e dice, le mogli esser contrarie agli studj; e non si ricorda che Socrate il più nobile filosofo che mai fosse, ebbe moglie e figliuoli e uffici della Repubblica nella sua Città; e Aristotele che, etc. etc. ebbe due mogli in varj tempi, ed ebbe figliuoli, e ricchezze assai. — E Marco Tullio — e Catone — e Varrone — e Seneca — ebbero moglie," etc. etc. It is odd that honest Lionardo's examples, with the exception of Seneca, and, for any thing I know, of Aristotle, are not the most

Their mother, the cold partner who hath brought
 Destruction for a dowry * — this to see
 And feel, and know without repair, hath taught
 A bitter lesson ; but it leaves me free :
 I have not vilely found, nor basely sought,
 They made an Exile — not a slave of me.

felicitous. Tully's Terentia, and Socrates' Xantippe, by no means contributed to their husbands' happiness, whatever they might as to their philosophy — Cato gave away his wife — of Varro's we know nothing — and of Seneca's, only that she was disposed to die with him, but recovered, and lived several years afterwards. But, says Lionardo, "L'uomo è *animale civile*, secondo piace a tutti i filosofi." And thence concludes that the greatest proof of the *animal's civism* is "la prima congiunzione, dalla quale moltiplicata nasce la Città."

* [The violence of Gemma's temper proved a source of the bitterest suffering to Dante; and in that passage of the *Inferno*, where one of the characters says —

'La fiera moglie più ch' altro, mi nuoce,
 — 'me, my wife,
 Of savage temper, more than aught beside,
 Hath to this evil brought,'

his own conjugal unhappiness must have recurred forcibly and painfully to his mind. — CARY.]

THE
PROPHECY OF DANTE.

CANTO THE SECOND.

THE Spirit of the fervent days of Old,
When words were things that came to pass, and
thought
Flashed o'er the future, bidding men behold
Their children's children's doom already brought
Forth from the abyss of time which is to be,
The chaos of events, where lie half-wrought
Shapes that must undergo mortality ;
What the great Seers of Israel wore within,
That spirit was on them, and is on me,
And if, Cassandra-like, amidst the din
Of conflict none will hear, or hearing heed
This voice from out the Wilderness, the sin
Be theirs, and my own feelings be my meed,
The only guerdon I have ever known.
Hast thou not bled? and hast thou still to bleed,
Italia? Ah! to me such things, foreshown
With dim sepulchral light, bid me forget
In thine irreparable wrongs my own :

We can have but one country, and even yet
Thou'rt mine—my bones shall be within thy breast,
My soul within thy language, which once set
With our old Roman sway in the wide West ;
But I will make another tongue arise
As lofty and more sweet, in which expressed
The hero's ardor, or the lover's sighs,
Shall find alike such sounds for every theme
That every word, as brilliant as thy skies,
Shall realize a poet's proudest dream,
And make thee Europe's nightingale of song ;
So that all present speech to thine shall seem
The note of meaner birds, and every tongue
Confess its barbarism when compared with thine.
This shalt thou owe to him thou didst so wrong,
Thy Tuscan bard, the banished Ghibelline.
Woe ! woe ! the veil of coming centuries
Is rent, — a thousand years which yet supine
Lie like the ocean waves ere winds arise,
Heaving in dark and sullen undulation,
Float from eternity into these eyes ;
The storms yet sleep, the clouds still keep their
station,
The unborn earthquake yet is in the womb
The bloody chaos yet expects creation,
But all things are disposing for thy doom ;
The elements await but for the word,
“Let there be darkness !” and thou growest a tomb !
Yes ! thou, so beautiful, shalt feel the sword,
Thou, Italy ! so fair that Paradise,

Revived in thee, blooms forth to man restored:
Ah! must the sons of Adam lose it twice?
Thou, Italy! whose ever golden fields,
Ploughed by the sunbeams solely, would suffice
For the world's granary; thou, whose sky heaven gilds
With brighter stars, and robes with deeper blue;
Thou, in whose pleasant places Summer builds
Her palace, in whose cradle Empire grew,
And formed the Eternal City's ornaments
From spoils of kings whom freemen overthrew;
Birthplace of heroes, sanctuary of saints,
Where earthly first, then heavenly glory made
Her home; thou, all which fondest fancy paints,
And finds her prior vision but portrayed
In feeble colors, when the eye — from the Alp
Of horrid snow, and rock, and shaggy shade
Of desert-loving pine, whose emerald scalp
Nods to the storm — dilates and dotes o'er thee,
And wistfully implores, as 'twere, for help;
To see thy sunny fields, my Italy,
Nearer and nearer yet, and dearer still
The more approached, and dearest were they free.
Thou — Thou must wither to each tyrant's will:
The Goth hath been, — the German, Frank, and
Hun
Are yet to come, — and on the imperial hill
Ruin, already proud of the deeds done
By the old barbarians, there awaits the new
Throned on the Palatine, while lost and won
Rome at her feet lies bleeding; and the hue

Of human sacrifice and Roman slaughter
Troubles the clotted air, of late so blue,
And deepens into red the saffron water
Of Tiber, thick with dead ; the helpless priest,
And still more helpless nor less holy daughter,
Vowed to their God, have shrieking fled, and ceased
Their ministry : the nations take their prey,
Iberian, Almain, Lombard, and the beast
And bird, wolf, vulture, more humane than they
Are ; these but gorge the flesh and lap the gore
Of the departed, and then go their way ;
But those, the human savages, explore
All paths of torture, and insatiate yet,
With Ugolino hunger prowl for more.
Nine moons shall rise o'er scenes like this and set ;*
The chiefless army of the dead, which late
Beneath the traitor Prince's banner met,
Hath left its leader's ashes at the gate ;
Had but the royal Rebel lived, perchance
Thou hadst been spared, but his involved thy fate.
Oh ! Rome, the spoiler or the spoil of France,
From Brennus to the Bourbon, never, never
Shall foreign standard to thy walls advance
But Tiber shall become a mournful river.
Oh ! when the strangers pass the Alps and Po,
Crush them, ye rocks ! floods overwhelm them, and
for ever !
Why sleep the idle avalanches so,

* See "Sacco di Roma," generally attributed to Guicciardini.
There is another written by a Jacopo *Buonaparte*.

To topple on the lonely pilgrim's head?
Why doth Eridanus but overflow
The peasant's harvest from his turbid bed?
Were not each barbarous horde a nobler prey?
Over Cambyzes' host the desert spread
Her sandy ocean, and the sea waves' sway
Rolled over Pharaoh and his thousands, — why,
Mountains and waters, do ye not as they?
And you, ye men! Romans, who dare not die,
Sons of the conquerors who overthrew
Those who overthrew proud Xerxes, where yet lie
The dead whose tomb Oblivion never knew,
Are the Alps weaker than Thermopylæ?
Their passes more alluring to the view
Of an invader? is it they, or ye,
That to each host the mountain-gate unbar,
And leave the march in peace, the passage free?
Why, Nature's self detains the victor's car,
And makes your land impregnable, if earth
Could be so; but alone she will not war,
Yet aids the warrior worthy of his birth
In a soil where the mothers bring forth men
Not so with those whose souls are little worth;
For them no fortress can avail, — the den
Of the poor reptile which preserves its sting
Is more secure than walls of adamant, when
The hearts of those within are quivering.
Are ye not brave? Yes, yet the Ausonian soil
Hath hearts, and hands, and arms, and hosts to
bring

Against Oppression ; but how vain the toil,
While still Division sows the seeds of woe
And weakness, till the stranger reaps the spoil.
Oh ! my own beauteous land ! so long laid low,
So long the grave of thy own children's hopes,
When there is but required a single blow
'To break the chain, yet — yet the Avenger stops,
And Doubt and Discord step 'twixt thine and thee,
And join their strength to that which with thee
copes ;
What is there wanting then to set thee free,
And show thy beauty in its fullest light ?
To make the Alps impassable ; and we,
Her sons, may do this with *one* deed — Unite.

PROPHECY OF DANTE.

CANTO THE THIRD.

FROM out the mass of never-dying ill,
The Plague, the Prince, the Stranger, and the
Sword,
Vials of wrath but emptied to refill
And flow again, I cannot all record
That crowds on my prophetic eye : the earth
And ocean written o'er would not afford
Space for the annal, yet it shall go forth ;
Yes, all, though not by human pen, is graven,
There where the furthest suns and stars have birth,
Spread like a banner at the gate of heaven,
The bloody scroll of our millennial wrongs
Waves, and the echo of our groans is driven
Athwart the sound of archangelic songs,
And Italy, the martyred nation's gore,
Will not in vain arise to where belongs
Omnipotence and mercy evermore :
Like to a harpstring stricken by the wind,
'The sound of her lament shall, rising o'er

The seraph voices, touch the Almighty Mind.
Meantime I, humblest of thy sons, and of
Earth's dust by immortality refined
To sense and suffering, though the vain may scoff,
And tyrants threat, and meeker victims bow
Before the storm because its breath is rough,
To thee, my country ! whom before, as now,
I loved and love, devote the mournful lyre
And melancholy gift high powers allow
To read the future ; and if now my fire
Is not as once it shone o'er thee, forgive !
I but foretell thy fortunes — then expire ;
Think not that I would look on them and live.
A spirit forces me to see and speak,
And for my guerdon grants *not* to survive ;
My heart shall be poured over thee and break :
Yet for a moment, ere I must resume
Thy sable web of sorrow, let me take
Over the gleams that flash athwart thy gloom
A softer glimpse ; some stars shine through thy
night,
And many meteors, and above thy tomb
Leans sculptured Beauty, which Death cannot blight ;
And from thine ashes boundless spirits rise
To give thee honor, and the earth delight ;
Thy soil shall still be pregnant with the wise,
The gay, the learned, the generous, and the brave,
Native to thee as summer to thy skies,
Conquerors on foreign shores, and the far wave,*

* Alexander of Parma, Spinola, Pescara, Eugene of Savoy
Montecucco.

Discoverers of new worlds, which take their name ;*
For *thee* alone they have no arm to save,
And all thy recompense is in their fame,
A noble one to them, but not to thee —
Shall they be glorious, and thou still the same ?
Oh ! more than these illustrious far shall be
The being — and even yet he may be born —
The mortal savior who shall set thee free,
And see thy diadem so changed and worn
By fresh barbarians, on thy brow replaced ;
And the sweet sun replenishing thy morn,
Thy moral morn, too long with clouds defaced
And noxious vapors from Avernus risen,
Such as all they must breathe who are debased
By servitude, and have the mind in prison.
Yet through this centuried eclipse of woe
Some voices shall be heard, and earth shall listen ;
Poets shall follow in the path I show,
And make it broader ; the same brilliant sky
Which cheers the birds to song shall bid them glow,
And raise their notes as natural and high ;
Tuneful shall be their numbers ; they shall sing
Many of love, and some of liberty,
But few shall soar upon that eagle's wing,
And look in the sun's face with eagle's gaze,
All free and fearless as the feathered king,
But fly more near the earth ; how many a phrase
Sublime shall lavished be on some small prince
In all the prodigality of praise !

* Columbus, Americus Vesputius, Sebastian Cabot.

And language, eloquently false, evince
The harlotry of genius, which, like beauty,
Too oft forgets its own self-reverence,
And looks on prostitution as a duty.
He who once enters in a tyrant's hall *
As guest is slave, his thoughts become a booty,
And the first day which sees the chain enthrall
A captive, sees his half of manhood gone — †
The soul's emasculation saddens all
His spirit ; thus the Bard too near the throne
Quails from his inspiration, bound to *please*, —
How servile is the task to please alone !
To smooth the verse to suit his sovereign's ease
And royal leisure, nor too much prolong
Aught save his eulogy, and find, and seize,
Or force, or forge fit argument of song ! [trebles,
Thus trammelled, thus condemned to Flattery's
He toils through all, still trembling to be wrong :
For fear some noble thoughts, like heavenly rebels,
Should rise up in high treason to his brain,
He sings, as the Athenian spoke, with pebbles
In 's mouth, lest truth should stammer through his
strain.

But out of the long file of sonneteers
There shall be some who will not sing in vain,
And he, their prince, shall rank among my peers, ‡

* A verse from the Greek tragedians, with which Pompey took leave of Cornelia on entering the boat in which he was slain.

† The verse and sentiment are taken from Homer.

‡ Petrarch.

And love shall be his torment ; but his grief
Shall make an immortality of tears,
And Italy shall hail him as the Chief
Of Poet-lovers, and his highest song
Of Freedom wreath him with as green a leaf.
But in a further age shall rise along
The banks of Po two greater still than he ;
The world which smiled on him shall do them wrong
Till they are ashes, and repose with me.
The first will make an epoch with his lyre,
And fill the earth with feats of chivalry :
His fancy like a rainbow, and his fire,
Like that of Heaven, immortal, and his thought
Borne onward with a wing that cannot tire :
Pleasure shall, like a butterfly new caught,
Flutter her lovely pinions o'er his theme,
And Art itself seem into Nature wrought
By the transparency of his bright dream. —
The second, of a tenderer, sadder mood,
Shall pour his soul out o'er Jerusalem ;
He, too, shall sing of arms, and Christian blood
Shed where Christ bled for man ; and his high harp
Shall, by the willow over Jordan's flood,
Revive a song of Sion, and the sharp
Conflict, and final triumph of the brave
And pious, and the strife of hell to warp
Their hearts from their great purpose, until wave
The red-cross banners where the first red Cross
Was crimsoned from his veins who died to save,
Shall be his sacred argument ; the loss

Of years, of favor, freedom, even of fame
Contested for a time, while the smooth gloss
Of courts would slide o'er his forgotten name,
And call captivity a kindness, meant
To shield him from insanity or shame,
Such shall be his meet guerdon! who was sent
To be Christ's Laureate — they reward him well!
Florence dooms me but death or banishment,
Ferrara him a pittance and a cell,
Harder to bear and less deserved, for I
Had stung the factions which I strove to quell;
But this meek man, who with a lover's eye
Will look on earth and heaven, and who will deign
To embalm with his celestial flattery
As poor a thing as e'er was spawned to reign,
What will *he* do to merit such a doom?
Perhaps he'll *love*, — and is not love in vain
Torture enough without a living tomb?
Yet it will be so — he and his compeer,
The Bard of Chivalry, will both consume
In penury and pain too many a year,
And, dying in despondency, bequeathe
To the kind world, which scarce will yield a tear
A heritage enriching all who breathe
With the wealth of a genuine poet's soul,
And to their country a redoubled wreath,
Unmatched by time; not Hellas can unroll
Through her olympiads two such names, though one
Of hers be mighty; — and is this the whole
Of such men's destiny beneath the sun?

Must all the finer thoughts, the thrilling sense,
The electric blood with which their arteries run,
Their body's self turned soul with the intense
Feeling of that which is, and fancy of
That which should be, to such a recompense
Conduct? shall their bright plumage on the rough
Storm be still scattered? Yes, and it must be,
For, formed of far too penetrable stuff,
These birds of Paradise but long to flee
Back to their native mansion, soon they find
Earth's mist with their pure pinions not agree,
And die or are degraded, for the mind
Succumbs to long infection, and despair,
And vulture passions flying close behind,
Await the moment to assail and tear ;
And when at length the winged wanderers stoop,
Then is the prey-birds' triumph, then they share
The spoil, o'erpowered at length by one fell swoop,
Yet some have been untouched who learned to bear,
Some whom no power could ever force to droop,
Who could resist themselves even, hardest care !
And task most hopeless ; but some such have been,
And if my name amongst the number were,
That destiny austere, and yet serene,
Were prouder than more dazzling fame unblessed ;
The Alp's snow summit nearer heaven is seen
Than the volcano's fierce eruptive crest,
Whose splendor from the black abyss is flung,
While the scorched mountain, from whose burning
breast

A temporary torturing flame is wrung,
Shines for a night of terror, then repels
Its fire back to the hell from whence it sprung,
The hell which in its entrails ever dwells.

THE
PROPHECY OF DANTE.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

MANY are poets who have never penned
Their inspiration, and perchance the best :
They felt, and loved, and died, but would not lend
Their thoughts to meaner beings ; they compressed
The God within them, and rejoined the stars
Unlaurelled upon earth, but far more blessed
Than those who are degraded by the jars
Of passion, and their frailties linked to fame,
Conquerors of high renown, but full of scars.
Many are poets but without the name,
For what is poesy but to create
From overfeeling good or ill ; and aim
At an external life beyond our fate,
And be the new Prometheus of new men,
Bestowing fire from heaven, and then, too late,
Finding the pleasure given repaid with pain,
And vultures to the heart of the bestower,
Who, having lavished his high gift in vain,

Lies chained to his lone rock by the sea-shore?

So be it: we can bear. — But thus all they

Whose intellect is an o'ermastering power

Which still recoils from its encumbering clay

Or lightens it to spirit, whatsoe'er

The form which their creations may essay,

Are bards; the kindled marble's bust may wear

More poesy upon its speaking brow

Than aught less than the Homeric page may bear ;

One noble stroke with a whole life may glow,

Or deify the canvass till it shine

With beauty so surpassing all below,

That they who kneel to idols so divine

Break no commandment, for high heaven is there

Transfused, transfigured : and the line

Of poesy, which peoples but the air

With thought and beings of our thought reflected,

Can do no more : then let the artist share

The palm, he shares the peril, and dejected

Faints o'er the labor unapproved — Alas !

Despair and Genius are too oft connected.

Within the ages which before me pass

Art shall resume and equal even the sway

Which with Apelles and old Phidias

She held in Hellas' unforgotten day.

Ye shall be taught by Ruin to revive

The Grecian forms at least from their decay,

And Roman souls at last again shall live

In Roman works wrought by Italian hands,

And temples, loftier than the old temples, give

New wonders to the world; and while still stands
 The austere Pantheon, into heaven shall soar
 A dome,* its image, while the base expands
 Into a fane surpassing all before,
 Such as all flesh shall flock to kneel in: ne'er
 Such sight hath been unfolded by a door
 As this, to which all nations shall repair,
 And lay their sins at this huge gate of heaven.
 And the bold Architect unto whose care
 The daring charge to raise it shall be given,
 Whom all arts shall acknowledge as their lord,
 Whether into the marble chaos driven
 His chisel bid the Hebrew,† at whose word

* The cupola of St. Peter's.

† The statue of Moses on the monument of Julius II.

SONETTO

Di Giovanni Battista Zappi.

Chi è costui, che in dura pietra scolto,
 Siede gigante; e le più illustre e conte
 Opre dell' arte avvanza, e ha vive e pronte
 Le labbra sì, che le parole ascolto?
 Quest' è Mosè; ben me 'l diceva il folto
 Onor del mento, e 'l doppio raggio in fronte.
 Quest' è Mosè, quando scendea del monte,
 E gran parte del Nume avea nel volto.
 Tal era allor, che le sonanti e vaste
 Acque ei sospese a se d' intorno, e tale
 Quando il mar chiuse, e ne fè tomba altrui.
 E voi sue turbe un rio vitello alzaste?
 Alzata aveste imago a questa eguale!
 Ch' era men fallo l' adorar costui.

“And who is he that, shaped in sculptured stone,
 Sits giant-like? stern monument of art
 Unparalleled, while language seems to start
 From his prompt lips, and we his precepts own?”

Israel left Egypt, stop the waves in stone,
 Or hues of Hell be by his pencil poured
 Over the damned before the Judgment throne,*
 Such as I saw them, such as all shall see,
 Or fanes be built of grandeur yet unknown,
 The stream of his great thoughts shall spring from
 me,†
 The Ghibelline, who traversed the three realms
 Which form the empire of eternity.
 Amidst the clash of swords, and clang of helms,
 The age which I anticipate, no less

— 'Tis Moses; by his beard's thick honors known,
 And the twin beams that from his temples dart;
 'Tis Moses; seated on the mount apart,
 Whilst yet the Godhead o'er his features shone.
 Such once he looked, when ocean's sounding wave
 Suspended hung, and such amidst the storm,
 When o'er his foes the reflux waters roared.
 An idol calf his followers did engrave;
 But had they raised this awe-commanding form,
 Then had they with less guilt their work adored." — ROGERS.

* The Last Judgment, in the Sistine Chapel.

† I have read somewhere (if I do not err, for I cannot recollect where,) that Dante was so great a favorite of Michael Angelo's, that he had designed the whole of the *Divina Commedia*; but that the volume containing these studies was lost by sea. — ["Michael Angelo's copy of Dante," says Duppa, "was a large folio, with Landino's commentary; and upon the broad margin of the leaves he designed, with a pen and ink, all the interesting subjects. This book was possessed by Antonio Montauti, a sculptor and architect of Florence, who, being appointed architect to St. Peter's, removed to Rome, and shipped his effects at Leghorn for Civita Vecchia, among which was this edition of Dante: in the voyage the vessel foundered at sea, and it was unfortunately lost in the wreck."]

Shall be the Age of Beauty, and while whelms
Calamity the nations with distress,
The genius of my country shall arise,
A Cedar towering o'er the Wilderness,
Lovely in all its branches to all eyes,
Fragrant as fair, and recognized afar,
Wafting its native incense through the skies.
Sovereigns shall pause amidst their sport of war,
Weaned for an hour from blood, to turn and gaze
On canvas or on stone; and they who mar
All beauty upon earth, compelled to praise,
Shall feel the power of that which they destroy;
And Art's mistaken gratitude shall raise
To tyrants who but take her for a toy
Emblems and monuments, and prostitute
Her charms to pontiffs proud,* who but employ

* See the treatment of Michael Angelo by Julius II., and his neglect by Leo X. — [Julius II. was no sooner seated on the papal throne than he was surrounded by men of genius, and Michael Angelo was among the first invited to his court. The pope had a personal attachment to him, and conversed with him upon every subject, as well as sculpture, with familiarity and friendship; and, that he might visit him frequently, and with perfect convenience, caused a covered bridge to be made from the Vatican palace to his study, to enable him to pass at all times without being observed. On paying his visit one morning, Michael Angelo was rudely interrupted by the person in waiting, who said, "I have an order not to let you enter." Michael felt with indignation this unmerited disgrace, and, in the warmth of resentment, desired him to tell the Pope, "from that time forward, if his Holiness should want him, he should have to seek him in another place." On his return home, he ordered his servants to sell the furniture in his house to the

The man of genius as the meanest brute
To bear a burden, and to serve a need,
To sell his labors, and his soul to boot.
Who toils for nations may be poor indeed,
But free; who sweats for monarchs is no more
Than the gilt chamberlain, who, clothed and fee'd,
Stands sleek and slavish, bowing at his door.
Oh, Power that rulest and inspirest! how
Is it that they on earth, whose earthly power
Is likest thine in heaven in outward show,
Least like to thee in attributes divine,
Tread on the universal necks that bow,
And then assure us that their rights are thine?
And how is it that they, the sons of fame,
Whose inspiration seems to them to shine
From high, they whom the nations ofttest name,
Must pass their days in penury or pain,

Jews, and to follow him to Florence. Himself, the same evening, took post, and arrived at Poggibonzi castle, in Tuscany, before he rested. The Pope despatched five couriers with orders to conduct him back: but he was not overtaken until he was in a foreign state. A reconciliation was, however, a few months after, effected at Bologna, through the mediation of the gonfaloniere. As Michael Angelo entered the presence chamber, the Pope gave him an askance look of displeasure, and after a short pause saluted him, "In the stead of your coming to us, you seem to have expected that we should wait upon you." Michael Angelo replied, with submission, that his error arose from too hastily feeling a disgrace that he was unconscious of meriting, and hoped his Holiness would pardon what was past. The Pope thereupon gave him his benediction, and restored him to his friendship. The whole reign of Leo X. was a blank in the life of Michael Angelo. — DUPPA.]

Or step to grandeur through the paths of shame,
And wear a deeper brand and gaudier chain?
Or if their destiny be born aloof
From lowliness, or tempted thence in vain,
In their own souls sustain a harder proof,
The inner war of passions deep and fierce?
Florence! when thy harsh sentence razed my roof,
I loved thee; but the vengeance of my verse,
The hate of injuries which every year
Makes greater and accumulates my curse,
Shall live, outliving all thou holdest dear,
Thy pride, thy wealth, thy freedom, and even *that*,
The most infernal of all evils here,
The sway of petty tyrants in a state;
For such sway is not limited to kings,
And demagogues yield to them but in date
As swept off sooner; in all deadly things
Which make men hate themselves, and one another,
In discord, cowardice, cruelty, all that springs
From Death the Sin-born's incest with his mother,
In rank oppression in its rudest shape,
The faction Chief is but the Sultan's brother,
And the worst despot's far less human ape:
Florence! when this lone spirit, which so long
Yearned, as the captive toiling at escape,
To fly back to thee in despite of wrong,
An exile, saddest of all prisoners,
Who has the whole world for a dungeon strong,
Seas, mountains, and the horizon's verge for bars,
Which shut him from the sole small spot of earth

Where — whatsoe'er his fate — he still were hers,
 His country's, and might die where he had birth —
 Florence! when this lone spirit shall return
 To kindred spirits, thou wilt feel my worth,
 And seek to honor with an empty urn
 The ashes thou shalt ne'er obtain * — Alas!
 “What have I done to thee, my people? † Stern
 Are all thy dealings, but in this they pass
 The limits of man's common malice, for

* [In his “Convito,” Dante speaks of his banishment, and the poverty and distress which attended it, in very affecting terms. About the year 1316, his friends obtained his restoration to his country and his possessions, on condition that he should pay a certain sum of money, and, entering a church, there avow himself guilty, and ask pardon of the republic. “Far,” he replied, “from the man who is familiar with philosophy, be the senseless baseness of a heart of earth, that could do like a little sciolist, and imitate the infamy of some others, by offering himself up as it were in chains. Far from the man who cries aloud for justice, this compromise, by his money, with his persecutors! No, my Father, this is not the way that shall lead me back to my country. But I shall return with hasty steps, if you or any other can open to me a way that shall not derogate from the fame and honor of Dante; but if by no such way Florence can be entered, then Florence I shall never enter. What! shall I not everywhere enjoy the sight of the sun and stars? and may I not seek and contemplate, in every corner of the earth under the canopy of heaven, consoling and delightful truth, without first rendering myself inglorious, nay infamous, to the people and republic of Florence? Bread, I hope, will not fail me.”]

† “E scrisse più volte non solamente a particolari cittadini del reggimento, ma ancora al popolo, e intra l' altre una epistola assia lunga che comincia: — ‘*Popule mi, quid feci tibi?*’”

Vita di Dante scritta da Lionardo Aretino.

All that a citizen could be I was ;
Raised by thy will, all thine in peace or war,
And for this thou hast warred with me.—'Tis done :
I may not overleap the eternal bar
Built up between us, and will die alone,
Beholding with the dark eye of a seer
The evil days to gifted souls foreshown,
Foretelling them to those who will not hear.
As in the old time, till the hour be come
When truth shall strike their eyes through many
a tear,
And make them own the Prophet in his tomb.*

* [Dante died at Ravenna in 1321, in the palace of his patron, Guido Novello da Polenta, who testified his sorrow and respect by the sumptuousness of his obsequies, and by giving orders to erect a monument, which he did not live to complete. His countrymen showed, too late, that they knew the value of what they had lost. At the beginning of the next century, they entreated that the mortal remains of their illustrious citizen might be restored to them, and deposited among the tombs of their fathers. But the people of Ravenna were unwilling to part with the sad and honorable memorial of their own hospitality. No better success attended the subsequent negotiations of the Florentines for the same purpose, though renewed under the auspices of Leo X., and conducted through the powerful mediation of Michael Angelo.]

FRANCESCA OF RIMINI.

(85)

[THIS translation, of what is generally considered the most exquisitely pathetic episode in the *Divina Commedia*, was executed in March, 1820, at Ravenna, where, just five centuries before, and in the very house in which the unfortunate lady was born, Dante's poem had been composed.

In mitigation of the crime of Francesca, Boccaccio relates, that "Guido engaged to give his daughter in marriage to Lanciotto, the eldest son of his enemy, the master of Rimini. Lanciotto, who was hideously deformed in countenance and figure, foresaw that, if he presented himself in person, he should be rejected by the lady. He therefore resolved to marry her by proxy, and sent as his representative his younger brother, Paolo, the handsomest and most accomplished man in all Italy. Francesca saw Paolo arrive, and imagined she beheld her future husband. That mistake was the commencement of her passion. The friends of Guido addressed him in strong remonstrances, and mournful predictions of the dangers to which he exposed a daughter, whose high spirit would never brook to be sacrificed with impunity. But Guido was no longer in a condition to make war; and the necessities of the politician overcame the feelings of the father."

In transmitting his version to Mr. Murray, Lord Byron says — "Enclosed you will find, line for line, in third rhyme (*terza rima*), of which your British blackguard reader as yet understands nothing, Fanny of Rimini. You know that she was born here, and married, and slain, from Cary, Boyd, and such people. I have done it into *cramp* English, line for line, and rhyme for rhyme, to try the possibility. If it is published, publish it *with the original*."

In one of the poet's MS. Diaries we find the following passage: — "January 29, 1821, past midnight — one of the clock. I have been reading Frederick Schlegel * till now, and I can make out nothing. He evidently shows a great power of words, but there is nothing to be taken hold of. He is like Hazlitt in English, who *talks pimples*; a red and white corruption rising up

* ["Lectures on the History of Literature, Ancient and Modern."]

(in little imitation of mountains upon maps), but containing nothing, and discharging nothing, except their own humors. I like him the worse (that is, Schlegel), because he always seems upon the verge of meaning; and, lo! he goes down like sunset, or melts like a rainbow, leaving a rather rich confusion. Of Dante, he says, that 'at no time has the greatest and most national of all Italian poets ever been much the favorite of his countrymen!' 'Tis false. There have been more editors and commentators (and imitators ultimately) of Dante than of all their poets put together. *Not* a favorite! Why, they talk Dante — write Dante — and think and dream Dante, at this moment (1821), to an excess which would be ridiculous, but that he deserves it. He says also that Dante's 'chief defect is a want, in a word, of gentle feelings.' Of gentle feelings! — and Francesca of Rimini — and the father's feelings in Ugolino — and Beatrice — and 'La Pia!' Why, there is a gentleness in Dante beyond all gentleness, when he is tender. It is true that, treating of the Christian Hades, or Hell, there is not much scope or site for gentleness: but who *but* Dante could have introduced any 'gentleness' at all into Hell? Is there any in Milton's? No — and Dante's Heaven is all love, and glory, and majesty."']

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.*

DANTE, L'INFERNO.

CANTO V.

SIEDE la terra dove nata fui
Sulla marina, dove il Po discende,
Per aver pace coi seguaci sui.
Amor, che al cor gentil ratto s' apprende,
Prese costui della bella persona
Che mi fu tolta; e il modo ancor m' offende.
Amor, che a nullo amato amar perdona,
Mi prese del costui piacer si forte,
Che, come vedi, ancor non m' abbandona.
Amor condusse noi ad una morte:

* [Francesca, daughter of Guido da Polenta, Lord of Ravenna and of Cervia, was given by her father in marriage to Lanciotto, son of Malatesta, Lord of Rimini, a man of extraordinary courage, but deformed in his person. His brother Paolo, who unhappily possessed those graces which the husband of Francesca wanted, engaged her affections; and being taken in adultery, they were both put to death by the enraged Lanciotto. The interest of this pathetic narrative is much increased, when it is recollected that the father of this unfortunate lady was the beloved friend and generous protector of Dante during his latter days.]

FRANCESCA OF RIMINI.

FROM THE INFERNO OF DANTE.

CANTO V.

“THE land where I was born * sits by the seas,
Upon that shore to which the Po descends,
With all his followers, in search of peace.
Love, which the gentle heart soon apprehends,
Seized him for the fair person which was ta'en †
From me, and me even yet the mode offends.
Love, who to none beloved to love again
Remits, seized me with wish to please, so strong
That, as thou seest, yet, yet it doth remain.
Love to one death conducted us along,

* Ravenna.

† [Among Byron's unpublished letters we find the following:
—“ Varied readings of the translation from Dante.

Seized him for the fair person, which in its
Bloom was ta'en from me, yet the mode offends.

or,

Seized him for the fair form, of which in its
Bloom I was reft, and yet the mode offends.

Love, which to none beloved to love remits,

Seized me { with mutual wish to please } so strong,
 { with wish of pleasing him }
 { with the desire to please }

That, as thou see'st, not yet that passion quits, etc

You will find these readings vary from the MS. I sent you.

Caina attende chi in vita ci spense.
 Queste parole da lor ci fur porte.
 Da ch' io intesi quell' anime offense,
 Chinai il viso, e tanto il tenni basso
 Fin chè il Poeta mi disse : Che pense ?
 Quando risposi, incomminciai : Ahi lasso !
 Quanti dolci pensier, quanto desio
 Menò costoro al doloroso passo !
 Poi mi rivolsi a loro, e parlai io,
 E cominciai : Francesca, i tuoi martiri
 A lagrimar mi fanno tristo e pio.
 Ma dimmi : al tempo de' dolci sospiri,
 A che e come concedette Amore,
 Che conosceste i dubbiosi desiri ?
 Ed ella a me : Nessun maggior dolore
 Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
 Nella miseria ; * e ciò sa il tuo dottore.
 Ma se a conoscer la prima radice
 Del nostro amor tu hai cotanto affetto,
 Farò come colui che piange e dice.
 Noi leggevamo un giorno per diletto
 Di Lancillotto, † come Amor lo strinse :
 Soli eravamo, e senza alcun sospetto.

They are closer, but rougher: take which is liked best; or, if you like, print them as variations. They are all close to the text." — *Byron's Letters*.]

* ["In omni adversitate fortunæ infelicissimum genus infortunii est fuisse felicem." — *Boetius*. Dante himself tells us, that *Boetius* and *Cicero de Amicitia* were the two first books that engaged his attention.]

† [One of the Knights of Arthur's Round Table, and the lover of *Genevra*, celebrated in romance.]

But Cainà * waits for him our life who ended : ”
 These were the accents uttered by her tongue. —
 Since I first listened to these souls offended,
 I bowed my visage, and so kept it till —
 “ What think’st thou ? ” said the bard ; when I
 unbended,
 And recommenced : “ Alas ! unto such ill
 How many sweet thoughts, what strong ecstacies
 Led these their evil fortune to fulfil ! ”
 And then I turned unto their side my eyes,
 And said, “ Francesca, thy sad destinies
 Have made me sorrow till the tears arise.
 But tell me, in the season of sweet sighs,
 By what and how thy love to passion rose,
 So as his dim desires to recognize ? ”
 Then she to me : “ The greatest of all woes
 Is to remind us of our happy days †
 In misery, and that thy teacher knows. ‡
 But if to learn our passion’s first root preys
 Upon thy spirit with such sympathy,
 I will do even as he who weeps and says. § —
 We read one day for pastime, seated nigh,
 Of Lancilot, how love enchained him too.
 We were alone, quite unsuspectingly.

* [From Cain, the first fratricide. Cainà is that part of the Inferno to which murderers are condemned.]

† [MS. — “ Is to { recall to mind } our happy days.”]

‡ [MS. — In misery and { this } thy teacher knows.”]

§ [MS. — “ I will { relate } as he weeps and says.”]

Per più fiate gli occhi ci sospinse
Quella lettura, e scolorocci il viso:
Ma solo un punto fu quel che ci vinse.
Quando leggemmo il disiato riso
Esser baciato da cotanto amante,
Questi, che mai da me non fia diviso,
La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante:
Galeotto fu il libro, e chi lo scrisse —
Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante.
Mentre che l'uno spirto questo disse,
L'altro piangeva sì, che di pietade
Io venni men, così com' io morisse,
E caddi come corpo morto cade.

But oft our eyes met, and our cheeks in hue
 All o'er discolored by that reading were ;
 But one point only wholly us o'erthrew ; *
 When we read the long-sighed-for smile of her,
 To be thus kissed by such devoted lover, †
 He who from me can be divided ne'er
 Kissed my mouth, trembling in the act all over.
 Accursed was the book and he who wrote !
 That day no further leaf we did uncover." ——
 While thus one spirit told us of their lot,
 The other wept, so that with pity's thralls
 I swooned as if by death I had been smote,
 And fell down even as a dead body falls. ‡

* [MS. — " But one point only us { overthrew }
o'erthrew } ."]

† [MS. — " To be thus kissed by such { a fervent }
devoted } lover."]

‡ [The " other spirit " is Francesca's lover, Paolo. It is the poet himself who swoons with pity, and his emotion will not be deemed exaggerated when we consider that he had known Francesca when a girl, blooming in innocence and beauty in the house of his friend, her father.]

Handwritten text, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is arranged in several paragraphs and is mostly illegible due to fading and the quality of the scan. Some words are difficult to decipher but appear to be in English.

THE
MORGANTE MAGGIORE
OF PULCI.

(95)

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

LIBRARY

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Morgante Maggiore, of the first canto of which this translation is offered, divides with the Orlando Innamorato the honor of having formed and suggested the style and story of Ariosto. The great defects of Boiardo were his treating too seriously the narratives of chivalry, and his harsh style. Ariosto, in his continuation, by a judicious mixture of the gaiety of Pulci, has avoided the one; and Berni, in his reformation of Boiardo's poem, has corrected the other. Pulci may be considered as the precursor and model of Berni altogether, as he has partly been to Ariosto, however inferior to both his copyists. He is no less the founder of a new style of poetry very lately sprung up in England. I allude to that of the ingenious Whistlecraft. The serious poems on Roncesvalles in the same language, and more particularly the excellent one of Mr. Merivale, are to be traced to the same source. It has never yet been decided entirely whether Pulci's intention was or was not to deride the religion which is one of his favorite topics.

It appears to me, that such an intention would have been no less hazardous to the poet than to the priest, particularly in that age and country ; and the permission to publish the poem, and its reception among the classics of Italy, prove that it neither was nor is so interpreted. That he intended to ridicule the monastic life, and suffered his imagination to play with the simple dulness of his converted giant, seems evident enough ; but surely it were as unjust to accuse him of irreligion on this account, as to denounce Fielding for his Parson Adams, Barnabas, Thwackum, Supple, and the Ordinary in Jonathan Wild, — or Scott, for the exquisite use of his Covenanters in the “Tales of my Landlord.”

In the following translation I have used the liberty of the original with the proper names ; as Pulci uses Gan, Ganellon, or Ganellone ; Carlo, Carlomagno or Carlomano ; Rondel, or Rondello, etc. as it suits his convenience ; so has the translator. In other respects the version is faithful to the best of the translator’s ability in combining his interpretation of the one language with the not very easy task of reducing it to the same versification in the other. The reader, on comparing it with the original, is requested to remember that the antiquated language of Pulci, however pure, is not easy to the generality of Italians themselves, from its great mixture of Tuscan proverbs ; and he may therefore be more indulgent to the present attempt. How far the translator has succeeded, and whether or no he shall continue the

work, are questions which the public will decide. He was induced to make the experiment partly by his love for, and partial intercourse with, the Italian language, of which it is so easy to acquire a slight knowledge, and with which it is so nearly impossible for a foreigner to become accurately conversant. The Italian language is like a capricious beauty, who accords her smiles to all, her favors to few, and sometimes least to those who have courted her longest. The translator wished also to present in an English dress a part at least of a poem never yet rendered into a northern language; at the same time that it has been the original of some of the most celebrated productions on this side of the Alps, as well as of those recent experiments in poetry in England which have been already mentioned.

INTRODUCTION

TO THE MORGANTE MAGGIORE.

THE translation of the Morgante of Pulci was chiefly executed at Ravenna in 1820, and was first published in "The Liberal." Such was the care bestowed by Byron upon the task, that he only accomplished two stanzas a night, which was his principal time for composition, and such was his opinion of his success, that he always maintained that there was no such translation in the English language, and never would be such another. He appears to have thought that its merit consisted in the *verbum pro verbo* closeness of the version, rendered doubly difficult by the character of the poem, which, besides being humorous is full of vulgar Florentine idioms, abrupt transitions, ungrammatical constructions, and sententious obscurity. The immense labor of mastering these accumulated obstacles * explains Byron's over-estimate of the piece.

[* These difficulties are much exaggerated. — F. J. C.]

“Why,” he wrote to Mr. Murray in 1821, “don’t you publish my Pulci — the best thing I ever wrote?”

The first edition of the original Morgante was published at Venice in 1481. The characters are derived from some chivalrous romances of the thirteenth century. It is a question whether Pulci designed a burlesque or a serious poem, — Ugo Foscolo maintaining that the air of ridicule arose from the contrast between the absurdity of the materials and the effort of the author to render them sublime; while Sismondi contends that the belief in the marvellous being much diminished, the adventures which formerly were heard with gravity could not be reproduced without a mixture of mockery. Hallam agrees with the latter, and thinks that Pulci meant to scoff at heroes whom duller poets held up to admiration.

There has been an equal difference of opinion upon the parts of the poem which touch on religion. Ugo Foscolo considers Pulci a devout Catholic who laughed at particular dogmas and divines; Sismondi doubts whether to charge him with gross bigotry or profane derision; and Hallam thinks that under pretence of ridiculing the intermixture of theology with romance, he had an intention of exposing religion to contempt. Whatever may have been his theoretical creed, he shows by his mode of treating sacred topics that he was entirely

destitute of reverence. Byron was asked to allow some suppressions in his translation, to which he replied that Pulci must answer for his own impiety.

MORGANTE MAGGIORE.

CANTO PRIMO.

I.

IN principio era il Verbo appresso a Dio,
Ed era Iddio il Verbo, e'l Verbo lui:
Questo era nel principio, al parer mio;
E nulla si può far senza costui:
Però, giusto Signor benigno e pio,
Mandami solo un de gli angeli tui,
Che m'accompagni, e rechimi a memoria
Una famosa antica e degna storia.

II.

E tu Vergine, figlia, e madre, e sposa
Di quel Signor, che ti dette le chiave
Del cielo e dell' abisso, e d'ogni cosa,
Quel dì che Gabriel tuo ti disse Ave!
Perchè tu se' de' tuo' servi pietosa,
Con dolce rime, e stil grato e soave,
Ajuta i versi miei benignamente,
E'nfino al fine allumina la mente.

THE
MORGANTE MAGGIORE.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

IN the beginning was the Word next God ;
God was the Word, the Word no less was he :
This was in the beginning, to my mode
Of thinking, and without him nought could be :
Therefore, just Lord ! from out thy high abode,
Benign and pious, bid an angel flee,
One only, to be my companion, who
Shall help my famous, worthy, old song through.

II.

And thou, oh Virgin ! daughter, mother, bride,
Of the same Lord, who gave to you each key
Of heaven, and hell, and every thing beside,
The day thy Gabriel said “ All hail ! ” to thee,
Since to thy servants pity’s ne’er denied,
With flowing rhymes, a pleasant style and free,
Be to my verses then benignly kind,
And to the end illuminate my mind.

III.

Era nel tempo, quando Filomena
Con la sorella si lamenta e plora,
Che si ricorda di sua antica pena,
E pe' boschetti le ninfe innamora,
E Febo il carro temperato mena,
Che 'l suo Fetonte l'ammaestra ancora ;
Ed appariva appunto all'orizzonte,
Tal che Titon si graffiava la fronte.

IV.

Quand'io varai la mia barchetta, prima
Per ubbidir chi sempre ubbidir debbe
La mente, e faticarsi in prosa e in rima,
E del mio Carlo Imperador m'increbbe ;
Che so quanti la penna ha posto in cima,
Che tutti la sua gloria prevarrebbe :
E stata quella istoria, a quel ch' i' veggio,
Di Carlo male intesa, e scritta peggio.

V.

Diceva già Lionardo Aretino,
Che s' egli avesse avuto scrittor degno,
Com'egli ebbe un Ormanno il suo Pipino,
Ch'avesse diligenza avuto e ingegno ;
Sarebbe Carlo Magno un uom divino ;
Però ch'egli ebbe gran vittorie e regno,
E fece per la chiesa e per la fede
Certo assai più, che non si dice o crede.

III.

'T was in the season when sad Philomel
Weeps with her sister, who remembers and
Deplores the ancient woes which both befell,
And makes the nymphs enamoured, to the hand
Of Phaeton by Phœbus loved so well
His car (but tempered by his sire's command)
Was given, and on the horizon's verge just now
Appeared, so that Tithonus scratched his brow :

IV.

When I prepared my bark first to obey,
As it should still obey, the helm, my mind,
And carry prose or rhyme, and this my lay
Of Charles the Emperor, whom you will find
By several pens already praised ; but they
Who to diffuse his glory were inclined,
For all that I can see in prose or verse,
Have understood Charles badly, and wrote worse.

V.

Leonardo Aretino said already,
That if like Pepin, Charles had had a writer
Of genius quick, and diligently steady,
No hero would in history look brighter ;
He in the cabinet being always ready,
And in the field a most victorious fighter,
Who for the church and Christian faith had wrought,
Certes, far more than yet is said or thought.

VI.

Guardisi ancora a san Liberatore
Quella badia là presso a Manoppello,
Giù ne gli Abbruzzi fatta per suo onore,
Dove fu la battaglia e 'l gran flaggello
D'un re pagan, che Carlo imperadore
Uccise, e tanto del suo popol fello :
E vedesi tante ossa, e tanto il sanno,
Che tutte in Giusaffà poi si vedranno.

VII.

Ma il mondo cieco e ignorante non prezza
Le sue virtù, com'io vorrei vedere :
E tu, Fiorenza, de la sua grandezza
Possiedi, e sempre potrai possedere
Ogni costume ed ogni gentilezza
Che si potesse acquistare o avere
Col senno col tesoro o con la lancia
Dal nobil sangue e venuto di Francia.

VIII.

Dodici paladini aveva in corte
Carlo ; e'l più savio e famoso era Orlando :
Gan traditor lo condusse a la morte,
In Roncisvalle, un trattato ordinando ;
Là dove il corno sonò tanto forte
Dopo la dolorosa rotta, quando
Ne la sua commedia Dante qui dice,
E mettelo con Carlo in ciel felice.

VI.

You still may see at Saint Liberatore
The abbey, no great way from Manopell,
Erected in the Abruzzi to his glory,
Because of the great battle in which fell
A pagan king, according to the story,
And felon people whom Charles sent to hell:
And there are bones so many, and so many,
Near them Giusaffa's would seem few, if any.

VII.

But the world, blind and ignorant, don't prize
His virtues as I wish to see them: thou,
Florence, by his great bounty don't arise,
And hast, and may have, if thou wilt allow,
All proper customs and true courtesies:
Whate'er thou hast acquired from then till now,
With knightly courage, treasure, or the lance,
Is sprung from out the noble blood of France.

VIII.

Twelve paladins had Charles in court, of whom
The wisest and most famous was Orlando;
Him traitor Gan conducted to the tomb
In Roncesvalles, as the villain planned too,
While the horn rang so loud, and knelled the doom
Of their sad rout, though he did all knight can do:
And Dante in his comedy has given
To him a happy seat with Charles in heaven.

IX.

Era per Pasqua quella dì natale :

Carlo la corte avea tutta in Parigi :
Orlando, com'io dico, il principale
Evvi, il Danese, Astolfo, e Ansuigi :
Fannosi feste e cose trionfale,
E molto celebravan San Dionigi;
Angiolin di Bajona, ed Ulivieri
V'era venuto, e'l gentil Berlinghieri

X.

Eravi Avolio ed Avino ed Ottone,
Di Normandía, Riccardo Paladino,
E'l savio Namò, e'l vecchio Salamone,
Gualtier da Monlione, e Baldovino
Ch'era figliuol del tristo Ganellone.
Tropo lieto era il figliuol di Pipino ;
Tanto che spesso d'allegrezza geme
Veggendo tutti i paladini insieme.

XI.

Ma la fortuna attenta sta nascosa,
Per guastar sempre ciascun nostro effetto ;
Mentre che Carlo così si riposa,
Orlando governava in fatto e in detto
La corte e Carlo Magno ed ogni cosa :
Gan per invidia scoppia il maladetto,
E cominciava un dì con Carlo a dire :
Abbiam noi sempre Orlando ad ubbidire ?

IX.

'Twas Christmas-day ; in Paris all his court
Charles held ; the chief, I say, Orlando was,
The Dane ; Astolfo there too did resort,
Also Ansuigi, the gay time to pass
In festival and in triumphal sport,
The much-renowned St. Dennis being the cause ;
Angiolin of Bayonne, and Oliver,
And gentle Belinghieri too came there :

X.

Avolio, and Arino, and Othone
Of Normandy, and Richard Paladin,
Wise Hamo, and the ancient Salemone,
Walter of Lion's Mount and Baldovin,
Who was the son of the sad Ganellone,
Were there, exciting too much gladness in
The son of Pepin : — when his knights came hither,
He groaned with joy to see them altogether.

XI.

But watchful Fortune, lurking, takes good heed
Ever some bar 'gainst our intents to bring.
While Charles reposed him thus, in word and deed,
Orlando ruled court, Charles, and every thing ;
Curst Gan, with envy bursting, had such need
To vent his spite, that thus with Charles the king
One day he openly began to say,
“ Orlando must we always then obey ?

XII.

Io ho creduto mille volte dirti :

Orlando ha in se troppa presunzione :

Noi siam qui conti, re, duchi a servirti,

E Namò, Ottone, Uggieri e Salamone,

Per onorarti ognun, per ubbidirti :

Che costui abbi ogni reputazione

Nol sofferrem ; ma siam deliberati

Da un fanciullo non esser governati.

XIII.

Tu cominciasti insino in Aspramonte

A dargli a intender che fusse gagliardo,

E facesse gran cose a quella fonte ;

Ma se non fusse stato il buon Gherardo,

Io so che la vittoria era d'Almonte :

Ma egli ebbe sempre l'occhio a lo stendardo.

Che si voleva quel dì coronarlo :

Questo è colui ch'ha meritato, Carlo.

XIV.

Se ti ricorda già sendo in Guascogna,

Quando e' vi venne la gente di Spagna,

Il popol de' cristiani avea vergogna,

Se non mostrava la sua forza magna.

Il ver convien pur dir, quando e' bisogna :

Sappi ch'ognuno imperador si lagna :

Quant'io per me, ripasserò que' monti

Ch'io passai 'n qua con sessantaduo conti.

XII.

“ A thousand times I’ve been about to say,
Orlando too presumptuously goes on ;
Here are we, counts, kings, dukes, to own thy sway,
Hamo, and Otho, Ogier, Solomon,
Each have to honor thee and to obey ;
But he has too much credit near the throne,
Which we won’t suffer, but are quite decided
By such a boy to be no longer guided.

XIII.

“ And even at Aspramont thou didst begin
To let him know he was a gallant knight,
And by the fount did much the day to win ;
But I know *who* that day had won the fight
If it had not for good Gherardo been :
The victory was Almonte’s else ; his sight
He kept upon the standard, and the laurels
In fact and fairness are his earning, Charles.

XIV.

“ If thou rememberest being in Gascony,
When there advanced the nations out of Spain,
The Christian cause had suffered shamefully,
Had not his valor driven them back again.
Best speak the truth when there’s a reason why :
Know then, oh emperor ! that all complain :
As for myself, I shall repass the mounts
O’er which I crossed with two and sixty counts.

XV.

La tua grandezza dispensar si vuole,
E far che ciascun abbi la sua parte :
La corte tutta quanta se ne duole :
Tu credi che costui sia forse Marte ?
Orlando un giorno udì queste parole,
Che si sedeva soletto in disparte :
Dispiacquegli di Gan quel che diceva ;
Ma molto più che Carlo gli credeva.

XVI.

E volle con la spada uccider Gano ;
Ma Ulivieri in quel mezzo si mise,
E Durlindana gli trasse di mano,
E così il me' che seppe gli divide.
Orlando si sdegnò con Carlo Mano,
E poco men che quivi non l'uccisé ;
E dipartissi di Parigi solo,
E scoppia e'mpazza di sdegno e di duolo.

XVII.

Ad Ermellina moglie del Danese
Tolse Cortana, e poi tolse Rondello ;
E 'n verso Brara il suo cammin poi prese.
Alda la bella, come vide quello,
Per abbracciarlo le braccia distese.
Orlando, che ismarrito avea il cervello,
Com'ella disse : ben venga il mio Orlando :
Gli volle in su la testa dar col brando.

XV.

“Tis fit thy grandeur should dispense relief,
So that each here may have his proper part,
For the whole court is more or less in grief:
Perhaps thou deem'st this lad a Mars in heart?”
Orlando one day heard this speech in brief,
As by himself it chanced he sate apart :
Displeased he was with Gan because he said it,
But much more still that Charles should give him
credit.

XVI.

And with the sword he would have murdered Gan,
But Oliver thrust in between the pair,
And from his hand extracted Durlindan,
And thus at length they separated were.
Orlando angry too with Carloman,
Wanted but little to have slain him there ;
Then forth alone from Paris went the chief,
And burst and maddened with disdain and grief.

XVII.

From Ermellina, consort of the Dane,
He took Cortana, and then took Rondell,
And on towards Brara pricked him o'er the plain ;
And when she saw him coming, Aldabelle
Stretched forth her arms to clasp her lord again :
Orlando, in whose brain all was not well,
As “ Welcome, my Orlando, home,” she said,
Raised up his sword to smite her on the head.

XVIII.

Come colui che la furia consiglia,
Egli pareva a Gan dar veramente :
Alda la bella si fe' maraviglia :
Orlando si ravvide prestamente :
E la sua sposa pigliava la briglia,
E scese dal caval subitamente :
Ed ogni cosa narrava a costei,
E riposossi alcun giorno con lei.

XIX.

Poi si partì portato dal furore,
E terminò passare in Paganía ;
E mentre che cavalca, il traditore
Di Gan sempre ricorda per la via :
E cavalcando d'uno in altro errore,
In un deserto truova una badía
In luoghi oscuri e paesi lontani,
Ch'era a' confin' tra cristiani e pagani.

XX.

L'abate si chiamava Chiaramonte,
Era del sangue disceso d'Anglante :
Di sopra a la badía v'era un gran monte,
Dove abitava alcun fiero gigante,
De'quali uno avea nome Passamonte,
L'altro Alabastro, e'l terzo era Morgante :
Con certe frombe gittavan da alto,
Ed ogni dì facevan qualche assalto.

XVIII.

Like him a fury counsels ; his revenge
On Gan in that rash act he seemed to take,
Which Aldabella thought extremely strange ;
But soon Orlando found himself awake ;
And his spouse took his bridle on this change,
And he dismounted from his horse, and spake
Of every thing which passed without demur,
And then reposed himself some days with her.

XIX.

Then full of wrath departed from the place,
And far as pagan countries roamed astray,
And while he rode, yet still at every pace
The traitor Gan remembered by the way ;
And wandering on in error a long space,
An abbey which in a lone desert lay,
'Midst glens obscure, and distant lands, he found,
Which formed the Christian's and the pagan's bound.

XX.

The abbot was called Clermont, and by blood
Descended from Angrante : under cover
Of a great mountain's brow the abbey stood,
But certain savage giants looked him over ;
One Passamont was foremost of the brood,
And Alabaster and Morgante hover
Second and third, with certain slings, and throw
In daily jeopardy the place below.

XXI.

I monachetti non potieno uscire
Del monistero o per legne o per acque
Orlando picchia, e non volieno aprire,
Fin che a l'abate a la fine pur piacque;
Entrato drento cominciava a dire,
Come colui che di Maria già nacque,
Adora, ed era cristian battezzato,
E com' egli era a la badía arrivato.

XXII.

Disse l'abate: il ben venuto sia
Di quel ch'io ho volentier ti daremo,
Poi che tu credi al figliuol di Maria;
E la cagion, cavalier, ti diremo,
Acciò che non l'imputi a villania,
Perchè a l'entrar resistenza facemo,
E non ti volle aprir quel monachetto:
Così intervien chi vive con sospetto.

XXIII.

Quando ci venni al principio abitare
Queste montagne, benchè sieno oscure
Come tu vedi; pur si potea stare
Sanza sospetto, ch' ell' eran sicure:
Sol da le fiere t'avevi a guardare;
Fernoci spesso di brutte paure;
Or ci bisogna, se vogliamo starci,
Da le bestie dimestiche guardarci.

XXI.

The monks could pass the convent gate no more,
Nor leave their cells for water or for wood;
Orlando knocked, but none would ope, before
Unto the prior it at length seemed good;
Entered, he said that he was taught to adore
Him who was born of Mary's holiest blood,
And was baptized a Christian; and then showed
How to the abbey he had found his road.

XXII.

Said the abbot, "You are welcome; what is mine
We give you freely, since that you believe
With us in Mary Mother's Son divine;
And that you may not, cavalier, conceive
The cause of our delay to let you in
To be rusticity, you shall receive
The reason why our gate was barred to you:
Thus those who in suspicion live must do.

XXIII.

"When hither to inhabit first we came
These mountains, albeit that they are obscure,
As you perceive, yet without fear or blame
They seemed to promise an asylum sure:
From savage brutes alone, too fierce to tame,
'Twas fit our quiet dwelling to secure;
But now, if here we'd stay, we needs must guard
Against domestic beasts with watch and ward.

XXIV.

Queste ci fan piuttosto stare a segno :
Sonci appariti tre fieri giganti,
Non so di qual paese o di qual regno,
Ma molto son feroci tutti quanti :
La forza e 'l malvoler giunt' a lo' ngegno
Sai che può 'l tutto ; e noi non siam bastanti ;
Questi perturban sì l'orazion nostra,
Che non so più che far, s'altri nol mostra.

XXV.

Gli antichi padri nostri nel deserto,
Se le lor opre sante erano e giuste,
Del ben servir da Dio n'avean buon merto ;
Nè creder sol vivessin di locuste :
Piovea dal ciel la manna, questo è certo ;
Ma qui convien che spesso assaggi e gusti
Sassi che piovon di sopra quel monte,
Che gettano Alabastro e Passamonte.

XXVI.

E 'l terzo ch'è Morgante, assai più fiero,
Isvegli e pini e faggi e cerri e gli oppi,
E gettagli infin qui : questo è pur vero ;
Non posso far che, d'ira non iscoppi.
Mentre che parlan così in cimitero,
Un sasso par che Rondel quasi sgroppi ;
Che da' giganti giù venne da alto
Tanto, ch'e' prese sotto il tetto un salto.

XXIV.

“These make us stand, in fact, upon the watch;
For late there have appeared three giants rough;
What nation or what kingdom bore the batch
I know not, but they are all of savage stuff;
When force and malice with some genius match,
You know, they can do all — *we* are not enough:
And these so much our orisons derange,
I know not what to do, till matters change.

XXV.

“Our ancient fathers living the desert in,
For just and holy works were duly fed;
Think not they lived on locusts sole, ’t is certain
That manna was rained down from heaven instead;
But here ’t is fit we keep on the alert in
Our bounds, or taste the stones showered down
for bread,
From off yon mountain daily raining faster,
And flung by Passamont and Alabaster.

XXVI.

“The third, Morgante’s savagest by far; he
Plucks up pines, beeches, poplar-trees, and oaks,
And flings them, our community to bury;
And all that I can do but more provokes.”
While thus they parley in the cemetery,
A stone from one of their gigantic strokes,
Which nearly crushed Rondell, came tumbling over,
So that he took a long leap under cover.

XXVII.

Tirati drento, cavalier, per Dio,
Disse l'abate, che la manna casca.
Risponde Orlando: caro abate mio,
Costui non vuol che'l mio caval più pasca:
Veggio che lo guarrebbe del restìo:
Quel sasso par che di buon braccio nasca.
Rispose il santo padre: io non t'inganno,
Credo che'l monte un giorno gitteranno.

XXVIII.

Orlando governar fece Rondello,
E ordinar per se da colazione:
Poi disse: abate, io voglio andare a quello
Che dette al mio caval con quel cantone.
Disse l'abate: come car fratello
Consiglierotti senza passione:
Io ti sconforto, baron, di tal gita;
Ch'io so che tu vi lascerai la vita.

XXIX.

Quel Passamonte porta in man tre dardi:
Chi frombe, chi baston, chi mazzafrusti;
Sai che giganti più di noi gagliardi
Son per ragion, che son anco più giusti;
E pur se vuoi andar fa che ti guardi,
Che questi son villan molto e robusti.
Rispose Orlando: io lo vedrò per certo;
Ed avviossi a piè su pel deserto.

XXVII.

“For God-sake, cavalier, come in with speed;
The manna’s falling now,” the abbot cried.
“This fellow does not wish my horse should feed,
Dear abbot,” Roland unto him replied.
“Of restiveness he’d cure him had he need;
That stone seems with good will and aim applied.”
The holy father said, “I don’t deceive;
They’ll one day fling the mountain, I believe.”

XXVIII.

Orlando bade them take care of Rondello,
And also made a breakfast of his own:
“Abbot,” he said, “I want to find that fellow
Who flung at my good horse yon corner-stone.”
Said the abbot, “Let not my advice seem shallow,
As to a brother dear I speak alone;
I would dissuade you, baron, from this strife,
As knowing sure that you will lose your life.

XXIX.

“That Passamont has in his hand three darts —
Such slings, clubs, ballast-stones, that yield you
must;
You know that giants have much stouter hearts
Than us, with reason, in proportion just:
If go you will, guard well against their arts,
For these are very barbarous and robust.”
Orlando answered, “This I’ll see, be sure,
And walk the wild on foot to be secure.”

XXX.

Disse l'abate col segnarlo in fronte :
Va, che da Dio e me sia benedetto.
Orlando, poi che salito ebbe il monte,
Si dirizzò, come l'abate detto
Gli avea, dove sta quel Passamonte ;
Il quale Orlando veggendo soletto,
Molto lo squadra di drieto e davante ;
Poi domandò, se star volea per fante.

XXXI.

E' prometteva di farlo godere.
Orlando disse: pazzo saracino,
Io vengo a te, com'è di Dio volere,
Per darti morte, e non per ragazzino ;
A' monaci suoi fatto hai dispiacere ;
Non può più comportarti, can mastino.
Questo gigante armar si corse a furia,
Quando sentì ch'e'gli diceva ingiuria.

XXXII.

E ritornato ove aspettava Orlando,
Il qual non s'era partito da bomba ;
Subito venne la corda girando,
E lascia un sasso andar fuor de la fromba,
Che in su la testa giugnea rotolando
Al conte Orlando, e l'elmetto rimbomba ;
E' caddo per la pena tramortito ;
Ma più che morto par, tanto è stordito.

XXX.

The abbot signed the great cross on his front,
“Then go you with God’s benison and mine :”
Orlando, after he had scaled the mount,
As the abbot had directed, kept the line
Right to the usual haunt of Passamont ;
Who, seeing him alone in this design,
Surveyed him fore and aft with eyes observant,
Then asked him, “If he wished to stay as servant?”

XXXI.

And promised him an office of great ease.
But, said Orlando, “Saracen insane !
I come to kill you, if it shall so please
God, not to serve as footboy in your train ;
You with his monks so oft have broke the peace —
Vile dog ! ’tis past his patience to sustain.”
The giant ran to fetch his arms, quite furious,
When he received an answer so injurious.

XXXII.

And being returned to where Orlando stood,
Who had not moved him from the spot, and
 swinging
The cord, he hurled a stone with strength so rude,
As showed a sample of his skill in slinging ;
It rolled on Count Orlando’s helmet good
And head, and set both head and helmet ringing,
So that he swooned with pain as if he died,
But more than dead, he seemed so stupefied.

XXXIII.

Passamonte pensò che fusse morto,
E disse: io voglio andarmi a disarmare:
Questo poltron per chi m'aveva scorto?
Ma Cristo i suoi non suole abbandonare,
Massime Orlando, ch'egli arebbe il torto,
Mentre il gigante l'arme va a spogliare,
Orlando in questo tempo si risente,
E rivocava e la forza e la mente.

XXXIV.

E gridò forte: gigante, ove vai?
Ben ti pensasti d'avermi ammazzato!
Volgiti a drieto, che, s'ale non hai.
Non puoi da me fuggir, can rinnegato:
A tradimento ingiuriato m'hai.
Donde il gigante allor maravigliato
Si volse a drieto, e riteneva il passo;
Poi si chinò per tor di terra un sasso.

XXXV.

Orlando avea Cortana ignuda in mano;
Trasse a la testa: e Cortana tagliava:
Per mezzo il teschio partì del pagano,
E Passamonte morto rovinava:
E nel cadere il superbo e villano
Divotamente Macon bestemmiava;
Ma mentre che bestemmia il crudo e acerbo,
Orlando ringraziava il Padre e'l Verbo.

XXXIII.

Then Passamont, who thought him slain outright,

Said, "I will go, and while he lies along,
Disarm me: why such craven did I fight?"

But Christ his servants ne'er abandons long,
Especially Orlando, such a knight,

As to desert would almost be a wrong.
While the giant goes to put off his defences,
Orlando has recalled his force and senses:

XXXIV.

And loud he shouted, "Giant, where dost go?

Thou thought'st me doubtless for the bier outlaid;
To the right about — without wings thou'r't too slow

To fly my vengeance — currish renegade!
'Twas but by treachery thou laid'st me low."

The giant his astonishment betrayed,
And turned about, and stopped his journey on,
And then he stooped to pick up a great stone.

XXXV.

Orlando had Cortana bare in hand;

To split the head in twain was what he schemed: —
Cortana clave the skull like a true brand,

And pagan Passamont died unredeemed,
Yet harsh and haughty, as he lay he banned,

And most devoutly Macon still blasphemed:
But while his crude, rude blasphemies he heard,
Orlando thanked the Father and the Word, —

XXXVI.

Dicendo : quanta grazia oggi m' ha' data !
Sempre ti sono, o signor mio, tenuto ;
Per te conosco la vita salvata ;
Però che dal gigante era abbattuto :
Ogni cosa a ragion fai misurata ;
Non val nostro poter senza il tuo ajuto.
Priegoti, sopra me tenga la mano,
Tanto che ancor ritorni a Carlo Mano.

XXXVII.

Poi ch'ebbe questo detto sen' andòe,
Tanto che trouva Alabastro più basso
Che si sforzava, quando e'lo trovòe,
Di svegliar d'una ripa fuori un masso.
Orlando, com'e' giunse a quel, gridòe :
Che pensi tu, ghiotton, gittar quel sasso ?
Quando Alabastro questo grido intende,
Subitamente la sua fromba prende.

XXXVIII.

E' trasse d'una pietra molto grossa,
Tanto ch'Orlando bisognò schermisse ;
Che se l'avesse giunto la percossa,
Non bisognava il medico venisse.
Orlando adoperò poi la sua possa ;
Nel pettignon tutta la spada misse :
E morto cadde questo badalone,
E non dimenticò però Macone.

XXXVI.

Saying, "What grace to me thou 'st this day given!
And I to thee, oh Lord! am ever bound.
I know my life was saved by thee from heaven,
Since by the giant I was fairly downed.
All things by thee are measured just and even;
Our power without thine aid would nought be
I pray thee take heed of me, till I can [found:
At least return once more to Carloman."

XXXVII.

And having said thus much, he went his way;
And Alabaster he found out below,
Doing the very best that in him lay
To root from out a bank a rock or two.
Orlando, when he reached him, loud 'gan say,
"How think'st thou, glutton, such a stone to
throw?"
When Alabaster heard his deep voice ring,
He suddenly betook him to his sling,

XXXVIII.

And hurled a fragment of a size so large,
That if it had in fact fulfilled its mission,
And Roland not availed him of his targe,
There would have been no need of a physician.
Orlando set himself in turn to charge,
And in his bulky bosom made incision
With all his sword. The lout fell; but o'erthrown, he
However by no means forgot Macone.

XXXIX.

Morgante aveva al suo modo un palagio
Fatto di frasche e di schegge e di terra :
Quivi, secondo lui, si posa ad agio ;
Quivi la notte si rinchiude e serra.
Orlando picchia, e daragli disagio,
Perchè il gigante dal sonno si sferra ;
Vennegli aprir come una cosa matta ;
Ch'un' aspra visione aveva fatta.

XL.

E' gli pareva ch'un feroce serpente
L'avea assalito, e chiamar Macometto ;
Ma Macometto non valea niente :
Ond'e' chiamava Gesù benedetto ;
E liberato l'avea finalmente.
Venne alla porta, ed ebbe così detto ;
Chi buzza qua ? pur sempre borbottando.
Tu 'l saprai tosto, gli rispose Orlando.

XLI.

Vengo per farti, come a' tuo' fratelli,
Far de' peccati tuoi la penitènzia,
Da' monaci mandato, cattivelli,
Come stato è divina providenzia ;
Pel mal ch'avete fatto a torto a quelli,
È dato in ciel così questa sentenza ;
Sappi, che freddo già più ch'un pilastro
Lasciato ho Passamonte e'l tuo Alabastro.

XXXIX.

Morgante had a palace in his mode,
Composed of branches, logs of wood, and earth,
And stretched himself at ease in this abode,
And shut himself at night within his berth.
Orlando knocked, and knocked again, to goad
The giant from his sleep; and he came forth,
The door to open, like a crazy thing,
For a rough dream had shook him slumbering.

XL.

He thought that a fierce serpent had attacked him;
And Mahomet he called; but Mahomet
Is nothing worth, and not an instant backed him;
But praying blessed Jesu, he was set
At liberty from all the fears which racked him;
And to the gate he came with great regret—
“Who knocks here?” grumbling all the while, said he.
“That,” said Orlando, “you will quickly see.

XLI.

“I come to preach to you, as to your brothers,
Sent by the miserable monks—repentance;
For Providence divine, in you and others,
Condemns the evil done my new acquaintance.
’Tis writ on high—your wrong must pay another’s;
From heaven itself is issued out this sentence.
Know then, that colder now than a pilaster
I left your Passamont and Alabaster.”

XLII.

Disse Morgante : o gentil cavaliere,
Per lo tuo Dio non mi dir villania :
Di grazia il nome tuo vorrei sapere ;
Se se' Cristian, deh dillo in cortesia.
Rispose Orlando : di cotal mestiere
Contenterotti per la fede mia :
Adoro Cristo, ch'è Signor verace :
E puoi tu adorarlo, se ti piace

XLIII.

Rispose il saracin con umil voce .
Io ho fatto una strana visione,
Che m'assaliva un serpente feroce :
Non mi valeva per chiamar Macone ;
Onde al tuo Dio che fu confitto in croce
Rivolsi presto la mia intenzione :
E' mi soccorse, e fui libero e sano,
E son disposto al tutto esser Cristiano.

XLIV.

Rispose Orlando : baron giusto e pio,
Se questo buon voler terrai nel core,
L'anima tua arà quel vero Dio
Che ci può sol gradir d'eterno onore :
E s'tu vorrai, sarai compagno mio,
E amerotti con perfetto amore :
Gl'idoli vostri son bugiardi e vani :
Il vero Dio è lo Dio de' Cristiani.

XLII.

Morgante said, "Oh gentle cavalier!
Now by thy God say me no villany;
The favor of your name I fain would hear,
And if a Christian, speak for courtesy."
Replied Orlando, "So much to your ear
I by my faith disclose contentedly;
Christ I adore, who is the genuine Lord,
And, if you please, by you may be adored."

XLIII.

The Saracen rejoined in humble tone,
"I have had an extraordinary vision;
A savage serpent fell on me alone,
And Macon would not pity my condition;
Hence to thy God, who for ye did atone
Upon the cross, preferred I my petition;
His timely succor set me safe and free,
And I a Christian am disposed to be."

XLIV.

Orlando answered, "Baron just and pious,
If this good wish your heart can really move
To the true God, who will not then deny us
Eternal honor, you will go above,
And, if you please, as friends we will ally us,
And I will love you with a perfect love.
Your idols are vain liars, full of fraud:
The only true God is the Christian's God.

XLV.

Venne questo Signor senza peccato
Ne la sua madre vergine pulzella :
Se conoscessi quel Signor beato,
Sanza'l qual non risplende sole o stella,
Aresti già Macon tuo rinnegato,
E la sua fede iniqua ingiusta e fella :
Battezzati al mio Dio di buon talento.
Morgante gli rispose : io son contento.

XLVI.

E corse Orlando subito abbracciare :
Orlando gran carezze gli facea,
E disse : a la badía ti vo' menare.
Morgante, andianci presto, respondea :
Co' monaci la pace ci vuol fare.
De la qual cosa Orlando in se godea,
Dicendo ; fratel mio divoto e buono.
Io vò che chiegga a l' abate perdono.

XLVII.

Da poi che Dio ralluminato t'ha,
Ed accettato per la sua umiltade ;
Vuolsi che tu ancor usi umiltà.
Disse Morgante : per la tua bontade,
Poi che il tuo Dio mio sempre omai sarà,
Dimmio del nome tuo la veritade,
Poi di me dispor puoi al tuo comando ;
Ond' e' gli disse, com 'egli era Orlando.

XLV.

“The Lord descended to the virgin breast
Of Mary Mother, sinless and divine;
If you acknowledge the Redeemer blest,
Without whom neither sun nor star can shine,
Abjure bad Macon’s false and felon test,
Your renegado god, and worship mine, —
Baptize yourself with zeal, since you repent.”
To which Morgante answered, “I’m content.”

XLVI.

And then Orlando to embrace him flew,
And made much of his convert, as he cried,
“To the abbey I will gladly marshal you.”
To whom Morgante, “Let us go,” replied;
“I to the friars have for peace to sue.”
Which thing Orlando heard with inward pride,
Saying, “My brother, so devout and good,
Ask the abbot pardon, as I wish you would:

XLVII.

“Since God has granted your illumination,
Accepting you in mercy for his own,
Humility should be your first oblation.”
Morgante said, “For goodness’ sake, make known—
Since that your God is to be mine — your station,
And let your name in verity be shown;
Then will I every thing at your command do.”
On which the other said, he was Orlando.

XLVIII.

Disse il gigante : Gesù benedetto
Per mille volte ringraziato sia ;
Sentito t'ho nomar, baron perfetto,
Per tutti i tempi de la vita mia :
E, com'io dissi, sempremai soggetto
Esser ti vo' per la tua gagliardia.
Insieme molte cose ragionaro,
E'n verso la badía poi s'inviaro.

XLIX.

E per la via da que' giganti morti
Orlando con Morgante sì ragiona :
De la lor morte vo' che ti conforti ;
E poi che piace a Dio, a me perdona ;
A' monaci avean fatto mille torti ;
E la nostra scrittura aperto suona :
Il ben remunerato, e'l mal punito ;
E mai non ha questo Signor fallito:

L.

Però ch'egli ama la giustizia tanto,
Che vuol, che sempre il suo giudicio morda
Ognun ch'abbi peccato tanto o quanto ;
E così il ben ristorar si ricorda :
E non saria senza giustizia santo :
Adunque al suo voler presto t'accorda :
Che debbe ognun voler quel che vuol questo,
Ed accordarsi volentieri e presto.

XLVIII.

“Then,” quoth the giant, “blessed be Jesu
A thousand times with gratitude and praise!
Oft, perfect baron! have I heard of you
Through all the different periods of my days:
And, as I said, to be your vassal too
I wish, for your great gallantry always.”
Thus reasoning, they continued much to say,
And onwards to the abbey went their way.

XLIX.

And by the way about the giants dead
Orlando with Morgante reasoned: “Be,
For their decease, I pray you, comforted;
And, since it is God’s pleasure, pardon me,
A thousand wrongs unto the monks they bred,
And our true Scripture soundeth openly.
Good is rewarded, and chastised the ill,
Which the Lord never faileth to fulfil:

L.

“Because his love of justice unto all
Is such, he wills his judgment should devour
All who have sin, however great or small:
But good he well remembers to restore.
Nor without justice holy could we call
Him, whom I now require you to adore.
All men must make his will their wishes sway,
And quickly and spontaneously obey.

LI.

E sonsi i nostri dottori accordati,
Pigliando tutti una conclusione,
Che que' che son nel ciel glorificati,
S'avessin nel pensier compassione
De' miseri parenti che dannati
Son ne lo inferno in gran confusione,
La lor felicità nulla sarebbe ;
E vedi che qui ingiusto Iddio parrebbe.

LII.

Ma egli anno posto in Gesù ferma spene ;
E tanto pare a lor, quanto a lui pare ;
Afferman ciò ch'e'fa, che facci bene,
E che non possi in nessun modo errare :
Se padre o madre è nell' eterne pene,
Di questo non si posson conturbare :
Che quel che piace a Dio, sol piace a loro :
Questo s'osserva ne l'eterno coro.

LIII.

Al savio suol bastar poche parole,
Disse Morgante ; tu il potrai vedere,
De' miei fratelli, Orlando, se mi duole,
E s' io m'accorderò di Dio al volere,
Come tu di' che in ciel servir si suole :
Morti co' morti ; or pensiam di godere :
Io vo tagliar le mani a tutti quanti,
E porterolle a que' monaci santi,

LI.

“ And here our doctors are of one accord,
Coming on this point to the same conclusion, —
That in their thoughts who praise in heaven the Lord,
If pity e’er was guilty of intrusion
For their unfortunate relations stored
In hell below, and damned in great confusion, —
Their happiness would be reduced to nought,
And thus unjust the Almighty’s self be thought.

LII.

“ But they in Christ have firmest hope, and all
Which seems to him, to them too must appear
Well done ; nor could it otherwise befall :
He never can in any purpose err.
If sire or mother suffer endless thrall,
They don’t disturb themselves for him or her ;
What pleases God to them must joy inspire ; —
Such is the observance of the eternal choir.”

LIII.

“ A word unto the wise,” Morgante said,
“ Is wont to be enough, and you shall see
How much I grieve about my brethren dead ;
And if the will of God seem good to me,
Just, as you tell me, ’t is in heaven obeyed —
Ashes to ashes, — merry let us be !
I will cut off the hands from both their trunks,
And carry them unto the holy monks.

LIV.

Acciò ch'ognun sia più sicuro e certo,
Com' e' son morti, e non abbin paura
Andar soletti per questo deserto;
E perchè veggan la mia mente pura
A quel Signor che m'ha il suo regno aperto,
E tratto fuor di tenebre sì oscura.
E poi tagliò le mani a' due fratelli,
E lasciagli a le fiere ed agli uccelli.

LV.

A la badia insieme se ne vanno,
Ove l'abate assai dubbioso aspetta:
I monaci che'l fatto ancor non sanno,
Correvano a l'abate tutti in fretta,
Dicendo paurosi e pien' d'affanno:
Volete voi costui drente si metta?
Quando l'abate vedeva il gigante,
Si turbò tutto nel primo sembiante.

LVI.

Orlando che turbato così il vede,
Gli disse presto: abate, datti pace,
Questo è Cristiano, e in Cristo nostro crede,
E rinnegato ha il suo Macon fallace.
Morgante i moncherin mostrò per fede,
Come i giganti ciascun morto giace;
Donde l'abate ringraziava Iddio,
Dicendo; or m' hai contento, Signor mio

LIV.

“So that all persons may be sure and certain
That they are dead, and have no further fear
To wander solitary this desert in,
And that they may perceive my spirit clear
By the Lord’s grace, who hath withdrawn the curtain
Of darkness, making his bright realm appear.”
He cut his brethren’s hands off at these words,
And left them to the savage beasts and birds.

LV.

Then to the abbey they went on together,
Where waited them the abbot in great doubt.
The monks who knew not yet the fact, ran thither
To their superior, all in breathless rout,
Saying with tremor, “Please to tell us whether
You wish to have this person in or out?”
The abbot, looking through upon the giant,
Too greatly feared, at first, to be compliant.

LVI.

Orlando seeing him thus agitated,
Said quickly, “Abbot, be thou of good cheer;
He Christ believes, as Christian must be rated,
And hath renounced his Macon false;” which here
Morgante with the hands corroborated,
A proof of both the giants’ fate quite clear:
Thence, with due thanks, the abbot God adored,
Saying, “Thou hast contented me, oh Lord!”

LVII.

E risguardava, e squadrava Morgante,
La sua grandezza e una volta e due,
E poi gli disse: O famoso gigante,
Sappi ch'io non mi maraviglio più,
Che tu svegliessi e gittassi le piante,
Quand'io riguardo or le fattezze tue:
Tu sarai or perfetto e vero amico
A Cristo, quanto tu gli eri nimico.

LVIII.

Un nostro apostol, Saul già chiamato,
Perseguì molto la fede di Cristo:
Un giorno poi da lo spirto infiammato,
Perchè pur mi persegui? disse Cristo:
E' si ravvide allor del suo peccato;
Andò poi predicando sempre Cristo;
E fatto è or de la fede una tromba,
La qual per tutto risuona e rimbomba.

LIX.

Così farai tu ancor, Morgante mio:
E chi s'emenda, è scritto nel Vangelo,
Che maggior festa fa d'un solo Iddio,
Che di novantanove altri su in cielo:
Io ti conforto ch'ogni tuo disio
Rivolga a quel Signor con giusto zelo,
Che tu sarai felice in sempiterno,
Ch'eri perduto, e dannato all' inferno.

LVII.

He gazed; Morgante's height he calculated,
And more than once contemplated his size:
And then he said, "Oh giant celebrated!
Know, that no more my wonder will arise,
How you could tear and fling the trees you late did,
When I behold your form with my own eyes.
You now a true and perfect friend will show
Yourself to Christ, as once you were a foe.

LVIII.

"And one of our apostles, Saul once named,
Long persecuted sore the faith of Christ,
Till, one day, by the Spirit being inflamed,
'Why dost thou persecute me thus?' said Christ;
And then from his offence he was reclaimed,
And went for ever after preaching Christ,
And of the faith became a trump, whose sounding
O'er the whole earth is echoing and rebounding.

LIX.

"So, my Morgante, you may do likewise;
He who repents — thus writes the Evangelist —
Occasions more rejoicing in the skies
Than ninety-nine of the celestial list.
You may be sure, should each desire arise
With just zeal for the Lord, that you'll exist
Among the happy saints for evermore:
But you were lost and damned to hell before!

LX.

E grande onore a Morgante faceva
L'abate, e molti dì si son posati :
Un giorno, come ad Orlando piaceva,
A spasso in quà e in là si sono andati :
L'abate in una camera sua aveva
Molte armadure e certi archi appiccati :
Morgante gliene piacque un che ne vede ;
Onde e' sel cinse bench' oprar nol crede.

LXI.

Avea quel luogo d'acqua carestia :
Orlando disse come buon fratello,
Morgante, vo' che di piacer ti sia
Andar per l'acqua ; ond' e' rispose a quello :
Comanda ciò che vuoi che fatto sia ;
E posesi in ispalla un gran tinello,
Ed avviossi là verso una fonte
Dove solea ber sempre appiè del monte.

LXII.

Giunto a la fonte, sente un gran fracasso
Di subito venir per la foresta :
Una saetta cavò del turcasso,
Posela a l'arco, ed alzava la testa ;
Ecco apparire un gran gregge al passo
Di porci, e vanno con molta tempesta ;
E arrivorno alla fontana appunto
Dove il gigante è da lor sopraggiunto.

LX.

And thus great honor to Morgante paid
The abbot: many days they did repose.
One day, as with Orlando they both strayed,
And sauntered here and there, where'er they chose.
The abbot showed a chamber, where arrayed
Much armor was, and hung up certain bows;
And one of these Morgante for a whim
Girt on, though useless, he believed, to him.

LXI.

There being a want of water in the place,
Orlando, like a worthy brother, said,
“Morgante, I could wish you in this case
To go for water.” “You shall be obeyed
In all commands,” was the reply, “straightways.”
Upon his shoulder a great tub he laid,
And went out on his way unto a fountain,
Where he was wont to drink below the mountain.

LXII.

Arrived there, a prodigious noise he hears,
Which suddenly along the forest spread;
Whereat from out his quiver he prepares
An arrow for his bow, and lifts his head;
And lo! a monstrous herd of swine appears,
And onward rushes with tempestuous tread,
And to the fountain's brink precisely pours;
So that the giant's joined by all the boars.

LXIII.

Morgante a la ventura a un saetta ;
 Appunto ne l'orecchio lo 'ncarnava ;
 Da l'altro lato passò la verretta ;
 Onde il cinghial giù morto gambettava ;
 Un altro, quasi per farne vendetta,
 Addosso al gran gigante irato andava ;
 E perchè e' giunse troppo tosto al varco,
 Non fu Morgante a tempo a trar con l'arco.

LXIV.

Vedendosi venuto il porco adosso,
 Gli dette in su la testa un gran punzone *
 Per modo che gl'infranse insino a l'osso,
 E morto allato a quell'altro lo pone :
 Gli altri porci veggendo quel percosso,
 Si misson tutti in fuga pel vallone ;
 Morgante si levò il tinello in collo,
 Ch'era pien d'acqua, e non si muove un crollo.

LXV.

Da l'una spalla il tinello avea posto,
 Da l'altra i porci, e spacciava il terreno ;
 E torna a la badia, ch'è pur discosto
 Ch' una gocciola d'acqua non va in seno.
 Orlando che'l vedea tornar sì tosto
 Co' porci morti, e con quel vaso pieno,
 Maravigliossi che sia tanto forte ;
 Così l'abate ; e spalancan le porte.

* "Gli dette in su la testa un gran punzone." It is strange that Pulci should have literally anticipated the technical terms of my old friend and master, Jackson, and the art which he has

LXIII.

Morgante at a venture shot an arrow,
 Which pierced a pig precisely in the ear,
 And passed unto the other side quite thorough;
 So that the boar, defunct, lay tripped up near.
 Another, to revenge his fellow farrow,
 Against the giant rushed in fierce career,
 And reached the passage with so swift a foot,
 Morgante was not now in time to shoot.

LXIV.

Perceiving that the pig was on him close,
 He gave him such a punch upon the head
 As floored him so that he no more arose,
 Smashing the very bone; and he fell dead
 Next to the other. Having seen such blows,
 The other pigs along the valley fled;
 Morgante on his neck the bucket took,
 Full from the spring, which neither swerved nor shook.

LXV.

The ton was on one shoulder, and there were
 The hogs on t'other, and he brushed apace
 On to the abbey, though by no means near,
 Nor spilt one drop of water in his race.
 Orlando, seeing him so soon appear
 With the dead boars, and with that brimful vase.
 Marvelled to see his strength so very great;
 So did the abbot, and set wide the gate.

carried to its highest pitch. "*A punch on the head,*" or "*a punch in the head,*" — "*un punzone in su la testa,*" — is the exact and frequent phrase of our best pugilists, who little dream that they are talking the purest Tuscan.

LXVI.

I monaci veggendo l'acqua fresca
Si ralleggrorno, ma più de' cinghiali;
Ch'ogni animal si rallegra de l'esca;
E posano a dormire i breviali:
Ognun s'affanna, e non par che gl'incresca,
Acciò che questa carne non s'insali,
E che poi secca sapesse di vieto:
E la digiune si restorno a drieto.

LXVII.

E ferno a scoppia corpo per un tratto,
E scuffian, che parien de l'acqua usciti;
Tanto che'l cane sen doleva e 'l gatto,
Che gli ossi rimanean troppo puliti.
L'abate, poi che molto onoro ha fatto
A tutti, un dì dopo questi conviti
Dette a Morgante un destrier molto bello,
Che lungo tempo tenuto avea quello.

LXVIII.

Morgante in su 'n un prato il caval mena,
E vuol che corra, e che facci ogni pruova,
E pensa che di ferro abbi la schiena,
O forse non credeva schiacciar l'uova:
Questo caval s'accoscia per la pena,
E scoppia, e 'n su la terra si ritruova.
Dicea Morgante: lieva su, rozzone;
E va pur punzecchiando con lo sprone.

LXVI.

The monks, who saw the water fresh and good,
Rejoiced, but much more to perceive the pork;—
All animals are glad at sight of food:
They lay their breviaries to sleep, and work
With greedy pleasure, and in such a mood,
That the flesh needs no salt beneath their fork.
Of rankness and of rot there is no fear,
For all the fasts are now left in arrear.

LXVII.

As though they wished to burst at once, they ate;
And gorged so that, as if the bones had been
In water, sorely grieved the dog and cat,
Perceiving that they all were picked too clean.
The abbot, who to all did honor great,
A few days after this convivial scene,
Gave to Morgante a fine horse, well trained,
Which he long time had for himself maintained.

LXVIII.

The horse Morgante to a meadow led,
To gallop, and to put him to the proof,
Thinking that he a back of iron had,
Or to skim eggs unbroke was light enough;
But the horse, sinking with the pain, fell dead,
And burst, while cold on earth lay head and hoof.
Morgante said, “Get up, thou sulky cur!”
And still continued pricking with the spur.

LXIX.

Ma finalmente convien ch' egli smonte,
E disse: io son pur leggier come penna,
Ed è scoppiato; che ne di' tu, conte?
Rispose Orlando: un arbore d'antenna
Mi par piuttosto, e la gaggia la fronte:
Lascialo andar, che la fortuna accenna
Che meco appiede ne venga, Morgante.
Ed io così verrò, disse il gigante.

LXX.

Quando sarà mestier, tu mi vedrai
Com'io mi proverò ne la battaglia.
Orlando disse: io credo tu farai
Come buon cavalier, se Dio mi vaglia;
Ed anco me dormir non mirerai:
Di questo tuo caval non te ne caglia:
Vorrebbe si portarlo in qualche bosco;
Ma il modo nè la via non ci conosco.

LXXI.

Disse il gigante: io il porterò ben io,
Da poi che portar me non ha voluto,
Per render ben per mal, come fa Dio;
Ma vo' che a porlo addosso mi dia ajuto.
Orlando gli dicea: Morgante mio,
S'al mio consiglio ti sarai attenuto,
Questo caval tu non ve 'l porteresti,
Che ti farà come tu a lui facesti,

LXIX.

But finally he thought fit to dismount,
And said, "I am as light as any feather,
And he has burst ; — to this what say you, count ?"
Orlando answered, "Like a ship's mast rather
You seem to me, and with the truck for front : —
Let him go ; Fortune wills that we together
Should march, but you on foot Morgante still."
To which the giant answered, "So I will.

LXX.

"When there shall be occasion, you will see
How I approve my courage in the fight."
Orlando said, "I really think you'll be,
If it should prove God's will, a goodly knight ;
Nor will you napping there discover me.
But never mind your horse, though out of sight
'T were best to carry him into some wood,
If but the means or way I understood."

LXXI.

The giant said, "Then carry him I will,
Since that to carry me he was so slack —
To render, as the gods do, good for ill ;
But lend a hand to place him on my back."
Orlando answered, "If my counsel still
May weigh, Morgante, do not undertake
To lift or carry this dead courser, who,
As you have done to him, will do to you.

LXXII.

Guarda che non facesse la vendetta,
Come fece già Nesso così morto :
Non so se la sua istoria hai inteso o letta :
E' ti farà scoppiar ; datti conforto.
Disse Morgante : ajuta ch'io me 'l metta
Addosso, e poi vedrai s'io ve lo porto :
Io porterei, Orlando mio gentile,
Con le campane la quel campanile.

LXXIII.

Disse l'abate : il campanil v'è bene ;
Ma le campane voi l'avete rotte.
Dicea Morgante, e' ne porton le pene
Color che morti son là in quelle grotte ;
E levossi il cavallo in su le schiene,
E disse : guarda s'io sento di gotte,
Orlando, nelle gambe, e s' io lo posso ;
E fe' duo salti col cavallo addosso.

LXXIV.

Era Morgante come una montagna :
Se facea questo, non è maraviglia :
Ma pure Orlando con seco si lagna ;
Perchè pur era omai di sua famiglia,
Temenza avea non pigliasse magagna.
Un' altra volta costui riconsiglia :
Posalo ancor, nol portare al deserto.
Disse Morgante : il porterò per certo.

LXXII.

“Take care he don’t revenge himself, though dead,
As Nessus did of old beyond all cure.
I don’t know if the fact you’ve heard or read;
But he will make you burst, you may be sure.”
“But help him on my back,” Morgante said,
“And you shall see what weight I can endure.
In place, my gentle Roland, of this palfrey,
With all the bells, I’d carry yonder belfry.”

LXXIII.

The abbot said, “The steeple may do well,
But, for the bells, you’ve broken them, I wot.”
Morgante answered, “Let them pay in hell
The penalty who lie dead in yon grot;”
And hoisting up the horse from where he fell,
He said, “Now look if I the gout have got,
Orlando, in the legs — or if I have force;” —
And then he made two gambols with the horse.

LXXIV.

Morgante was like any mountain framed;
So if he did this, ’t is no prodigy;
But secretly himself Orlando blamed,
Because he was one of his family;
And fearing that he might be hurt or maimed,
Once more he bade him lay his burden by:
“Put down, nor bear him further the desert in.”
Morgante said, “I’ll carry him for certain.”

LXXV.

E portollo, e gittollo in luogo strano,
E tornò a la badia subitamente.
Diceva Orlando: or che più dimoriano?
Morgante, qui non facciam noi niente.
E prese un giorno l'abate per mano,
E disse a quel molto discretamente,
Che vuol partir de la sua reverenzia,
E domandava e perdono e licenzia.

LXXVI.

E de gli onor ricevuti da questi,
Qualche volta potendo, arà buon merito;
E dice: io intendo ristorare e presto
I persi giorni del tempo preterito:
E' son più dì che licenzia arei chiesto,
Benigno padre, se non ch' io mi perito;
Non so mostrarvi quel che drento sento;
Tanto vi veggo del mio star contento.

LXXVII.

Io me ne porto per sempre nel core
L'abate, la badia, questo deserto;
Tanto v'ho posto in picciol tempo amore:
Rendavi su nel ciel per me buon merto
Quel vero Dio, quello eterno Signore
Che vi serba il suo regno al fine aperto:
Noi aspettiam vostra benedizione,
Raccomandiamci a le vostre orazione.

LXXV.

He did ; and stowed him in some nook away,
And to the abbey then returned with speed.
Orlando said, " Why longer do we stay ?
Morgante, here is nought to do indeed."
The abbot by the hand he took one day,
And said, with great respect, he had agreed
To leave his reverence ; but for this decision
He wished to have his pardon and permission.

LXXVI.

The honors they continued to receive
Perhaps exceeded what his merits claimed :
He said, " I mean, and quickly, to retrieve
The lost days of time past, which may be blamed ;
Some days ago I should have asked your leave,
Kind father, but I really was ashamed,
And know not how to show my sentiment,
So much I see you with our stay content.

LXXVII.

" But in my heart I bear through every clime
The abbot, abbey, and this solitude —
So much I love you in so short a time ;
For me, from heaven reward you with all good
The God so true, the eternal Lord sublime !
Whose kingdom at the last hath open stood.
Meantime we stand expectant of your blessing,
And recommend us to your prayers with pressing."

LXXVIII.

Quando l'abate il conte Orlando intese,
Rintenerì nel cor per la dolcezza,
Tanto fervor nel petto se gli accese ;
E disse : cavalier, se a tua prodezza
Non sono stato benigno e cortese,
Come conviensi a la gran gentilezza,
Che so che ciò ch'i'ho fatto è stato poco,
Incolpa la ignoranzia nostra e il loco.

LXXIX.

Noi ti potremo di messe onorare,
Di prediche, di laude, e paternostri,
Piuttosto che da cena o desinare,
O d'altri convenevol che da chiostri.
Tu m'hai di te sì fatto innamorare
Per mille alte excellenzie che tu mostri,
Ch'io me ne vengo ove tu andrai con teco
E d'altra parte tu resti quì meco.

LXXX.

Tanto ch'a questo par contraddizione ;
Ma so che tu se' savio, e 'ntendi e gusti,
E intendi il mio parlar per descrizione.
De' beneficj tuoi pietosi e giusti
Renda il Signore a te munerazione,
Da cui mandato in queste selve fusti ;
Per le virtù del qual liberi siamo,
E grazie a lui e a te noi ne rendiamo.

LXXVIII.

Now when the abbot Count Orlando heard,
His heart grew soft with inner tenderness,
Such fervor in his bosom bred each word ;
And, " Cavalier," he said, " if I have less
Courteous and kind to your great worth appeared.
Than fits me for such gentle blood to express,
I know I have done too little in this case ;
But blame our ignorance, and this poor place.

LXXIX.

" We can indeed but honor you with masses,
And sermons, thanksgivings, and pater-nosters,
Hot suppers, dinners (fitting other places
In verity much rather than the cloisters) ;
But such a love for you my heart embraces,
For thousand virtues which your bosom fosters,
That wheresoe'er you go I too shall be,
And, on the other part, you rest with me.

LXXX.

" This may involve a seeming contradiction ;
But you I know are sage, and feel, and taste,
And understand my speech with full conviction.
For your just pious deeds may you be graced
With the Lord's great reward and benediction,
By whom you were directed to this waste :
To his high mercy is our freedom due,
For which we render thanks to him and you.

LXXXI.

Tu ci hai salvato l'anima e la vita :
Tanta perturbazion già que' giganti
Ci detton, che la strada era smarrita
Da ritrovar Gesù con gli altri santi.
Però troppo ci duol la tua partita,
E sconsolati restiam tutti quanti ;
Nè ritener possiamti i mesi e gli anni :
Che tu non se' da vestir questi panni,

LXXXII.

Ma da portar la lancia e l' armadura :
E puossi meritar con essa, come
Con questa cappa ; e leggi la scrittura :
Questo gigante al ciel drizzò le some
Per tua virtù ; va in pace a tua ventura
Chi tu ti sia, ch'io non ricerco il nome ;
Ma dirò sempre, s'io son domandato,
Ch' un angiol qui da Dio fussi mandato.

LXXXIII.

Se c'è armadura o cosa che tu voglia,
Vattene in zambra e pigliane tu stessi,
E cuopri a questo gigante le scoglia.
Rispose Orlando : se armadura avessi
Prima che noi uscissim de la soglia,
Che questo mio compagno difendessi
Questo accetto io, e sarammi piacere.
Disse l'abate : venite a vedere.

LXXXI.

“ You saved at once our life and soul : such fear
The giants caused us, that the way was lost
By which we could pursue a fit career
In search of Jesus and the saintly host ;
And your departure breeds such sorrow here,
That comfortless we all are to our cost ;
But months and years you would not stay in sloth,
Nor are you formed to wear our sober cloth ;

LXXXII.

“ But to bear arms, and wield the lance ; indeed,
With these as much is done as with this cowl ;
In proof of which the Scripture you may read.
This giant up to heaven may bear his soul
By your compassion : now in peace proceed.
Your state and name I seek not to unroll ;
But, if I’m asked, this answer shall be given,
That here an angel was sent down from heaven.

LXXXIII.

“ If you want armor or aught else, go in,
Look o’er the wardrobe, and take what you choose,
And cover with it o’er this giant’s skin.”
Orlando answered, “ If there should lie loose
Some armor, ere our journey we begin,
Which might be turned to my companion’s use.
The gift would be acceptable to me.”
The abbot said to him, “ Come in and see.”

LXXXIV.

E in certa cameretta entrati sono,
Che d'armadure vecchie era copiosa ;
Dice l'abate, tutte ve le dono.
Morgante va rovistando ogni cosa ;
Ma solo un certo sbergo gli fu buono,
Ch'avea tutta la maglia rugginosa :
Maravigliossi che lo cuopra appunto :
Che mai più gnun forse glien' era aggiunto.

LXXXV.

Questo fu d'un gigante smisurato,
Ch'a la badia fu morto per antico
Dal gran Milon d'Angrante, ch' arrivato
V' era, s'appunto questa istoria dico :
Ed era ne le mura istoriato,
Come e' fu morto questo gran nimico,
Che fece a la badia già lunga guerra :
E Milon v'è com' e' l'abbatte in terra.

LXXXVI.

Veggendo questa istoria il conte Orlando,
Fra suo cor disse : o Dio, che sai sol tutto,
Come venne Milon quì capitando,
Che ha questo gigante quì distrutto ?
E lesse certe letter lacrimando,
Che non potè tenir piu il viso asciutto,
Com'io dirò ne la seguente istoria.
Di mal vi guardi il Re de l'alta gloria.

LXXXIV.

And in a certain closet, where the wall
Was covered with old armor like a crust,
The abbot said to them, "I give you all."
Morgante rummaged piecemeal from the dust
The whole, which save one cuirass, was too small,
And that too had the mail inlaid with rust.
They wondered how it fitted him exactly,
Which ne'er has suited others so compactly.

LXXXV.

'T was an immeasurable giant's, who
By the great Milo of Agrante fell
Before the abbey many years ago.
The story on the wall was figuréd well ;
In the last moment of the abbey's foe,
Who long had waged a war implacable :
Precisely as the war occurred they drew him,
And there was Milo as he overthrew him.

LXXXVI.

Seeing this history, Count Orlando said
In his own heart, "Oh God, who in the sky
Know'st all things ! how was Milo hither led ?
Who caused the giant in this place to die ?"
And certain letters, weeping, then he read,
So that he could not keep his visage dry, —
As I will tell in the ensuing story.
From evil keep you the high King of glory.

THE BLUES;
A LITERARY ECLOGUE.

“Nimium ne crede colori.” — VIRGIL.

O trust not, ye beautiful creatures, to hue,
Though your *hair* were as *red*, as your *stockings* are *blue*

[This trifle, which Byron has himself designated as "a mere buffoonery, never meant for publication," was written in 1820, and first appeared in "The Liberal." The personal allusions in which it abounds are, for the most part, sufficiently intelligible; and, with a few exceptions, so good-humored, that the parties concerned may be expected to join in the laugh.]

THE BLUES,*

A LITERARY ECLOGUE.

ECLOGUE FIRST.

London — Before the Door of a Lecture Room.

Enter TRACY, meeting INKEL.

Ink. YOU're too late.

Tra. Is it over?

Ink. Nor will be this hour.

But the benches are crammed, like a garden in flower,

* [“ About the year 1781, it was much the fashion for several ladies to have evening assemblies, where the fair sex might participate in conversation with literary and ingenious men, animated by a desire to please. These societies were denominated *Blue-stockings Clubs*; the origin of which title being little known, it may be worth while to relate it. One of the most eminent members of those societies, when they first commenced, was Mr. Stillingfleet, whose dress was remarkably grave, and in particular it was observed that he wore blue stockings. Such was the excellence of his conversation, that his absence was felt as so great a loss, that it used to be said, ‘ We can do nothing without the *blue stockings*;’ and thus by degrees the title was established.” — CROKER’S *Boswell*, vol. iv. p. 480. — Sir William Forbes, in his *Life of Dr. Beattie*, says, that “ a for-

With the pride of our belles, who have made it the
 fashion ; [passion "
 So, instead of "beaux arts," we may say "la belle
 For learning, which lately has taken the lead in
 The world, and set all the fine gentlemen reading.

Tra. I know it too well, and have worn out my
 patience

With studying to study your new publications.
 There's Vamp, Scamp, and Mouthy, and Wordswords
 and Co.

With their damnable —

Ink. Hold, my good friend, do you know
 Whom you speak to?

Tra. Right well, boy, and so does "the Row : " *
 You're an author — a poet —

Ink. And think you that I
 Can stand tamely in silence, to hear you decry
 The Muses?

Tra. Excuse me : I meant no offence
 To the Nine ; though the number who make some
 pretence

eigner of distinction hearing the expression, translated it literally 'Bas Bleu,' by which these meetings came to be distinguished. Miss Hannah More, who was herself a member, has written a poem with the title of 'Bas Bleu,' in allusion to this mistake of the foreigner, in which she has characterized most of the eminent personages of which it was composed."]

* [Paternoster-row — long and still celebrated as a very bazaar of booksellers. Sir Walter Scott "hitches into rhyme" one of the most important firms — that

"Of Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown
 Our fathers of the Row."]

To their favors is such —— but the subject to drop
 I am just piping hot from a publisher's shop,
 (Next door to the pastry-cook's; so that when I
 Cannot find the new volume I wanted to buy
 On the bibliopole's shelves, it is only two paces,
 As one finds every author in one of those places;
 Where I just had been skimming a charming critique,
 So studded with wit, and so sprinkled with Greek!
 Where your friend — you know who — has just got
 such a threshing,

That it is, as the phrase goes, extremely "*refresh-*
ing." *

What a beautiful word!

Ink. Very true; 'tis so soft
 And so cooling — they use it a little too oft;
 And the papers have got it at last — but no matter.
 So they've cut up our friend then?

Tra. Not left him a tatter —
 Not a rag of his present or past reputation,
 Which they call a disgrace to the age and the nation.

Ink. I'm sorry to hear this! for friendship, you
 know ——

Our poor friend! — but I thought it would terminate
 so.

Our friendship is such, I'll read nothing to shock it.
 You don't happen to have the Review in your pocket?

Tra. No; I left a round dozen of authors and others
 (Very sorry, no doubt, since the cause is a brother's)

* [This cant phrase was first used in the Edinburgh Review —
 probably by Mr. Jeffrey.]

All scrambling and jostling, like so many imps,
And on fire with impatience to get the next glimpse.

Ink. Let us join them.

Tra. What, won't you return to the lecture?

Ink. Why, the place is so crammed, there's not
room for a spectre.

Besides, our friend Scamp is to-day so absurd —

Tra. How can you know that till you hear him?

Ink. I heard
Quite enough; and to tell you the truth, my retreat
Was from his vile nonsense, no less than the heat.

Tra. I have had no great loss then?

Ink. Loss! — such a palaver!
I'd inoculate sooner my wife with the slaver
Of a dog when gone rabid, than listen two hours
To the torrent of trash which around him he pours,
Pumped up with such effort, disgorged with such
labor, [neighbor.
That ——— come — do not make me speak ill of one's

Tra. I make you!

Ink. Yes, you! I said nothing until
You compelled me, by speaking the truth —

Tra. To speak ill?
Is that your deduction?

Ink. When speaking of Scamp ill,
I certainly *follow*, not *set* an example.
The fellow's a fool, an impostor, a zany.

Tra. And the crowd of to-day shows that one fool
makes many.

But we two will be wise.

Ink. Pray, then, let us retire.

Tra. I would, but ——

Ink. There must be attraction much higher
Than Scamp, or the Jews' harp he nicknames his lyre,
To call *you* to this hotbed.

Tra. I own it — tis true —
A fair lady ——

Ink. A spinster?

Tra. Miss Lilac!

Ink. The Blue!
The heiress?

Tra. The angel!

Ink. The devil! why, man!
Pray get out of this hobble as fast as you can.
You wed with Miss Lilac! 't would be your perdi-
tion:

She's a poet, a chymist, a mathematician.

Tra. I say she's an angel.

Ink. Say rather an *angle*.
If you and she marry, you'll certainly wrangle.
I say she's a Blue, man, as blue as the ether.

Tra. And is that any cause for not coming to-
gether?

Ink. Humph! I can't say I know any happy alliance
Which has lately sprung up from a wedlock with
science.

She's so learned in all things, and fond of concerning
Herself in all matters connected with learning,
That ——

Tra. What?

Ink. I perhaps may as well hold my tongue ;
But there's five hundred people can tell you you're
wrong.

Tra. You forget Lady Lilac's as rich as a Jew.

Ink. Is it miss or the cash of mamma you pursue ?

Tra. Why, Jack, I'll be frank with you — some-
thing of both.

The girl's a fine girl.

Ink. And you feel nothing loth
To her good lady-mother's reversion ; and yet
Her life is as good as your own, I will bet.

Tra. Let her live, and as long as she likes ; I
demand [hand.
Nothing more than the heart of her daughter and

Ink. Why, that heart's in the inkstand — that hand
on the pen.

Tra. A propos — Will you write me a song now
and then ?

Ink. To what purpose ?

Tra. You know, my dear friend, that in prose
My talent is decent, as far as it goes ;
But in rhyme —

Ink. You're a terrible stick, to be sure.

Tra. I own it ; and yet in these times, there's no
lure

For the heart of the fair like a stanza or two ;
And so as I can't, will you furnish a few ?

Ink. In your name ?

Tra. In my name. I will copy them out,
To slip into her hand at the very next rout.

Ink. Are you so far advanced as to hazard this?

Tra. Why,

Do you think me subdued by a Blue-stockings eye,
So far as to tremble to tell her in rhyme

What I've told her in prose, at the least, as sublime?

Ink. As sublime! If it be so, no need of my Muse.

Tra. But consider, dear Inkel, she's one of the
"Blues."

Ink. As sublime! — Mr. Tracy — I've nothing
to say.

Stick to prose — As sublime!! — but I wish you
good day.

Tra. Nay, stay, my dear fellow — consider — I'm
wrong;

I own it; but, prithee, compose me the song.

Ink. As sublime!!

Tra. I but used the expression in haste.

Ink. That may be, Mr. Tracy, but shows damned
bad taste.

Tra. I own it — know it — acknowledge it — what
Can I say to you more?

Ink. I see what you'd be at:
You disparage my parts with insidious abuse,
'Till you think you can turn them best to your own
use.

Tra. And is that not a sign I respect them?

Ink. Why that
To be sure makes a difference.

Tra. I know what is what:
And you, who're a man of the gay world, no less

Than a poet of t' other, may easily guess
That I never could mean, by a word, to offend
A genius like you, and moreover my friend.

Ink. No doubt; you by this time should know
what is due

To a man of —— but come — let us shake hands.

Tra.

You knew,

And you *know*, my dear fellow, how heartily I,
Whatever you publish, am ready to buy.

Ink. That 's my bookseller's business; I care not
for sale;

Indeed the best poems at first rather fail.

There were Renegade's epics, and Botherby's
plays,*

And my own grand romance —

Tra.

Had its full share of praise.

I myself saw it puffed in the "Old Girl's Review."†

Ink. What Review?

Tra.

'Tis the English "Journal de

Trevoux;"‡

A clerical work of our jesuits at home.

Have you never seen it?

Ink.

That pleasure 's to come.

Tra. Make haste then.

* [Messrs. Southey and Sotheby.]

† ["My Grandmother's Review, the British." Which has since been gathered to its grandmothers.]

‡ [The "Journal de Trevoux" (in fifty-six volumes) is one of the most curious collections of literary gossip in the world, — and the Poet paid the British Review an extravagant compliment, when he made this comparison.]

Ink. Why so?

Tra. I have heard people say
That it threatened to give up the *ghost* t' other day.

Ink. Well, that is a sign of some *spirit*.

Tra. No doubt.
Shall you be at the Countess of Fiddlecome's rout?

Ink. I've a card, and shall go: but at present, as
soon

As friend Scamp shall be pleased to step down from
the moon

(Where he seems to be soaring in search of his wits),
And an interval grants from his lecturing fits,
I'm engaged to the Lady Bluebottle's collation,
To partake of a luncheon and learned conversation:
'T is a sort of re-union for Scamp, on the days
Of his lecture, to treat him with cold tongue and
praise.

And I own, for my own part, that 't is not unpleasant.
Will you go? There's Miss Lilac will also be present.

Tra. That "metal's attractive."

Ink. No doubt — to the pocket.

Tra. You should rather encourage my passion
than shock it.

But let us proceed; for I think, by the hum ——

Ink. Very true; let us go, then, before they can
come,

Or else we'll be kept here an hour at their levy,
On the rack of cross-questions, by all the blue bevy.
Hark! Zounds, they'll be on us; I know by the drone
Of old Botherby's spouting ex-cathedrâ tone.

Ay! there he is at it. Poor Scamp! better join
Your friends, or he'll pay you back in your own coin.

Tra. All fair; 't is but lecture for lecture.

Ink.

That's clear.

But for God's sake let's go, or the Bore will be here.

Come, come; nay, I'm off.

[*Exit* INKEL.

Tra.

You are right, and I'll follow;

'T is high time for a "*Sic me servavit Apollo.*" *

And yet we shall have the whole crew on our kibes,
Blues, dandies, and dowagers, and second-hand
scribes,

All flocking to moisten their exquisite throttles

With a glass of Madeira at Lady Bluebottle's.

[*Exit* TRACY.

* ["Sotheby is a good man — rhymes well (if not wisely); but is a bore. He seizes you by the button. One night of a rout at Mrs. Hope's, he had fastened upon me — (something about Agamemnon, or Orestes, or some of his plays) notwithstanding my symptoms of manifest distress — (for I was in love, and just nicked a minute when neither mothers, nor husbands, nor rivals, nor gossips were near my then idol, who was beautiful as the statues of the gallery where we stood at the time). Sotheby, I say, had seized upon me by the button and the heart-strings, and spared neither. William Spencer, who likes fun, and don't dislike mischief, saw my case, and coming up to us both, took me by the hand, and pathetically bade me farewell; "for," said he, "I see it is all over with you." Sotheby then went away: '*sic me servavit Apollo.*'" — *Byron's Diary*, 1821.]

ECLOGUE SECOND.

*An Apartment in the House of LADY BLUEBOTTLE.
— A Table prepared.*

SIR RICHARD BLUEBOTTLE *solus*.

Was there ever a man who was married so sorry?
Like a fool, I must needs do the thing in a hurry.
My life is reversed, and my quiet destroyed;
My days, which once passed in so gentle a void,
Must now, every hour of the twelve, be employed:
The twelve, do I say? — of the whole twenty-four,
Is there one which I dare call my own any more?
What with driving and visiting, dancing and dining,
What with learning, and teaching, and scribbling,
and shining,

In science and art, I'll be cursed if I know
Myself from my wife; for although we are two,
Yet she somehow contrives that all things shall be
done

In a style which proclaims us eternally one.
But the thing of all things which distresses me more
Than the bills of the week (though they trouble me
sore)

Is the numerous, humorous, backbiting crew
Of scribblers, wits, lecturers, white, black, and blue,
Who are brought to my house as an inn, to my cost
— For the bill here, it seems, is defrayed by the host—

No pleasure! no leisure! no thought for my pains,
 But to hear a vile jargon which addles my brains;
 A smatter and chatter, gleaned out of reviews,
 By the rag, tag, and bobtail, of those they call
 "BLUES;"

A rabble who know not — But soft, here they
 come!

Would to God I were deaf! as I'm not, I'll be dumb.

Enter LADY BLUEBOTTLE, MISS LILAC, LADY
 BLUEMOUNT, MR. BOTHERBY, INKEL, TRACY,
 MISS MAZARINE, *and others, with* SCAMP *the*
Lecturer, etc. etc.

Lady Blueb. Ah! Sir Richard, good morning;
 I've brought you some friends.

Sir Rich. (bows, and afterwards aside.) If friends,
 they're the first.

Lady Blueb. But the luncheon attends.
 I pray ye be seated, "*sans cérémonie.*"

Mr. Scamp, you're fatigued; take your chair there,
 next me. *[They all sit.*

Sir Rich. (aside.) If he does, his fatigue is to come.

Lady Blueb. Mr. Tracy —
 Lady Bluemount — Miss Lilac — be pleased, pray,
 to place ye;

And you, Mr. Botherby. —

Both. Oh, my dear Lady,
 I obey.

Lady Blueb. Mr. Inkel, I ought to upbraid ye.
 You were not at the lecture.

Ink. Excuse me, I was ;
But the heat forced me out in the best part — alas !
And when ——

Lady Blueb. To be sure it was broiling ; but then
You have lost such a lecture !

Both. 'The best of the ten.

Tra. How can you know that ? there are two
more.

Both. Because
I defy him to beat this day's wondrous applause.
The very walls shook.

Ink. Oh, if that be the test,
I allow our friend Scamp has this day done his best.
Miss Lilac, permit me to help you ; — a wing ?

Miss Lil. No more, sir, I thank you. Who lec-
tures next spring ?

Both. Dick Dunder.

Ink. That is, if he lives.

Miss Lil. And why not ?

Ink. No reason whatever, save that he's a sot.
Lady Bluemount ! a glass of Madeira ?

Lady Bluem. With pleasure.

Ink. How does your friend Wordswords, that
Windermere treasure ?
Does he stick to his lakes, like the leeches he sings,
And their gatherers, as Homer sung warriors and
kings ?

Lady Blueb. He has just got a place.

Ink. As a footman ?

Lady Bluem. For shame !

Nor profane with your sneers so poetic a name.

Ink. Nay, I meant him no evil, but pitied his master ;

For the poet of pedlers 't were, sure, no disaster
To wear a new livery ; the more, as 'tis not
The first time he has turned both his creed and his coat.

*Lady Bluem.** For shame ! I repeat. If Sir George could but hear ——

Lady Blueb. Never mind our friend Inkel ; we all know, my dear,

'Tis his way.

Sir Rich. But this place ——

Ink. Is perhaps like friend Scamp's,
A lecturer's.

Lady Blueb. Excuse me —— 'tis one in "the Stamps :"

He is made a collector.*

Tra. Collector !

Sir Rich. How ?

Miss Lil. What ?

Ink. I shall think of him oft when I buy a new hat :
There his works will appear ——

Lady Bluem. Sir, they reach to the Ganges.

Ink. I sha'n't go so far —— I can have them at Grange's.†

Lady Blueb. Oh fie !

Miss Lil. And for shame !

* [Wordsworth was collector of stamps for Cumberland and Westmoreland.]

† Grange is or was a famous pastry-cook and fruiterer in Piccadilly.

Lady Bluem. You're too bad.

Both. Very good!

Lady Bluem. How good?

Lady Blueb. He means nought — 'tis his phrase.

Lady Bluem. He grows rude.

Lady Blueb. He means nothing; nay, ask him.

Lady Bluem. Pray, sir! did you mean
What you say?

Ink. Never mind if he did; 'twill be seen
That whatever he means won't alloy what he says.

Both. Sir!

Ink. Pray be content with your portion of praise;
'Twas in your defence.

Both. If you please, with submission,
I can make out my own.

Ink. It would be your perdition.
While you live, my dear Botherby, never defend
Yourself or your works; but leave both to a friend.
A propos — Is your play then accepted at last?

Both. At last?

Ink. Why I thought — that's to say — there had
passed
A few green-room whispers, which hinted — you
know

That the taste of the actors at best is so so.*

* ["When I belonged to the Drury Lane Committee, the number of plays upon the shelves were about five hundred. Mr. Sotheby obligingly offered us ALL his tragedies, and I pledged myself, and — notwithstanding many squabbles with my committee brethren — did get *Ivan* accepted, read, and the

Both. Sir, the green-room's in rapture, and so's
the committee.

Ink. Ay — yours are the plays for exciting our
“pity
And fear,” as the Greek says: for “purging the
mind,”

I doubt if you'll leave us an equal behind.

Both. I have written the prologue, and meant to
have prayed

For a spice of your wit in an epilogue's aid.

Ink. Well, time enough yet, when the play's to
be played.

Is it cast yet?

Both. The actors are fighting for parts,
As is usual in that most litigious of arts.

Lady Blueb. We'll all make a party, and go the
first night.

Tra. And you promised the epilogue, Inkel.

Ink. Not quite.

However, to save my friend Botherby trouble,
I'll do what I can, though my pains must be double.

Tra. Why so?

Ink. To do justice to what goes before.

Both. Sir, I'm happy to say, I have no fears on
that score.

Your parts, Mr. Inkel, are ——

parts distributed. But lo! in the very heart of the matter, upon
some *tepid*-ness on the part of Kean, or warmth on that of the
author, Sotheby withdrew his play.” — *Byron's Diary*, 1821.]

Ink. Never mind *mine* ;
Stick to those of your play, which is quite your own
line.

Lady Bluem. You're a fugitive writer, I think,
sir, of rhymes?

Ink. Yes, ma'am; and a fugitive reader sometimes.
On Wordswords, for instance, I seldom alight,
Or on Mouthey, his friend, without taking to flight.

Lady Bluem. Sir, your taste is too common; but
time and posterity
Will right these great men, and this age's severity
Become its reproach.

Ink. I've no sort of objection,
So I'm not of the party to take the infection.

Lady Blueb. Perhaps you have doubts that they
ever will *take*?

Ink. Not at all; on the contrary, those of the
lake

Have taken already, and still will continue
To take — what they can, from a groat to a guinea,
Of pension or place; — but the subject's a bore.

Lady Bluem. Well, sir, the time's coming.

Ink. Scamp! don't you feel sore?
What say you to this?

Scamp. They have merit, I own;
Though their system's absurdity keeps it unknown.

Ink. Then why not unearth it in one of your
lectures?

Scamp. It is only time past which comes under
my strictures.

Lady Blueb. A truce with remark, and let nothing control
This "feast of our reason, and flow of the soul."
Oh! my dear Mr. Botherby! sympathise! — I
Now feel such a rapture, I'm ready to fly,
I feel so elastic — "*so buoyant — so buoyant!*" *

Ink. Tracy! open the window.

Tra. I wish her much joy on 't.

Both. For God's sake, my Lady Bluebottle,
check not

This gentle emotion, so seldom our lot
Upon earth. Give it way; 'tis an impulse which
lifts

Our spirits from earth; the sublimest of gifts;
For which poor Prometheus was chained to his
mountain.

'Tis the source of all sentiment — feeling's true
fountain:

'Tis the Vision of Heaven upon Earth: 'tis the gas
Of the soul: 'tis the seizing of shades as they pass,
And making them substance: 'tis something di-
vine: —

Ink. Shall I help you, my friend, to a little more
wine?

Both. I thank you; not any more, sir, till I dine.

Ink. A propos — Do you dine with Sir Hum-
phry † to-day?

* Fact from life, with the *words*.

† [Sir Humphry Davy, President of the Royal Society.]

Tra. I should think with *Duke* Humphry was more in your way.

Ink. It might be of yore; but we authors now look To the knight, as a landlord, much more than the Duke.

The truth is, each writer now quite at his ease is,
And (except with his publisher) dines where he pleases.

But 't is now nearly five, and I must to the Park.

Tra. And I'll take a turn with you there till 'tis dark.

And you, Scamp —

Scamp. Excuse me; I must to my notes,
For my lectures next week.

Ink. He must mind whom he quotes
Out of "Elegant Extracts."

Lady Blueb. Well, now we break up,
But remember Miss Diddle* invites us to sup.

Ink. Then at two hours past midnight we all
meet again,
For the sciences, sandwiches, hock, and champagne!

Tra. And the sweet lobster salad!

Both. I honor that meal;
For 'tis then that our feelings most genuinely — feel.

Ink. True; feeling is truest *then*, far beyond
question:

I wish to the gods 't was the same with digestion!

* [Miss Lydia White, an accomplished, clever, and truly amiable, but very eccentric lady.]

Lady Blueb. Pshaw! — never mind that; for one
moment of feeling
Is worth — God knows what.

Ink. 'Tis at least worth concealing
For itself, or what follows — But here comes
your carriage.

Sir Rich. (aside). I wish all these people were
d——d with *my* marriage! [*Exeunt.*

THE
VISION OF JUDGMENT,

BY
QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

SUGGESTED BY THE COMPOSITION SO ENTITLED BY THE
AUTHOR OF "WAT TYLER."

"A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word."

(187)

P R E F A C E.

IT hath been wisely said, that “One fool makes many;” and it hath been poetically observed,

“That fools rush in where angels fear to tread.” — *Pope*.

If Mr. Southey had not rushed in where he had no business, and where he never was before, and never will be again, the following poem would not have been written. It is not impossible that it may be as good as his own, seeing that it cannot, by any species of stupidity, natural or acquired, be *worse*. The gross flattery, the dull impudence, the renegade intolerance and impious cant, of the poem by the author of “Wat Tyler,” are something so stupendous as to form the sublime of himself — containing the quintessence of his own attributes.

So much for his poem — a word on his preface. In this preface it has pleased the magnanimous Laureate to draw the picture of a supposed “Satanic School,” the which he doth recommend to the notice of the legislature; thereby adding to his other laurels the ambition of those of an informer.

If there exists anywhere, excepting in his imagination, such a School, is he not sufficiently armed against it by his own intense vanity? The truth is, that there are certain writers whom Mr. S. imagines, like Scrub, to have “talked of *him*; for they laughed consumedly.”

I think I know enough of most of the writers to whom he is supposed to allude, to assert, that they, in their individual capacities, have done more good, in the charities of life, to their fellow-creatures in any one year, than Mr. Southey has done harm to himself by his absurdities in his whole life; and this is saying a great deal. But I have a few questions to ask.

1st. Is Mr. Southey the author of “Wat Tyler?”

2d. Was he not refused a remedy at law by the highest judge of his beloved England, because it was a blasphemous and seditious publication? *

* [In 1821, when Mr. Southey applied to the Court of Chancery for an injunction to restrain the publication of “Wat Tyler,” Lord Chancellor Eldon pronounced the following judgment:—“I have looked into all the affidavits, and have read the book itself. The bill goes the length of stating, that the work was composed by Mr. Southey in the year 1794; that it is his own production, and that it has been published by the defendants without his sanction or authority; and therefore seeking an account of the profits which have arisen from, and an injunction to restrain, the publication. I have examined the cases that I have been able to meet with containing precedents for injunctions of this nature, and I find that they all proceed upon the ground of a title to the property in the plaintiff. On this head a distinction has been taken, to which a considerable weight of authority attaches, supported, as it is, by the opinion

3d. Was he not entitled by William Smith, in full parliament, “a rancorous renegado?” *

4th. Is he not poet laureate, with his own lines on Martin the regicide staring him in the face? †

of Lord Chief Justice Eyre; who has expressly laid it down, that a person cannot recover in damages for a work which is, in its nature, calculated to do injury to the public. Upon the same principle this court refused an injunction in the case of *Walcot*” (Peter Pindar) “*v. Walker*, inasmuch as he could not have recovered damages in an action. After the fullest consideration, I remain of the same opinion as that which I entertained in deciding the case referred to. Taking all the circumstances into my consideration, it appears to me, that I cannot grant this injunction, until after Mr. Southey shall have established his right to the property by action.” — Injunction refused.]

* [Mr. William Smith, M. P. for Norwich, made a virulent attack on Mr. Southey in the House of Commons on the 14th of March, 1817, and the Laureate replied by a letter in the *Courier*.]

† [Among the effusions of Mr. Southey’s juvenile muse, we find this “Inscription for the Apartment in Chepstow Castle, where Henry Martin, the Regicide, was imprisoned thirty years:—

“For thirty years secluded from mankind
Here Martin lingered. Often have these walls
Echoed his footsteps, as with even tread
He paced around his prison. Not to him
Did Nature’s fair varieties exist;
He never saw the sun’s delightful beams;
Save when through yon high bars he poured a sad
And broken splendor. Dost thou ask his crime?
*He had rebelled against the King, and sat
In judgment on him*; for his ardent mind
Shaped goodliest plans of happiness on earth,
And peace and liberty. Wild dreams! but such
As Plato loved; such as, with holy zeal,
Our Milton worshipped. Blessed hopes! awhile
From man withheld, even to the latter days
When Christ shall come, and all things be fulfilled.”]

And 5th. Putting the four preceding items together, with what conscience dare *he* call the attention of the laws to the publications of others, be they what they may?

I say nothing of the cowardice of such a proceeding; its meanness speaks for itself; but I wish to touch upon the *motive*, which is neither more nor less than that Mr. S. has been laughed at a little in some recent publications, as he was of yore in the "Anti-jacobin" by his present patrons.* Hence all this "skimble scamble stuff" about "Satanic," and so forth. However, it is worthy of him — "*qualis ab incepto.*"

* [The following imitation of the Inscription on the Regicide's Apartment, written by Mr. Canning, appeared in the "*Anti-jacobin.*" —

"Inscription for the Door of the Cell in Newgate, where Mrs. Brownrigg, the 'Prentice-cide, was confined, previous to her Execution.

"For one long term, or ere her trial came,
Here Brownrigg lingered. Often have these cells
Echoed her blasphemies, as with shrill voice
She screamed for fresh geneva. Not to her
Did the blithe fields of Tothill, or thy street,
St. Giles, its fair varieties expand;
Till at the last in slow-drawn cart she went
To execution. Dost thou ask her crime?
*She whipped two female 'prentices to death,
And hid them in the coal-hole.* For her mind
Shaped strictest plans of discipline. Sage schemes!
Such as Lycurgus taught, when at the shrine
Of the Orthyan goddess he bade flog
The little Spartans; such as erst chastised
Our Milton, when at college. For this act
Did Brownrigg swing. Harsh laws! But time shall come
When France shall reign, and laws be all repealed."]

If there is any thing obnoxious to the political opinions of a portion of the public in the following poem, they may thank Mr. Southey. He might have written hexameters, as he has written every thing else, for aught that the writer cared — had they been upon another subject. But to attempt to canonize a monarch, who, whatever were his household virtues, was neither a successful nor a patriot king, — inasmuch as several years of his reign passed in war with America and Ireland, to say nothing of the aggression upon France, — like all other exaggeration, necessarily begets opposition. In whatever manner he may be spoken of in this new “Vision,” his *public* career will not be more favorably transmitted by history. Of his private virtues (although a little expensive to the nation) there can be no doubt.

With regard to the supernatural personages treated of, I can only say that I know as much about them, and (as an honest man) have a better right to talk of them than Robert Southey. I have also treated them more tolerantly. The way in which that poor insane creature, the Laureate, deals about his judgments in the next world, is like his own judgment in this. If it was not completely ludicrous, it would be something worse. I don't think that there is much more to say at present.

QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

P. S. — It is possible that some readers may object, in these objectionable times, to the freedom with which saints, angels, and spiritual persons discourse in this “Vision.” But, for precedents upon such points, I must refer him to Fielding’s “Journey from this World to the next,” and to the Visions of myself, the said Quevedo, in Spanish or translated. The reader is also requested to observe, that no doctrinal tenets are insisted upon or discussed; that the person of the Deity is carefully withheld from sight, which is more than can be said for the Laureate, who hath thought proper to make him talk, not “like a school divine,” but like the unscholarlike Mr. Southey. The whole action passes on the outside of heaven; and Chaucer’s Wife of Bath, Pulci’s Morgante Maggiore, Swift’s Tale of a Tub, and the others work above referred to, are cases in point of the freedom with which saints, etc. may be permitted to converse in works not intended to be serious.

Q. R.

* * * Mr. Southey being, as he says, a good Christian and vindictive, threatens, I understand, a reply to this our answer. It is to be hoped that his visionary faculties will in the mean time have acquired a little more judgment, properly so called: otherwise he will get himself into new dilemmas. These apostate jacobins furnish rich rejoinders. Let him take a specimen. Mr. Southey laudeth grievously

“one Mr. Landor,” who cultivates much private renown in the shape of Latin verses ; and not long ago, the poet laureate dedicated to him, it appeareth, one of his fugitive lyrics, upon the strength of a poem called *Gebir*. Who could suppose, that in this same Gebir the aforesaid Savage Landor (for such is his grim cognomen) putteth into the infernal regions no less a person than the hero of his friend Mr. Southey’s heaven, — yea, even George the Third ! See also how personal Savage becometh, when he hath a mind. The following is his portrait of our late gracious sovereign : —

(Prince Gebir having descended into the infernal regions, the shades of his royal ancestors are, at his request, called up to his view ; and he exclaims to his ghostly guide) —

“Aroar, what wretch that nearest us ? what wretch
Is that with eyebrows white and slanting brow ?
Listen ! him yonder, who, bound down supine,
Shrinks yelling from that sword there, engine-hung.
He too amongst my ancestors ! I hate
The despot, but the dastard I despise.
Was he our countryman ? ”

“Alas, O king !

Iberia bore him, but the breed accurst
Inclement winds blew blighting from north-east.”

“He was a warrior then, nor feared the gods ? ”

Gebir, he feared the demons, not the gods,
Though them indeed his daily face adored ;
And was no warrior, yet the thousand lives
Squandered, as stones to exercise a sling,
And the tame cruelty and cold caprice —

Oh madness of mankind ! addressed, adored ! ” — *Gebir*, p. 28

I omit noticing some edifying Ithyphallics of Sa-

vagius, wishing to keep the proper veil over them, if his grave but somewhat indiscreet worshipper will suffer it; but certainly these teachers of "great moral lessons" are apt to be found in strange company.

APPENDIX TO THE PREFACE.

[SOUTHEY, in 1821, published a poem in English hexameters, entitled "A Vision of Judgment;" in the preface to which, after some observations on the peculiar style of its versification, occurs the following remarks:—

"I am well aware that the public are peculiarly intolerant of such innovations; not less so than the populace are of any foreign fashion, whether of foppery or convenience. Would that this literary intolerance were under the influence of a saner judgment, and regarded the morals more than the manner of a composition; the spirit rather than the form! Would that it were directed against those monstrous combinations of horrors and mockery, lewdness and impiety, with which English poetry has, in our days, first been polluted! For more than half a century English literature had been distinguished by its moral purity, the effect, and, in its turn, the cause of an improvement in national manners. A father might, without apprehension of evil, have put into the hands of his children any book which issued from the press, if it did not bear, either in its title-page or frontispiece, manifest signs that it was intended as furniture for the brothel. There was no danger in any work which bore the name of a respectable publisher, or was to be procured at any respectable bookseller's. This was particularly the case with regard to our poetry. It is now no longer so: and woe to those by whom the offence cometh! The greater the talents of the offender, the greater is his guilt, and the more enduring will be his shame. Whether it be that the laws are in themselves unable to abate an evil of this magnitude, or whether it be that they are remissly administered, and with such injustice that the celebrity of an offender serves as a privilege whereby he obtains impunity, individuals are bound to consider that such pernicious works would neither be published nor

written, if they were discouraged as they might, and ought to be, by public feeling: every person, therefore, who purchases such books, or admits them into his house, promotes the mischief, and thereby, as far as in him lies, becomes an aider and abettor of the crime.

“The publication of a lascivious book is one of the worst offences which can be committed against the well-being of society. It is a sin, to the consequences of which no limits can be assigned, and those consequences no after-repentance in the writer can counteract. Whatever remorse of conscience he may feel when his hour comes (and come it must!) will be of no avail. The poignancy of a death-bed repentance cannot cancel one copy of the thousands which are sent abroad; and as long as it continues to be read, so long is he the pander of posterity, and so long is he heaping up guilt upon his soul in perpetual accumulation.

“These remarks are not more severe than the offence deserves, even when applied to those immoral writers who have not been conscious of any evil intention in their writings, who would acknowledge a little levity, a little warmth of coloring, and so forth, in that sort of language with which men gloss over their favorite vices, and deceive themselves. What then should be said of those for whom the thoughtlessness and inebriety of wanton youth can no longer be pleaded, but who have written in sober manhood and with deliberate purpose? — Men of diseased hearts and depraved imaginations, who, forming a system of opinions to suit their own unhappy course of conduct, have rebelled against the holiest ordinances of human society, and hating that revealed religion which, with all their efforts and bravadoes, they are unable entirely to disbelieve, labor to make others as miserable as themselves, by infecting them with a moral virus that eats into the soul! The school which they have set up may properly be called the Satanic school; for though their productions breathe the spirit of Belial in their lascivious parts, and the spirit of Moloch in those loathsome images of atrocities and horrors which they delight to represent, they are more especially characterized by a Satanic spirit of pride and audacious impiety, which still betrays the wretched feeling of hopelessness wherewith it is allied.

“This evil is political as well as moral, for indeed moral and political evils are inseparably connected. Truly has it been affirmed by one of our ablest and clearest reasoners, that ‘the destruction of governments may be proved and deduced from the general corruption of the subjects’ manners, as a direct and natural cause thereof, by a demonstration as certain as any in the mathematics.’ There is no maxim more frequently enforced by Machiavelli, than that where the manners of a people are generally corrupted, there the government cannot long sub-

sist, — a truth which all history exemplifies; and there is no means whereby that corruption can be so surely and rapidly diffused, as by poisoning the waters of literature.

“Let rulers of the state look to this, in time! But, to use the words of Southey, if ‘our physicians think the best way of *curing* a disease is to *pamper* it, — the Lord in mercy prepare the kingdom to suffer, what He by miracle only can prevent!’

“No apology is offered for these remarks. The subject led to them, and the occasion of introducing them was willingly taken, because it is the duty of every one, whose opinion may have any influence, to expose the drift and aim of those writers who are laboring to subvert the foundations of human virtue and of human happiness.”

Byron rejoined as follows: —

“Mr. Southey, in his pious preface to a poem whose blasphemy is as harmless as the sedition of Wat Tyler, because it is equally absurd with that sincere production, calls upon the ‘legislature to look to it,’ as the toleration of such writings led to the French Revolution: *not* such writings as Wat Tyler, but as those of the ‘Satanic School.’ This is not true, and Mr. Southey knows it to be not true. Every French writer of any freedom was persecuted; Voltaire and Rousseau were exiles, Marmontel and Diderot were sent to the Bastille, and a perpetual war was waged with the whole class by the existing despotism. In the next place, the French Revolution was *not* occasioned by any writings whatsoever, but must have occurred had no such writers ever existed. It is the fashion to attribute every thing to the French Revolution, and the French Revolution to every thing but its real cause. That cause is obvious — the government exacted too much, and the people could neither *give* nor *bear more*. Without this, the Encyclopedists might have written their fingers off without the occurrence of a single alteration. And the *English* revolution — (the first, I mean) — what was it occasioned by? The *Puritans* were surely as pious and moral as Wesley or his biographer? Acts — acts on the part of government, and *not* writings against them, have caused the past convulsions, and are tending to the future.

“I look upon such as inevitable, though no revolutionist: I wish to see the English constitution restored, and not destroyed. Born an aristocrat, and naturally one by temper, with the greater part of my present property in the funds, what have *I* to gain by a revolution? Perhaps I have more to lose in every way than Mr. Southey, with all his places and presents for panegyrics and abuse into the bargain. But that a revolution is inevitable, I repeat. The government may exult over the repression of petty tumults; these are but the receding waves

repulsed and broken for a moment on the shore, while the great tide is still rolling on and gaining ground with every breaker. Mr. Southey accuses us of attacking the religion of the country ; and is he abetting it by writing lives of *Wesley*? One mode of worship is merely destroyed by another. There never was, nor ever will be, a country without a religion. We shall be told of *France* again : but it was only Paris and a frantic party, which for a moment upheld their dogmatic nonsense of theo-philanthropy. The church of England, if overthrown, will be swept away by the sectarians and not by the sceptics. People are too wise, too well informed, too certain of their own immense importance in the realms of space, ever to submit to the impiety of doubt. There may be a few such diffident speculators, like water in the pale sunbeam of human reason, but they are very few ; and their opinions, without enthusiasm or appeal to the passions, can never gain proselytes — unless, indeed, they are persecuted — *that*, to be sure, will increase any thing.

“ Mr. Southey, with a cowardly ferocity, exults over the anticipated ‘ death-bed repentance ’ of the objects of his dislike ; and indulges himself in a pleasant ‘ Vision of Judgment,’ in prose as well as verse, full of impious impudence. What Mr. Southey’s sensations or ours may be in the awful moment of leaving this state of existence, neither he nor we can pretend to decide. In common, I presume, with most men of any reflection, I have not waited for a ‘ death-bed to repent of many of my actions, notwithstanding the ‘ diabolical pride ’ which this pitiful renegade in his rancor would impute to those who scorn *him*. Whether upon the whole the good or evil of my deeds may preponderate is not for me to ascertain ; but as my means and opportunities have been greater, I shall limit my present defence to an assertion, (easily proved, if necessary,) that I, ‘ in my degree,’ have done more real good in any one given year, since I was twenty, than Mr. Southey in the whole course of his shifting and turncoat existence. There are several actions to which I can look back with an honest pride, not to be damped by the calmness of a hireling. There are others to which I recur with sorrow and repentance ; but the only *act* of *my* life of which Mr. Southey can have any real knowledge, as it was one which brought me in contact with a near connection of his own,* did no dishonor to that connection nor to me.

“ I am not ignorant of Mr. Southey’s calumnies on a different occasion, knowing them to be such, which he scattered abroad on his return from Switzerland against me and others : they have done him no good in this world ; and if his creed be the right one, they will do him less in the next. What *his* ‘ death-bed ’ may be, it is not my province to predi-

* [Coleridge.]

cate : let him settle with his Maker as I must do with mine. There is something at once ludicrous and blasphemous in this arrogant scribbler of all work sitting down to deal damnation and destruction upon his fellow-creatures, with Wat Tyler, the Apotheosis of George the Third, and the Elegy on Martin the regicide, all shuffled together in his writing-desk. One of his consolations appears to be a Latin note from a work of a Mr. Landor, the author of ‘Gebir,’ whose friendship for Robert Southey will, it seems, ‘be an honor to him when the ephemeral disputes and ephemeral reputations of the day are forgotten.’ * I for one neither envy him ‘the friendship,’ nor the glory in reversion which is to accrue from it, like Mr. Thelusson’s fortune in the third and fourth generation. This friendship will probably be as memorable as his own epics, which (as I quoted to him ten or twelve years ago in ‘English Bards’) Porson said ‘would be remembered when Homer and Virgil are forgotten, — and not till then.’ For the present, I leave him.”

Southey replied to this on the 5th of January, 1822, in a letter addressed to the Editor of the London Courier, of which we quote all that is of importance: —

“I come at once to his Lordship’s charge against me, blowing away the abuse with which it is frothed, and evaporating a strong acid in which it is suspended. The residuum then appears to be, that ‘Mr. Southey, on his return from Switzerland (in 1817), scattered abroad calumnies, knowing them to be such, against Lord Byron and others.’ To this I reply with *a direct and positive denial*.

“If I had been told in that country that Lord Byron had turned Turk, or Monk of La Trappe, — that he had furnished a *harem*, or endowed an hospital, I might have thought the account, whichever it had been, possible, and repeated it accordingly ; passing it, as it had been taken, in the small change of conversation, for no more than it was worth. In this manner I might have spoken of him, as of Baron Geramb,† the

* Southey after quoting in a note to his preface a Latin passage from Mr. Landor, spoke thus of its author: — “I will only say in this place that to have obtained his approbation as a poet, and possessed his friendship as a man, will be remembered among the honors of my life, when the petty enmities of this generation will be forgotten, and its ephemeral reputations shall have passed away.”

† [Baron Geramb, — a German Jew, who, for some time, excited much public attention in London, by the extravagance of his dress. Being very troublesome and menacing in demanding remuneration from Government, for a proposal he had made of engaging a body of Croat troops in the service of England, he was, in 1812, sent out of the country under the alien act.]

Green Man,* the Indian Jugglers, or any other *figurante* of the time being. There was no reason for any particular delicacy on my part in speaking of his Lordship: and, indeed, I should have thought any thing which might be reported of him, would have injured his character as little as the story which so greatly annoyed Lord Keeper Guilford, that he had ridden a rhinoceros. He may ride a rhinoceros, and though everybody would stare, no one would wonder. But making no inquiry concerning him when I was abroad, because I felt no curiosity, I heard nothing, and had nothing to repeat. When I spoke of wonders to my friends and acquaintance on my return, it was of the flying tree at Alpnacht, and the Eleven Thousand virgins at Cologne — not of Lord Byron. I sought for no staler subject than St. Ursula.

“Once, and only once, in connection with Switzerland, I have alluded to his Lordship; and as the passage was curtailed in the press, I take this opportunity of restoring it. In the ‘Quarterly Review,’ speaking incidentally of the Jungfrau, I said ‘it was the scene where Lord Byron’s Manfred met the Devil and bullied him — though the Devil must have won his cause before any tribunal in this world, or the next, if he had not pleaded more feebly for himself than his advocate, in a cause of canonization, ever pleaded for him.’

“With regard to the ‘others,’ whom his Lordship accuses me of calumniating, I suppose he alludes to a party of his friends, whose names I found written in the album at Mont-Anvert, with an avowal of Atheism annexed in Greek, and an indignant comment, in the same language, underneath it.† Those names, with that avowal and the comment, I transcribed in my note-book, and spoke of the circumstance on my return. If I had published it, the gentleman in question would not have thought himself slandered, by having that recorded of him which he has so often recorded of himself.

“The many opprobrious appellations which Lord Byron has bestowed upon me, I leave as I find them, with the praises which he has bestowed upon himself.

‘How easily is a noble spirit discerned
From harsh and sulphurous matter that flies out
In contumelies, makes a noise, and stinks!’ — B. JONSON.

But I am accustomed to such things; and, so far from irritating me are the enemies who use such weapons, that, when I hear of their attacks,

* [The “Green Man” was a popular afterpiece, so called from the hero, who wore every thing green, hat, gloves, etc. etc.]

† [Shelley signed his name, with the addition of *ἀθέος*, in this album.]

it is some satisfaction to think they have thus employed the malignity which must have been employed somewhere, and could not have been directed against any person whom it could possibly molest or injure less. The viper, however venomous in purpose, is harmless in effect, while it is biting at the file. It is seldom, indeed, that I waste a word, or a thought, upon those who are perpetually assailing me. But abhorring, as I do, the personalities which disgrace our current literature, and averse from controversy as I am, both by principle and inclination, I make no profession of non-resistance. When the offence and the offender are such as to call for the whip and the branding-iron, it has been both seen and felt that I can inflict them.

“ Lord Byron’s present exacerbation is evidently produced by an infliction of this kind — not by hearsay reports of my conversation, four years ago, transmitted him from England. The cause may be found in certain remarks upon the Satanic school of poetry, contained in my preface to the ‘ Vision of Judgment.’ Well would it be for Lord Byron if he could look back upon any of his writings, with as much satisfaction as I shall always do upon what is there said of that flagitious school. Many persons, and parents especially, have expressed their gratitude to me for having applied the branding-iron where it was so richly deserved. The Edinburgh Reviewer, indeed, with that honorable feeling by which his criticisms are so peculiarly distinguished, suppressing the remarks themselves, has imputed them wholly to envy on my part. I give him, in this instance, full credit for sincerity : I believe he was equally incapable of comprehending a worthier motive, or of inventing a worse ; and as I have never condescended to expose in any instance, his pitiful malevolence, I thank him for having, in this, stripped it bare himself, and exhibited it in its bald, naked, and undisguised deformity.

“ Lord Byron, like his encomiast, has not ventured to bring the matter of those animadversions into view. He conceals the fact, that they are directed against the authors of blasphemous and lascivious books ; against men who, not content with indulging their own vices, labor to make others the slaves of sensuality, like themselves ; against public panders, who, mingling impiety with lewdness, seek at once to destroy the cement of social order, and to carry profanation and pollution into private families, and into the hearts of individuals.

“ His Lordship has thought it not unbecoming in him to call me a scribbler of all work. Let the word *scribbler* pass ; it is an appellation which will not stick, like that of the *Satanic school*. But, if a scribbler, how am I one of *all work* ? I will tell Lord Byron what I have *not* scribbled — what kind of work I have *not* done. I have never published libels upon my friends and acquaintance, expressed my sorrow for

those libels, and called them in during a mood of better mind -- and then reissued them, when the evil spirit, which for a time had been cast out, had returned and taken possession, with seven others, more wicked than himself. I have never abused the power, of which every author is in some degree possessed, to wound the character of a man, or the heart of a woman. I have never sent into the world a book to which I did not dare to affix my name; or which I feared to claim in a court of justice, if it were pirated by a knavish bookseller. I have never manufactured furniture for the brothel. None of *these things* have I done; none of the foul work by which literature is perverted to the injury of mankind. My hands are clean; there is no 'damned spot' upon them — no taint, which 'all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten.'

"Of the work which I *have* done, it becomes me not here to speak save only as relates to the Satanic School, and its Coryphæus, the author of 'Don Juan.' I have held up that school to public detestation, as enemies to the religion, the institutions, and the domestic morals of the country. I have given them a designation *to which their founder and leader answers*. I have sent a stone from my sling which has smitten their Goliath in the forehead. I have fastened his name upon the gibbet, for reproach and ignominy, as long as it shall endure. — Take it down who can!

"One word of advice to Lord Byron before I conclude. — When he attacks me again, let it be in rhyme. For one who has so little command of himself, it will be a great advantage that his temper should be obliged to *keep tune*. And while he may still indulge in the same rankness and virulence of insult, the metre will, in some degree, seem to lessen its vulgarity."

Byron, without waiting for the closing hint of the foregoing letter, had already "attacked" Southey "in rhyme." On October 1. 1821, he says to Moore, —

"I have written about sixty stanzas of a poem, in octave stanzas (in the Pulci style, which the fools in England think was invented by Whistlecraft — it is as old as the hills, in Italy,) called 'The Vision of Judgment,' by Quevedo Redivivus. In this it is my intention to put the said George's Apotheosis in a Whig point of view, not forgetting the Poet Laureate, for his preface and his other demerits."

Byron had proceeded some length in the performance thus announced, before Southey's letter to the "Courier" fell into his hands. On seeing it, his Lordship's feelings were so excited,

that he could not wait for revenge in inkshed, but on the instant despatched a cartel of mortal defiance to the Poet Laureate, through the medium of Mr. Douglass Kinnaird, — to whom he thus writes, February 6, 1822:—

“ I have got Southey’s pretended reply : what remains to be done is to call him out. The question is, would he come ? for, if he would not, the whole thing would appear ridiculous, if I were to take a long and expensive journey to no purpose. You must be my second, and, as such, I wish to consult you. I apply to you as one well versed in the duello, or monomachie. Of course I shall come to England as privately as possible, and leave it (supposing that I was the survivor) in the same manner ; having no other object which could bring me to that country except to settle quarrels accumulated during my absence.”

Mr. Kinnaird, justly appreciating the momentary exacerbation under which Byron had written the challenge which this letter inclosed, and fully aware how absurd the whole business would seem to his distant friend after the lapse of such a period as must intervene before the return of post from Keswick to Ravenna, put the warlike missive aside ; and it never was heard of by Mr. Southey until after the death of its author. Meantime Byron had continued his “ attack in rhyme ” — and *his* “ Vision of Judgment,” after ineffectual negotiations with various publishers in London, at length saw the light in 1822, in the pages of the “ Liberal.”]

THE
VISION OF JUDGMENT.

I.

SAINT PETER sat by the celestial gate :
His keys were rusty, and the lock was dull,
So little trouble had been given of late ;
Not that the place by any means was full,
But since the Gallic era " eighty-eight "
The devils had ta'en a longer, stronger pull,
And " a pull altogether," as they say
At sea — which drew most souls another way.

II.

The angels all were singing out of tune,
And hoarse with having little else to do,
Excepting to wind up the sun and moon,
Or curb a runaway young star or two,
Or wild colt of 'a comet, which too soon
Broke out of bounds o'er the ethereal blue,
Splitting some planet with its playful tail,
As boats are sometimes by a wanton whale.

III.

The guardian seraphs had retired on high,
Finding their charges past all care below ;
Terrestrial business filled nought in the sky
Save the recording angel's black bureau ;
Who found, indeed, the facts to multiply
With such rapidity of vice and wo,
That he had stripped off both his wings in quills,
And yet was in arrear of human ills.

IV.

His business so augmented of late years,
That he was forced, against his will, no doubt,
(Just like those cherubs, earthly ministers,)
For some resource to turn himself about
And claim the help of his celestial peers,
To aid him ere he should be quite worn out
By the increased demand for his remarks ;
Six angels and twelve saints were named his clerks

V.

This was a handsome board — at least for heaven ;
And yet they had even then enough to do,
So many conquerors' cars were daily driven,
So many kingdoms fitted up anew ;
Each day too slew its thousands six or seven,
Till at the crowning carnage, Waterloo,
They threw their pens down in divine disgust —
The page was so besmeared with blood and dust.

VI.

This by the way ; 't is not mine to record
What angels shrink from : even the very devil
On this occasion his own work abhorred,
So surfeited with the infernal revel :
Though he himself had sharpened every sword
It almost quenched his innate thirst of evil.
(Here Satan's sole good work deserves insertion —
'T is, that he has both generals in reversion.)

VII.

Let 's skip a few short years of hollow peace,
Which peopled earth no better, hell as wont,
And heaven none — they form the tyrant's lease,
With nothing but new names subscribed upon 't ;
'T will one day finish : meantime they increase,
“ With seven heads and ten horns,” and all in
front,
Like Saint John's foretold beast ; but ours are born
Less formidable in the head than horn.

VIII.

In the first year of freedom's second dawn *
Died George the Third ; although no tyrant, one
Who shielded tyrants, till each sense withdrawn
Left him nor mental nor external sun :

*[George III. died the 29th of January, 1820, — a year in which the revolutionary spirit broke out all over the south of Europe.]

A better farmer ne'er brushed dew from lawn,
A worse king never left a realm undone !
He died — but left his subjects still behind,
One half as mad — and t' other no less blind.

IX.

He died ! — his death made no great stir on earth ;
His burial made some pomp ; there was profusion
Of velvet, gilding, brass, and no great dearth
Of aught but tears — save those shed by collusion.
For these things may be bought at their true worth ;
Of elegy there was the due infusion —
Bought also ; and the torches, cloaks, and banners,
Heralds, and relics of old Gothic manners,

X.

Formed a sepulchral melodrame. Of all
The fools who flocked to swell or see the show,
Who cared about the corpse ? The funeral
Made the attraction, and the black the wo.
There throbbed not there a thought which pierced
the pall ;
And when the gorgeous coffin was laid low,
It seemed the mockery of hell to fold
The rottenness of eighty years in gold.

XI.

So mix his body with the dust ! It might
Return to what it *must* far sooner, were
The natural compound left alone to fight
Its way back into earth, and fire, and air ;

But the unnatural balsams merely blight
What nature made him at his birth, as bare
As the mere million's base unmummied clay —
Yet all his spices but prolong decay.

XII.

He's dead — and upper earth with him has done ;
He's buried ; save the undertaker's bill,
Or lapidary scrawl, the world is gone
For him, unless he left a German will ;
But where's the proctor who will ask his son ?
In whom his qualities are reigning still,
Except that household virtue, most uncommon,
Of constancy to a bad, ugly woman.

XIII.

"God save the king !" It is a large economy
In God to save the like ; but if he will
Be saving, all the better ; for not one am I
Of those who think damnation better still :
I hardly know too if not quite alone am I
In this small hope of bettering future ill
By circumscribing, with some slight restriction,
The eternity of hell's hot jurisdiction.

XIV.

I know this is unpopular ; I know
'T is blasphemous ; I know one may be damned
For hoping no one else may e'er be so ;
I know my catechism ; I know we are crammed

With the best doctrines till we quite o'erflow ;
I know that all save England's church have
shammed,
And that the other twice two hundred churches
And synagogues have made a *damned* bad purchase.

XV.

God help us all ! God help me too ! I am,
God knows, as helpless as the devil can wish,
And not a whit more difficult to damn
Than is to bring to land a late-hooked fish,
Or to the butcher to purvey the lamb ;
Not that I'm fit for such a noble dish
As one day will be that immortal fry
Of almost everybody born to die.

XVI.

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate,
And nodded o'er his keys ; when, lo ! there came
A wondrous noise he had not heard of late —
A rushing sound of wind, and stream, and flame ;
In short, a roar of things extremely great,
Which would have made aught save a saint ex-
claim ;
But he, with first a start and then a wink,
Said, " There's another star gone out, I think ! "

XVII.

But ere he could return to his repose,
A cherub flapped his right wing o'er his eyes —

At which Saint Peter yawned, and rubbed his nose :

“ Saint porter,” said the angel, “ prithee rise ! ”

Waving a goodly wing, which glowed, as glows

An earthly peacock’s tail, with heavenly dyes :

To which the saint replied, “ Well, what’s the matter ? ”

“ Is Lucifer come back with all this clatter ? ”

XVIII.

“ No,” quoth the cherub ; “ George the Third is dead.” [apostle :

“ And who *is* George the Third ? ” replied the
“ *What George ? what Third ?* ” “ The king of England,” said

The angel. “ Well ! he won’t find kings to jostle Him on his way ; but does he wear his head ? ”

Because the last we saw here had a tussle,
And ne’er would have got into heaven’s good graces,
Had he not flung his head in all our faces.

XIX.

“ He was, if I remember, king of France ; *

That head of his, which could not keep a crown
On earth, yet ventured in my face to advance

A claim to those of martyrs — like my own :
If I had had my sword, as I had once

When I cut ears off, I had cut him down ;
But having but my *keys*, and not my brand,
I only knocked his head from out his hand.

* [Louis XVI., guillotined in January, 1793.]

XX.

“ And then he set up such a headless howl,
That all the saints came out and took him in;
And there he sits by St. Paul, cheek by jowl;
That fellow Paul — the parvenu! The skin
Of Saint Bartholomew, which makes his cowl
In heaven, and upon earth redeemed his sin
So as to make a martyr, never sped
Better than did this weak and wooden head.

XXI.

“ But had it come up here upon its shoulders,
There would have been a different tale to tell:
The fellow-feeling in the saints beholders
Seems to have acted on them like a spell;
And so this very foolish head heaven solders
Back on its trunk: it may be very well,
And seems the custom here to overthrow
Whatever has been wisely done below.”

XXII.

The angel answered, “ Peter! do not pout:
The king who comes has head and all entire,
And never knew much what it was about —
He did as doth the puppet — by its wire,
And will be judged like all the rest, no doubt:
My business and your own is not to inquire
Into such matters, but to mind our cue —
Which is to act as we are bid to do.”

XXIII.

While thus they spake, the angelic caravan,
Arriving like a rush of mighty wind,
Cleaving the fields of space, as doth the swan
Some silver stream (say Ganges, Nile, or Inde,
Or Thames, or Tweed), and 'midst them an old man
With an old soul, and both extremely blind,
Halted before the gate, and in his shroud
Seated their fellow-traveller on a cloud.

XXIV.

But bringing up the rear of this bright host
A Spirit of a different aspect waved
His wings, like thunder-clouds above some coast
Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks is
paved ;
His brow was like the deep when tempest-tossed ;
Fierce and unfathomable thoughts engraved
Eternal wrath on his immortal face,
And *where* he gazed a gloom pervaded space.

XXV.

As he drew near, he gazed upon the gate
Ne'er to be entered more by him or sin,
With such a glance of supernatural hate,
As made Saint Peter wish himself within ;
He pattered with his keys at a great rate,
And sweated through his apostolic skin :
Of course his perspiration was but ichor,
Or some such other spiritual liquor.

XXVI.

The very cherubs huddled all together,
Like birds when soars the falcon ; and they felt
A tingling to the tip of every feather,
And formed a circle like Orion's belt
Around their poor old charge ; who scarce knew
whither
His guards had led him, though they gently dealt
With royal manes (for by many stories,
And true, we learn the angels all are Tories).

XXVII.

As things were in this posture, the gate flew
Asunder, and the flashing of its hinges
Flung over space an universal hue
Of many-colored flame, until its tinges
Reached even our speck of earth, and made a new
Aurora borealis spread its fringes
O'er the North Pole ; the same seen, when ice-
bound,
By Captain Parry's crew, in "Melville's Sound."*

* ["I believe it is almost impossible for words to give an idea of the beauty and variety which this magnificent phenomenon displayed. The luminous arch had broken into irregular masses, streaming with much rapidity in different directions, varying continually in shape and interest, and extending themselves from north, by the east, to north. The usual pale light of the aurora strongly resembled that produced by the combustion of phosphorus ; a very slight tinge of red was noticed on this occasion, when the aurora was most vivid, but no other colors were visible." Parry's Voyage in 1819-20.]

XXVIII.

And from the gate thrown open issued beaming
A beautiful and mighty Thing of Light,
Radiant with glory, like a banner streaming
Victorious from some world-o'erthrowing fight:
My poor comparisons must needs be teeming
With earthly likenesses, for here the night
Of clay obscures our best conceptions, saving
Johanna Southcote,* or Bob Southey raving.

XXIX.

'T was the archangel Michael: all men know
The make of angels and archangels, since
There's scarce a scribbler has not one to show,
From the fiends' leader to the angels' prince.
There also are some altar-pieces, though
I really can't say that they much evince
One's inner notions of immortal spirits;
But let the connoisseurs explain *their* merits.

XXX.

Michael flew forth in glory and in good;
A goodly work of him from whom all glory
And good arise; the portal past — he stood;
Before him the young cherubs and saints hoary —
(I say *young*, begging to be understood
By looks, not years; and should be very sorry

* [Johanna Southcote, the aged lunatic, who fancied herself, and was believed by many followers, to be with child of a new Messiah, died in 1815.]

To state, they were not older than St. Peter,
But merely that they seemed a little sweeter).

XXXI.

The cherubs and the saints bowed down before
That arch-angelic hierarch, the first
Of essences angelical, who wore
The aspect of a god ; but this ne'er nursed
Pride in his heavenly bosom, in whose core
No thought, save for his Maker's service, durst
Intrude, however glorified and high ;
He knew him but the viceroy of the sky.

XXXII.

He and the sombre silent Spirit met —
They knew each other both for good and ill ;
Such was their power, that neither could forget
His former friend and future foe ; but still
There was a high, immortal, proud regret
In either's eye, as if 'twere less their will
Than destiny to make the eternal years
Their date of war, and their "champ clos" the
spheres.

XXXIII.

But here they were in neutral space : we know
From Job that Satan hath the power to pay
A heavenly visit thrice a year or so ;
And that "the sons of God," like those of clay,
Must keep him company ; and we might show
From the same book, in how polite a way

The dialogue is held between the Powers
Of Good and Evil — but 't would take up hours.

XXXIV.

And this is not a theologic tract,
To prove with Hebrew and with Arabic
If Job be allegory or a fact,
But a true narrative ; and thus I pick
From out the whole but such and such an act
As sets aside the slightest thought of trick.
'T is every tittle true, beyond suspicion,
And accurate as any other vision.

XXXV.

The spirits were in neutral space, before
The gate of heaven ; like eastern thresholds is
The place where Death's grand cause is argued o'er,
And souls despatched to that world or to this ;
And therefore Michael and the other wore
A civil aspect : though they did not kiss,
Yet still between his Darkness and his Brightness
There passed a mutual glance of great politeness.

XXXVI.

The Archangel bowed, not like a modern beau,
But with a graceful oriental bend,
Pressing one radiant arm just where below
The heart in good men is supposed to tend.
He turned as to an equal, not too low,
But kindly ; Satan met his ancient friend

With more hauteur, as might an old Castilian
Poor noble meet a mushroom rich civilian.

XXXVII.

He merely bent his diabolic brow
An instant ; and then raising it, he stood
In act to assert his right or wrong, and show
Cause why King George by no means could or
should
Make out a case to be exempt from woe
Eternal, more than other kings, endued
With better sense and hearts, whom history mentions,
Who long have "paved hell with their good intentions."

XXXVIII.

Michael began : "What wouldst thou with this man,
Now dead, and brought before the Lord ? What ill
Hath he wrought since his mortal race began,
That thou canst claim him ? Speak ! and do thy
will,
If it be just : if in this earthly span
He hath been greatly failing to fulfil
His duties as a king and mortal, say,
And he is thine ; if not, let him have way."

XXXIX.

"Michael !" replied the Prince of Air, "even here,
Before the gate of him thou servest, must
I claim my subject : and will make appear
That as he was my worshipper in dust,

So shall he be in spirit, although dear
To thee and thine, because nor wine nor lust
Were of his weaknesses ; yet on the throne
He reigned o'er millions to serve me alone.

XL.

“ Look to *our* earth, or rather *mine* ; it was,
Once, more thy master's : but I triumph not
In this poor planet's conquest : nor, alas !
Need he thou servest envy me my lot :
With all the myriads of bright worlds which pass
In worship round him, he may have forgot
Yon weak creation of such paltry things :
I think few worth damnation save their kings, —

XLI.

“ And these but as a kind of quit-rent, to
Assert my right as lord ; and even had
I such an inclination, 't were (as you
Well know) superfluous : they are grown so bad.
That hell has nothing better left to do
Than leave them to themselves : so much more
mad
And evil by their own internal curse,
Heaven cannot make them better, nor I worse.

XLII.

“ Look to the earth, I said, and say again :
When this old, blind, mad, helpless, weak, poor
worm

Began in youth's first bloom and flush to reign,
The world and he both wore a different form,
And much of earth and all the watery plain
Of ocean called him king: through many a storm
His isles had floated on the abyss of time;
For the rough virtues chose them for their clime.

XLIII.

"He came to his sceptre young; he leaves it old:
Look to the state in which he found his realm,
And left it; and his annals too behold,
How to a minion first he gave the helm;
How grew upon his heart a thirst for gold,
The beggar's vice, which can but overwhelm
The meanest hearts; and for the rest, but glance
Thine eye along America and France.

XLIV.

"'T is true, he was a tool from first to last
(I have the workmen safe); but as a tool
So let him be consumed. From out the past
Of ages, since mankind have known the rule
Of monarchs — from the bloody rolls amassed
Of sin and slaughter — from the Cæsars' school,
Take the worst pupil; and produce a reign
More drenched with gore, more cumbered with the
slain.

XLV.

"He ever warred with freedom and the free:
Nations as men, home subjects, foreign foes,

So that they uttered the word 'Liberty !'
Found George the Third their first opponent.
Whose
History was ever stained as his will be
With national and individual woes?
I grant his household abstinence ; I grant
His neutral virtues, which most monarchs want ;

XLVI.

"I know he was a constant consort ; own
He was a decent sire, and middling lord.
All this is much, and most upon a throne ;
As temperance, if at Apicius' board,
Is more than at an anchorite's supper shown.
I grant him all the kindest can accord ;
And this was well for him, but not for those
Millions who found him what oppression chose.

XLVII.

"The New World shook him off ; the Old yet groans
Beneath what he and his prepared, if not
Completed : he leaves heirs on many thrones
To all his vices, without what begot
Compassion for him — his tame virtues ; drones
Who sleep, or despots who have now forgot
A lesson which shall be re-taught them, wake
Upon the thrones of earth ; but let them quake!

XLVIII.

"Five millions of the primitive, who hold
The faith which makes ye great on earth, implored

A *part* of that vast *all* they held of old, —
 Freedom to worship — not alone your Lord,
 Michael, but you, and you, Saint Peter ! Cold
 Must be your souls, if you have not abhorred
 The foe to catholic participation
 In all the license of a Christian nation.

XLIX.

“ True ! he allowed them to pray God ; but as
 A consequence of prayer, refused the law
 Which would have placed them upon the same base
 With those who did not hold the saints in awe.”
 But here Saint Peter started from his place,
 And cried, “ You may the prisoner withdraw :
 Ere heaven shall ope her portals to this Guelph,
 While I am guard, may I be damned myself !

L.

“ Sooner will I with Cerberus exchange
 My office (and *his* is no sinecure)
 Than see this royal Bedlam bigot range
 The azure fields of heaven, of that be sure ! ”
 “ Saint ! ” replied Satan, “ you do well to avenge
 The wrongs he made your satellites endure ; *
 And if to this exchange you should be given,
 I’ll try to coax *our* Cerberus up to heaven.”

LI.

Here Michael interposed : “ Good saint ! and devil !
 Pray, not so fast ; you both outrun discretion.

* [George III.’s opposition to the Catholic claims.]

Saint Peter ! you were wont to be more civil :

Satan ! excuse this warmth of his expression,
And condescension to the vulgar's level :

Even saints sometimes forget themselves in
session. [please,
Have you got more to say ? " — " No. " — " If you
I'll trouble you to call your witnesses. "

LII.

Then Satan turned and waved his swarthy hand.

Which stirred with its electric qualities
Clouds further off than we can understand,
Although we find him sometimes in our skies ;
Infernal thunder shook both sea and land
In all the planets, and hell's batteries
Let off the artillery, which Milton mentions
As one of Satan's most sublime inventions.

LIII.

This was a signal unto such damned souls
As have the privilege of their damnation
Extended far beyond the mere controls
Of worlds past, present, or to come ; no station
Is theirs particularly in the rolls
Of hell assigned ; but where their inclination
Or business carries them in search of game,
They may range freely — being damned the same.

LIV.

They are proud of this — as very well they may,
It being a sort of knighthood, or gilt key

Stuck in their loins ; * or like to an "entré"

Up the back stairs, or such free-masonry.

I borrow my comparisons from clay,

Being clay myself. Let not those spirits be
Offended with such base low likenesses ;

We know their posts are nobler far than these.

LV.

When the great signal ran from heaven to hell—

About ten million times the distance reckoned
From our sun to its earth, as we can tell

How much time it takes up, even to a second,
For every ray that travels to dispel

The fogs of London, through which, dimly bea-
coned,

The weathercocks are gilt some thrice a year,
If that the *summer* is not too severe : — †

LVI.

I say that I can tell — 't was half a minute :

I know the solar beams take up more time
Ere, packed up for their journey, they begin it ;

But then their telegraph is less sublime,
And if they ran a race, they would not win it

'Gainst Satan's couriers bound for their own
clime.

* [A gold or gilt key, peeping from below the skirts of the coat, marks a lord chamberlain.]

† [An allusion to Horace Walpole's expression in a letter —
"the summer has set in with *its usual severity*."]]

The sun takes up some years for every ray
To reach its goal — the devil not half a day.

LVII.

Upon the verge of space, about the size
Of half-a-crown, a little speck appeared
(I've seen a something like it in the skies
In the Ægean, ere a squall) ; it neared
And growing bigger, took another guise ;
Like an aërial ship it tacked, and steered,
Or *was* steered (I am doubtful of the grammar
Of the last phrase, which makes the stanza stam-
mer ; —

LVIII.

But take your choice) ; and then it grew a cloud ;
And so it was — a cloud of witnesses.
But such a cloud ! No land e'er saw a crowd
Of locusts numerous as the heavens saw these ;
They shadowed with their myriads space ; their loud
And varied cries were like those of wild geese
(If nations may be likened to a goose),
And realized the phrase of "hell broke loose."

LIX.

Here crashed a sturdy oath of stout John Bull,
Who damned away his eyes as heretofore :
There Paddy brogued "By Jasus !" — "What's
your wull ?"
The temperate Scot exclaimed : the French ghost
swore

In certain terms I sha'n't translate in full,
As the first coachman will; and 'midst the war,
The voice of Jonathan was heard to express,
“ *Our* president is going to war, I guess.”

LX.

Besides there were the Spaniard, Dutch, and Dane;
In short, an universal shoal of shades,
From Otaheite's isle to Salisbury Plain,
Of all climes and professions, years and trades,
Ready to swear against the good king's reign,
Bitter as clubs in cards are against spades:
All summoned by this grand “subpœna,” to
Try if kings may n't be damned like me or you.

LXI.

When Michael saw this host, he first grew pale,
As angels can; next, like Italian twilight,
He turned all colors — as a peacock's tail,
Or sunset streaming through a Gothic skylight
In some old abbey, or a trout not stale,
Or distant lightning on the horizon *by* night,
Or a fresh rainbow, or a grand review
Of thirty regiments in red, green, and blue.

LXII.

Then he addressed himself to Satan: “ Why —
My good old friend, for such I deem you, though
Our different parties make us fight so shy,
I ne'er mistake you for a *personal* foe:

Our difference is *political*, and I

Trust that, whatever may occur below,
You know my great respect for you: and this
Makes me regret whate'er you do amiss —

LXIII.

“ Why, my dear Lucifer, would you abuse
My call for witnesses? I did not mean
That you should half of earth and hell produce;
'T is even superfluous, since two honest, clean,
True testimonies are enough: we lose
Our time, nay, our eternity, between
The accusation and defence: if we
Hear both, 't will stretch our immortality.”

LXIV.

Satan replied, “ To me the matter is
Indifferent, in a personal point of view:
I can have fifty better souls than this
With far less trouble than we have gone through
Already; and I merely argued his
Late majesty of Britain's case with you
Upon a point of form: you may dispose
Of him; I've kings enough below, God knows!”

LXV.

Thus spoke the Demon (late called “multifaced”
By multo-scribbling Southey). “Then we'll call
One or two persons of the myriads placed
Around our congress, and dispense with all

'The rest," quoth Michael: "Who may be so graced
As to speak first? there's choice enough — who
shall

It be?" Then Satan answered, "There are many;
But you may choose Jack Wilkes as well as any."

LXVI.

A merry, cock-eyed, curious looking sprite
Upon the instant started from the throng,
Dressed in a fashion now forgotten quite;
For all the fashions of the flesh stick long
By people in the next world; where unite
All the costumes since Adam's, right or wrong,
From Eve's fig-leaf down to the petticoat,
Almost as scanty, of days less remote.

LXVII.

The spirit looked around upon the crowds
Assembled, and exclaimed, "My friends of all
The spheres, we shall catch cold amongst these
clouds;
So let's to business: why this general call?
If those are freeholders I see in shrouds,
And 't is for an election that they bawl,
Behold a candidate with unturned coat!
Saint Peter, may I count upon your vote?"

LXVIII.

"Sir," replied Michael, "you mistake; these things
Are of a former life, and what we do

Above is more august; to judge of kings
Is the tribunal met: so now you know."
"Then I presume those gentlemen with wings,"
Said Wilkes, "are cherubs; and that soul below
Looks much like George the Third, but to my mind
A good deal older — Bless me! is he blind?"

LXIX.

"He is what you behold him, and his doom
Depends upon his deeds," the Angel said.
"If you have aught to arraign in him, the tomb
Gives license to the humblest beggar's head
To lift itself against the loftiest." — "Some,"
Said Wilkes, "don't wait to see them laid in lead,
For such a liberty — and I, for one,
Have told them what I thought beneath the sun."

LXX.

"*Above* the sun repeat, then, what thou hast
To urge against him," said the Archangel. "Why,"
Replied the spirit, "since old scores are past,
Must I turn evidence? In faith, not I.
Besides, I beat him hollow at the last,
With all his Lords and Commons: in the sky
I don't like ripping up old stories, since
His conduct was but natural in a prince.

LXXI.

"Foolish, no doubt, and wicked, to oppress
A poor unlucky devil without a shilling;

But then I blame the man himself much less
 Than Bute and Grafton, and shall be unwilling
 To see him punished here for their excess,
 Since they were both damned long ago, and still in
 Their place below : for me, I have forgiven,
 And vote his 'habeas corpus' into heaven."

LXXII.

"Wilkes," said the Devil, "I understand all this ;
 You turned to half a courtier ere you died,*
 And seem to think it would not be amiss
 To grow a whole one on the other side
 Of Charon's ferry ; you forget that *his*
 Reign is concluded ; whatsoe'er betide,
 He won't be sovereign more : you've lost your labor,
 For at the best he will but be your neighbor.

LXXIII.

"However, I knew what to think of it,
 When I beheld you in your jesting way
 Flitting and whispering round about the spit
 Where Belial, upon duty for the day,
 With Fox's lard was basting William Pitt,
 His pupil ; I knew what to think, I say :
 That fellow even in hell breathes further ills ;
 I'll have him *gagged* — 't was one of his own bills.

* [For the political history of John Wilkes, who died chamberlain of the city of London, we must refer to any history of the reign of George III. His profligate personal character is abundantly displayed in the collection of his letters, published by *his daughter* ! since his death.]

LXXIV.

“ Call Junius ! ” From the crowd a shadow stalked,
And at the name there was a general squeeze,
So that the very ghosts no longer walked
In comfort, at their own aërial ease,
But were all rammed, and jammed (but to be balked,
As we shall see), and jostled hands and knees,
Like wind compressed and pent within a bladder,
Or like a human colic, which is sadder

LXXV.

The shadow came — a tall, thin, gray-haired figure,
That looked as it had been a shade on earth ;
Quick in its motions, with an air of vigor,
But nought to mark its breeding or its birth :
Now it waxed little, then again grew bigger,
With now an air of gloom, or savage mirth ;
But as you gazed upon its features, they
Changed every instant — to *what*, none could say.

LXXVI.

The more intently the ghosts gazed, the less
Could they distinguish whose the features were ;
The Devil himself seemed puzzled even to guess ;
They varied like a dream — now here, now there ;
And several people swore from out the press,
They knew him perfectly ; and one could swear
He was his father : upon which another
Was sure he was his mother's cousin's brother :

LXXVII.

Another, that he was a duke, or knight,
 An orator, a lawyer, or a priest,
 A nabob, a man-midwife ; * but the wight
 Mysterious changed his countenance at least
 As oft as they their minds : though in full sight
 He stood, the puzzle only was increased ;
 The man was a phantasmagoria in
 Himself — he was so volatile and thin. †

LXXVIII.

The moment that you had pronounced him *one*,
 Presto ! his face changed, and he was another ;
 And when that change was hardly well put on,
 It varied, till I don't think his own mother
 (If that he had a mother) would her son
 Have known, he shifted so from one to t' other ;
 Till guessing from a pleasure grew a task,
 At this epistolary "Iron Mask." ‡

* [Among the various persons to whom the letters of Junius have been attributed we find the Duke of Portland, Lord George Sackville, Sir Philip Francis, Mr. Burke, Mr. Dunning, the Rev. John Horne Tooke, Mr. Hugh Boyd, Dr. Wilmot, etc.]

† ["I don't know what to think. Why should Junius be dead? If suddenly apoplexed, would he rest in his grave without sending his *εἰδωλον* to shout in the ears of posterity, 'Junius was X. Y. Z., Esq. buried in the parish of * * * * *.' Repair his monument, ye churchwardens! Print a new edition of his Letters, ye booksellers! Impossible, — the man *must be alive*, and will never die without the disclosure. I like him; — he was a good hater." — *Byron's Diary*, Nov. 23, 1813.]

‡ [The mystery of "l'homme au masque de fer," the everlast-

LXXIX.

For sometimes he like Cerberus would seem —
 “Three gentlemen at once” (as sagely says
 Good Mrs. Malaprop); then you might deem
 That he was not even *one*; now many rays
 Were flashing round him; and now a thick steam
 Hid him from sight — like fogs on London days :
 Now Burke, now Tooke, he grew to people’s
 fancies,
 And certes often like Sir Philip Francis.*

LXXX.

I’ve an hypothesis — ’t is quite my own;
 I never let it out till now, for fear
 Of doing people harm about the throne,
 And injuring some minister or peer,
 On whom the stigma might perhaps be blown :
 It is — my gentle public, lend thine ear !
 ’Tis, that what Junius we are wont to call
 Was *really, truly*, nobody at all.

ing puzzle of the last century, has in the opinion of some, been cleared up, by a French work published in 1825, and which formed the basis of an entertaining one in English by Lord Dover.]

* [That the work entitled “The Identity of Junius with a distinguished Living Character established” proves Sir Philip Francis to be Junius, we will not affirm; but this we can safely assert, that it accumulates such a mass of circumstantial evidence, as renders it extremely difficult to believe he is not, and that, if so many coincidences shall be found to have misled us in this case, our faith in all conclusions drawn from proofs of a similar kind may henceforth be shaken. — MACKINTOSH.]

LXXXI.

I don't see wherefore letters should not be
Written without hands, since we daily view
Them written without heads; and books, we see,
Are filled as well without the latter too:
And really till we fix on somebody
For certain sure to claim them as his due,
Their author, like the Niger's mouth, will bother
The world to say if *there* be mouth or author.

LXXXII.

"And who and what art thou?" the Archangel said.
"For *that* you may consult my title-page,"
Replied this mighty shadow of a shade:
"If I have kept my secret half an age,
I scarce shall tell it now." — "Canst thou upbraid,"
Continued Michael, "George Rex, or allege
Aught further?" Junius answered, "You had better
First ask him for *his* answer to my letter:

LXXXIII.

"My charges upon record will outlast
The brass of both his epitaph and tomb."
"Repent'st thou not," said Michael, "of some past
Exaggeration? something which may doom
Thyself if false, as him if true? Thou wast
Too bitter — is it not so? — in thy gloom
Of passion?" — "Passion!" cried the phantom dim,
"I loved my country, and I hated him.

LXXXIV.

“What I have written, I have written : let
The rest be on his head or mine !” So spoke
Old “Nominis Umbra ;” * and while speaking yet,
Away he melted in a celestial smoke.
Then Satan said to Michael, “Don’t forget
To call George Washington, and John Horne
Tooke,
And Franklin ;” — but at this time there was heard
A cry for room, though not a phantom stirred.

LXXXV.

At length with jostling, elbowing, and the aid
Of cherubim appointed to that post,
The devil Asmodeus to the circle made
His way, and looked as if his journey cost
Some trouble. When his burden down he laid,
“What’s this ?” cried Michael ; “why, ’tis not a
ghost ?”
“I know it,” quoth the incubus ; “but he
Shall be one, if you leave the affair to me.

LXXXVI.

“Confound the renegado ! I have sprained
My left wing, he’s so heavy ; one would think
Some of his works about his neck were chained.
But to the point ; while hovering o’er the brink

* [The well known motto of Junius is, “*stat nominis umbra.*”]

Of Skiddaw * (where as usual it still rained),
I saw a taper, far below me, wink,
And stooping, caught this fellow at a libel —
No less on history than the Holy Bible.

LXXXVII.

“The former is the devil’s scripture, and
The latter yours, good Michael; so the affair
Belongs to all of us, you understand.
I snatched him up just as you see him there,
And brought him off for sentence out of hand:
I’ve scarcely been ten minutes in the air —
At least a quarter it can hardly be:
I dare say that his wife is still at tea.”

LXXXVIII.

Here Satan said, “I know this man of old,
And have expected him for some time here;
A sillier fellow you will scarce behold,
Or more conceited in his petty sphere:
But surely it was not worth while to fold
Such trash below your wing, Asmodeus dear:
We had the poor wretch safe (without being bored
With carriage) coming of his own accord.

LXXXIX.

“But since he’s here, let’s see what he has done.”
“Done!” cried Asmodeus, “he anticipates

* [Southey’s residence was on the shore of Derwentwater, near the mountain Skiddaw.]

The very business you are now upon,
 And scribbles as if head clerk to the Fates.
 Who knows to what his ribaldry may run,
 When such an ass as this, like Balaam's, prates?"
 "Let's hear," quoth Michael, "what he has to say:
 You know we're bound to that in every way."

XC.

Now the bard, glad to get an audience, which
 By no means often was his case below,
 Began to cough, and hawk, and hem, and pitch
 His voice into that awful note of woe
 To all unhappy hearers within reach
 Of poets when the tide of rhyme's in flow;
 But stuck fast with his first hexameter,
 Not one of all whose gouty feet would stir.

XCI.

But ere the spavined dactyls could be spurred
 Into recitative, in great dismay
 Both cherubim and seraphim were heard
 To murmur loudly through their long array;
 And Michael rose ere he could get a word
 Of all his foundered verses under way,
 And cried, "For God's sake stop, my friend! 't were
 best —
Non Di, non homines — you know the rest." *

* [Mediocribus esse poetis
 Non Di, non homines, non concessere columnæ. — *Horace.*]

XCII.

A general bustle spread throughout the throng,
 Which seemed to hold all verse in detestation ;
 The angels had of course enough of song
 When upon service ; and the generation
 Of ghosts had heard too much in life, not long
 Before, to profit by a new occasion ; [what ! *
 The monarch, mute till then, exclaimed, " What !
Pye † come again ? No more — no more of that ! "

XCIII.

The tumult grew ; an universal cough
 Convulsed the skies, as during a debate,
 When Castlereagh has been up long enough
 (Before he was first minister of state, [off ! "
 I mean — the *slaves hear now*) ; some cried " Off,
 As at a farce ; till, grown quite desperate,
 The bard Saint Peter prayed to interpose
 (Himself an author) only for his prose.

XCIV.

The varlet was not an ill-favored knave ;
 A good deal like a vulture in the face,

* [The king's trick of repeating his words in this way was a fertile source of ridicule to Peter Pindar (Dr. Wolcot).]

† [Henry James Pye, the predecessor of Southey in the poet-laureateship, died in 1813. He was the author of many works besides his official Odes, among others " Alfred," an epic poem. Pye was a man of good family in Berkshire, sat some time in parliament, and was eminently respectable in every thing but his poetry.]

With a hook nose and a hawk's eye, which gave
A smart and sharper-looking sort of grace
To his whole aspect, which, though rather grave,
Was by no means so ugly as his case ;
But that indeed was hopeless as can be,
Quite a poetic felony "*de se.*"

XCV.

Then Michael blew his trump, and stilled the noise
With one still greater, as is yet the mode
On earth besides ; except some grumbling voice,
Which now and then will make a slight inroad
Upon decorous silence, few will twice
Lift up their lungs when fairly overcrowded ;
And now the bard could plead his own bad cause.
With all the attitudes of self-applause.

XCVI.

He said — (I only give the heads) — he said,
He meant no harm in scribbling ; 't was his way
Upon all topics ; 't was, besides, his bread,
Of which he buttered both sides ; 't would delay
Too long the assembly (he was pleased to dread),
And take up rather more time than a day,
To name his works — he would but cite a few —
“ Wat Tyler ” — “ Rhymes on Blenheim ” — “ Wa-
terloo.”

XCVII.

He had written praises of a regicide ;
He had written praises of all kings whatever ;

He had written for republics far and wide,
 And then against them bitterer than ever:
 For pantisocracy he once had cried
 Aloud, a scheme less moral than 't was clever;
 Then grew a hearty anti-jacobin —
 Had turned his coat — and would have turned his
 skin.

XCVIII.

He had sung against all battles, and again
 In their high praise and glory; he had called
 Reviewing * “the ungentle craft,” and then
 Become as base a critic as e'er crawled —
 Fed, paid, and pampered by the very men
 By whom his muse and morals had been mauled:
 He had written much blank verse, and blanker prose,
 And more of both than anybody knows.†

XCIX.

He had written Wesley's life: — here turning round
 To Satan, “Sir, I'm ready to write yours,

* See “Life of Henry Kirke White.”

† [This sarcasm about Southey's professional authorship comes with a bad grace from a man who, for several years, has been in the habit of receiving several thousand pounds per annum, all for value received in Verse and Prose, from the magnificent exchequer of Albemarle Street. What right has Lord Byron to sneer at Southey as a “writer of all work?” Has he not himself published, within these two years, two volumes of tragic blank verse; one volume of licentious *ottava rima*; one pamphlet of clever polemical criticism, seasoned with personalities against all sorts of men; besides writing an Armenian grammar? — *Blackwood*, 1822.]

In two octavo volumes, nicely bound,
 With notes and preface, all that most allures
 The pious purchaser; and there's no ground
 For fear, for I can choose my own reviewers:
 So let me have the proper documents,
 That I may add you to my other saints."

C.

Satan bowed, and was silent. "Well, if you,
 With amiable modesty, decline
 My offer, what says Michael? There are few
 Whose memoirs could be rendered more divine.
 Mine is a pen of all work; not so new
 As it was once, but I would make you shine
 Like your own trumpet. By the way, my own
 Has more of brass in it, and is as well blown.

CI.

"But talking about trumpets, here's my Vision!
 Now you shall judge, all people; yes, you shall
 Judge with my judgment, and by my decision
 Be guided who shall enter heaven or fall.
 I settle all these things by intuition,
 Times present, past, to come, heaven, hell, and all,
 Like King Alfonso.* When I thus see double,
 I save the Deity some worlds of trouble."

* Alfonso, speaking of the Ptolomean system, said, that "had he been consulted at the creation of the world, he would have spared the Maker some absurdities."

CII.

He ceased, and drew forth an MS.; and no
 Persuasion on the part of devils, or saints,
 Or angels, now could stop the torrent ; so
 He read the first three lines of the contents ;
 But at the fourth, the whole spiritual show
 Had vanished, with variety of scents,
 Ambrosial and sulphureous, as they sprang,
 Like lightning, off from his “melodious twang.” *

CIII.

Those grand heroics acted as a spell ;
 The angels stopped their ears and plied their
 pinions ;

* See Aubrey’s account of the apparition which disappeared “with a curious perfume and a *most melodious twang* ;” or see the “*Antiquary*,” vol. i. p. 225. — [“As the vision shut his volume, a strain of *delightful music* seemed to fill the apartment.” — “The usual time,” says Grose, “at which ghosts make their appearance is midnight, and seldom before it is dark ; though some audacious spirits have been said to appear even by day-light ; but of this there are few instances, and those mostly ghosts who had been laid, and whose terms of confinement were expired. I cannot learn that ghosts carry tapers in their hands, as they are sometimes depicted. Dragging chains is not the fashion of English ghosts : chains and black vestments being chiefly the accoutrements of foreign spectres seen in arbitrary governments ; dead or alive, English spirits are free. During the narration of its business, a ghost must by no means be interrupted by questions of any kind : its narration being completed, it vanishes away, frequently in a flash of light ; in which case, some ghosts have been so considerate as to desire the party to whom they appeared to shut their eyes : — sometimes its departure is attended with *most delightful music*.” — *Provincial Glossary*.]

The devils ran howling, deafened, down to hell ;
The ghosts fled, gibbering, for their own domin-
ions —

(For 'tis not yet decided where they dwell,
And I leave every man to his opinions) ;
Michael took refuge in his trump — but, lo !
His teeth were set on edge, he could not blow !

CIV.

Saint Peter, who has hitherto been known
For an impetuous saint, upraised his keys,
And at the fifth line knocked the poet down ;
Who fell like Phæton, but more at ease,
Into his lake, for there he did not drown ;
A different web being by the Destinies
Woven for the Laureate's final wreath, whene'er
Reform shall happen either here or there.

CV.

He first sank to the bottom — like his works,
But soon rose to the surface — like himself ;
For all corrupted things are buoyed like corks,*
By their own rottenness, light as an elf,
Or wisp that flits o'er a morass : he lurks,
It may be, still, like dull books on a shelf,
In his own den, to scrawl some " Life " or " Vision," †
As Welborn says — " the devil turned precisian."

* A drowned body lies at the bottom till rotten ; it then floats, as most people know.

† [Southey's Vision of Judgment appears to us to be an ill-

CVI.

As for the rest, to come to the conclusion
Of this true dream, the telescope is gone
Which kept my optics free from all delusion,
And showed me what I in my turn have shown ;
All I saw further, in the last confusion,
Was, that King George slipped into heaven for
one ;
And when the tumult dwindled to a calm,
I left him practising the hundreth psalm.

judged, and not a well-executed work. Milton alone has ever founded a fiction on the basis of revelation, without degrading his subject; but Milton has been blamed by the most judicious critics, and his warmest admirers, for expressing the counsels of Eternal Wisdom, and the decrees of Almighty Power, by words assigned to the Deity. It is impossible to deceive ourselves into a momentary and poetical belief that words proceeded from the Holy Spirit, except on the warrant of inspiration itself. It is here only that Milton fails, and here Milton sometimes shocks. The blasphemies of Milton's devils offend not a pious ear, because they are devils who utter them. Nor are we displeased with the poet's presumption in feigning language for heavenly spirits, because it is a language that lifts the soul to heaven. The words are human; but the truths they express, and the doctrines they teach, are divine. — *Blackwood*, 1822.]

THE
AGE OF BRONZE ;

OR,

CARMEN SECLARE ET ANNUS HAUD MIRABILIS.*

“*Impar Congressus Achilli.*”

* [This poem was written at Genoa, in the early part of the year 1823; and published in London, by Mr. John Hunt. Its authenticity was much disputed at the time.]

THE AGE OF BRONZE.

I.

THE "good old times" — all times when old are
good —

Are gone ; the present might be if they would ;
Great things have been, and are, and greater still
Want little of mere mortals but their will :
A wider space, a greener field, is given
To those who play their "tricks before high heaven."
I know not if the angels weep, but men
Have wept enough — for what ? — to weep again !

II.

All is exploded — be it good or bad.
Reader ! remember when thou wert a lad,
Then Pitt was all ; or, if not all, so much,
His very rival almost deemed him such.*
We, we have seen the intellectual race
Of giants stand, like Titans, face to face —

* [Mr. Fox used to say — "*I* never want *a* word, but Pitt never wants *the* word."]]

Athos and Ida, with a dashing sea
Of eloquence between, which flowed all free,
As the deep billows of the Ægean roar
Betwixt the Hellenic and the Phrygian shore.
But where are they — the rivals! — a few feet
Of sullen earth divide each winding sheet.*
How peaceful and how powerful is the grave
Which hushes all! a calm, unstormy wave
Which oversweeps the world. The theme is old
Of “dust to dust;” but half its tale untold:
Time tempers not its terrors — still the worm
Winds its cold folds, the tomb preserves its form,
Varied above, but still alike below;
The urn may shine, the ashes will not glow,
Though Cleopatra’s mummy cross the sea
O’er which from empire she lured Anthony;
Though Alexander’s urn a show be grown
On shores he wept to conquer, though unknown —
How vain, how worse than vain, at length appear
The madman’s wish, the Macedonian’s tear!
He wept for worlds to conquer — half the earth
Knows not his name, or but his death, and birth,
And desolation; while his native Greece
Hath all of desolation, save its peace.
He “wept for worlds to conquer!” he who ne’er
Conceived the globe, he panted not to spare!

* [The grave of Mr. Fox, in Westminster Abbey, is within eighteen inches of that of Mr. Pitt.]

With even the busy Northern Isle unknown,
Which holds his urn, and never knew his throne.*

III.

But where is he, the modern, mightier far,
Who, born no king, made monarchs draw his car;
The new Sesostris, whose unharnessed kings,†
Freed from the bit, believe themselves with wings,
And spurn the dust o'er which they crawled of late,
Chained to the chariot of the chieftain's state?
Yes! where is he, the champion and the child
Of all that's great or little, wise or wild?
Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were
 thrones?

Whose table earth— whose dice were human bones?
Behold the grand result in yon lone isle, ‡
And, as thy nature urges, weep or smile.
Sigh to behold the eagle's lofty rage
Reduced to nibble at his narrow cage;
Smile to survey the queller of the nations
Now daily squabbling o'er disputed rations;
Weep to perceive him mourning, as he dines,
O'er curtailed dishes and o'er stinted wines;

* [The sarcophagus, of breccia, which is supposed to have contained the dust of Alexander, came into the possession of the English army, at the capitulation of Alexandria in 1802, and is now in the British Museum.]

† [Sesostris is said, by Diodorus, to have had his chariot drawn by eight vanquished sovereigns.]

‡ [St. Helena.]

O'er petty quarrels upon petty things.
 Is this the man who scourged or feasted kings?
 Behold the scales in which his fortune hangs,
 A surgeon's * statement, and an earl's † harangues !
 A bust delayed, ‡ a book refused, can shake
 The sleep of him who kept the world awake.
 Is this indeed the tamer of the great,
 Now slave of all could tease or irritate —
 The paltry gaoler § and the prying spy,
 The staring stranger with his note-book nigh ? ||
 Plunged in a dungeon, he had still been great ;
 How low, how little was this middle state,
 Between a prison and a palace, where
 How few could feel for what he had to bear !
 Vain his complaint, — my lord presents his bill,
 His food and wine were doled out duly still :
 Vain was his sickness, never was a clime
 So free from homicide — to doubt's a crime ;
 And the stiff surgeon, who maintained his cause,
 Hath lost his place, and gained the world's applause.
 But smile — though all the pangs of brain and heart
 Disdain, defy, the tardy aid of art ;
 Though, save the few fond friends and imaged face
 Of that fair boy his sire shall ne'er embrace,
 None stand by his low bed — though even the mind
 Be wavering, which long awed and awes mankind :

* [Mr. Barry O'Meara.]

† [Earl Bathurst.]

‡ [The bust of his son.]

§ [Sir Hudson Lowe.]

|| [Captain Basil Hall's interesting account of his interview with the ex-emperor occurs in his "Voyage to Loo-choo."]

Smile — for the fettered eagle breaks his chain,
And higher worlds than this are his again.*

IV.

How, if that soaring spirit still retain
A conscious twilight of his blazing reign,
How must he smile, on looking down, to see
The little that he was and sought to be!
What though his name a wider empire found
Than his ambition, though with scarce a bound;
Though first in glory, deepest in reverse,
He tasted empire's blessings and its curse;
Though kings rejoicing in their late escape
From chains, would gladly be *their* tyrant's ape;
How must he smile, and turn to yon lone grave,
The proudest sea-mark that o'ertops the wave!
What though his goaler, duteous to the last,
Scarce deemed the coffin's lead could keep him fast,
Refusing one poor line along the lid,
To date the birth and death of all it hid;
That name shall hallow the ignoble shore,
A talisman to all save him who bore:
The fleets that sweep before the eastern blast
Shall hear their sea-boys hail it from the mast;
When Victory's Gallic column shall but rise,
Like Pompey's pillar, in a desert's skies,
The rocky isle that holds or held his dust
Shall crown the Atlantic like the hero's bust,

* [Buonaparte died the 5th of May, 1821.]

And mighty nature o'er his obsequies
 Do more than niggard envy still denies.
 But what are these to him? Can glory's lust
 Touch the freed spirit or the fettered dust?
 Small care hath he of what his tomb consists;
 Nought if he sleeps — nor more if he exists:
 Alike the better-seeing shade will smile
 On the rude cavern of the rocky isle,
 As if his ashes found their latest home
 In Rome's Pantheon or Gaul's mimic dome.
 He wants not this; but France shall feel the want
 Of this last consolation, though so scant;
 Her honor, fame, and faith demand his bones,
 To rear above a pyramid of thrones;
 Or carried onward in the battle's van,
 To form, like Guesclin's * dust, her talisman.
 But be it as it is — the time may come
 His name shall beat the alarm, like Ziska's drum.†

V.

Oh heaven! of which he was in power a feature;
 Oh Earth! of which he was a noble creature;

* [Guesclin, constable of France, died in the midst of his triumphs, before Châteauneuf de Randon, in 1380. The English garrison, which had conditioned to surrender at a certain time, marched out the day after his death; and the commander respectfully laid the keys of the fortress on the bier, so that it might appear to have surrendered to his ashes.]

† [John Ziska — a distinguished leader of the Hussites. It is recorded of him, that, in dying, he ordered his skin to be made the covering of a drum. The Bohemians hold his memory in superstitious veneration.]

Thou isle! to be remembered long and well,
That saw'st the unfledged eaglet chip his shell!
Ye Alps, which viewed him in his dawning flights
Hover, the victor of a hundred fights!
Thou Rome, who saw'st thy Cæsar's deeds outdone!
Alas! why passed he too the Rubicon —
The Rubicon of man's awakened rights,
To herd with vulgar kings and parasites?
Egypt! from whose all dateless tombs arose
Forgotten Pharaohs from their long repose,
And shook within their pyramids to hear
A new Cambyzes thundering in their ear;
While the dark shades of forty ages stood
Like startled giants by Nile's famous flood;
Or from the pyramid's tall pinnacle
Beheld the desert peopled, as from hell,
With clashing hosts, who strewed the barren sand
To re-manure the uncultivated land!
Spain! which, a moment mindless of the Cid,
Beheld his banner flouting thy Madrid!
Austria! which saw thy twice-ta'en capital
Twice spared to be the traitress of his fall!
Ye race of Frederic! — Frederics but in name
And falsehood — heirs to all except his fame;
Who, crushed at Jena, crouched at Berlin, fell
First, and but rose to follow! Ye who dwell
Where Kosciusko dwelt, remembering yet
The unpaid amount of Catherine's bloody debt!
Poland — o'er which the avenging angel past,
But left thee as he found thee, still a waste,

Forgetting all thy still enduring claim,
Thy lotted people and extinguished name,
Thy sigh for freedom, thy long-flowing tear,
That sound that crashes in the tyrant's ear —
Kosciusko ! On — on — on — the thirst of war
Gasps for the gore of serfs and of their czar.
The half barbaric Moscow's minarets
Gleam in the sun, but 'tis a sun that sets !
Moscow ! thou limit of his long career,
For which rude Charles had wept his frozen tear
To see in vain — *he* saw thee — how ? with spire
And palace fuel to one common fire.
To this the soldier lent his kindling match,
To this the peasant gave his cottage thatch,
To this the merchant flung his hoarded store,
The prince his hall — and Moscow was no
more !

Sublimest of volcanoes ! Etna's flame
Pales before thine, and quenchless Hecla's tame ;
Vesuvius shows his blaze, an usual sight
For gaping tourists, from his hackneyed height :
Thou stand'st alone unrivalled, till the fire
To come, in which all empires shall expire !

Thou other element ! as strong and stern,
To teach a lesson conquerors will not learn ! —
Whose icy wing flapped o'er the faltering foe,
Till fell a hero with each flake of snow ;
How did thy numbing beak and silent fang
Pierce, till hosts perished with a single pang !

In vain shall Seine look up along his banks
For the gay thousands of his dashing ranks !
In vain shall France recall beneath her vines
Her youth — their blood flows faster than her wines ;
Or stagnant in their human ice remains
In frozen mummies on the Polar plains.
In vain will Italy's broad sun awaken
Her offspring chilled ; its beams are now forsaken.
Of all the trophies gathered from the war,
What shall return ? — the conqueror's broken car !
The conqueror's yet unbroken heart ! Again
The horn of Roland sounds, and not in vain.
Lutzen, where fell the Swede of victory,*
Beholds him conquer, but, alas ! not die :
Dresden surveys three despots fly once more
Before their sovereign, — sovereign as before ;
But there exhausted Fortune quits the field,
And Leipsic's treason bids the unvanquished yield ;
The Saxon jackal leaves the lion's side
To turn the bear's, and wolf's, and fox's guide ;
And backward to the den of his despair
The forest monarch shrinks, but finds no lair !

Oh ye ! and each, and all ! Oh France ! who found
Thy long fair fields, ploughed up as hostile ground.
Disputed foot by foot, till treason, still
His only victor, from Montmartre's hill

* [Gustavus Adolphus fell at the great battle of Lutzen, in November, 1632.]

Looked down o'er trampled Paris! and thou Isle,*
Which seest Etruria from thy ramparts smile,
Thou momentary shelter of his pride,
Till wooed by danger, his yet weeping bride!
Oh, France! retaken by a single march,
Whose path was through one long triumphal arch!
Oh, bloody and most bootless Waterloo!
Which proves how fools may have their fortune too,
Won half by blunder, half by treachery:
Oh, dull Saint Helen! with thy gaoler nigh —
Hear! hear Prometheus † from his rock appeal
To earth, air, ocean, all that felt or feel
His power and glory, all who yet shall hear
A name eternal as the rolling year;
He teaches them the lesson taught so long,
So oft, so vainly — learn to do no wrong!
A single step into the right had made
This man the Washington of worlds betrayed:
A single step into the wrong has given
His name a doubt to all the winds of heaven;
The reed of Fortune, and of thrones the rod,
Of Fame the Moloch or the demigod;
His country's Cæsar, Europe's Hannibal,
Without their decent dignity of fall.
Yet Vanity herself had better taught
A surer path even to the fame he sought,

* [The Isle of Elba.]

† [I refer the reader to the first address of Prometheus in Æschylus, when he is left alone by his attendants, and before the arrival of the Chorus of Sea-nymphs.]

By pointing out on history's fruitless page
 Ten thousand conquerors for a single sage.
 While Franklin's quiet memory climbs to heaven,
 Calming the lightning which he thence hath riven,
 Or drawing from the no less kindled earth
 Freedom and peace to that which boasts his birth; *
 While Washington's a watchword, such as ne'er
 Shall sink while there's an echo left to air: †
 While even the Spaniard's thirst of gold and war
 Forgets Pizarro to shout Bolivar!
 Alas! why must the same Atlantic wave
 Which wafted freedom gird a tyrant's grave —
 The king of kings, and yet of slaves the slave,
 Who bursts the chains of millions to renew
 The very fetters which his arm broke through,
 And crushed the rights of Europe and his own,
 To flit between a dungeon and a throne?

VI.

But 'twill not be — the spark's awakened — lo!
 The swarthy Spaniard feels his former glow;
 The same high spirit which beat back the Moor
 Through eight long ages of alternate gore
 Revives — and where? in that avenging clime
 Where Spain was once synonymous with crime,

* [The celebrated motto on a French medal of Franklin was—

“Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis.”]

† [“To be the first man (*not* the Dictator), not the Sylla, but the Washington, or Aristides, the leader in talent and truth, is to be next to the Divinity.” — *Byron's Diary*.]

Where Cortes' and Pizarro's banner flew,
 The infant world redeems her name of "*New*."
 'Tis the *old* aspiration breathed afresh,
 To kindle souls within degraded flesh,
 Such as repulsed the Persian from the shore
 Where Greece *was* — No! she still is Greece once
 more.

One common cause makes myriads of one breast,
 Slaves of the east, or helots of the west;
 On Andes' and on Athos' peaks unfurled,
 The self-same standard streams o'er either world;
 The Athenian wears again Harmodius' sword;*
 The Chili chief abjures his foreign lord;
 The Spartan knows himself once more a Greek,
 Young Freedom plumes the crest of each cacique;
 Debating despots, hemmed on either shore,
 Shrink vainly from the roused Atlantic's roar;
 Through Calpe's strait the rolling tides advance,
 Sweep slightly by the half-tamed land of France,
 Dash o'er the old Spaniard's cradle, and would
 fain

Unite Ausonia to the mighty main:
 But driven from thence awhile, yet not for aye,
 Break o'er th' Ægean, mindful of the day
 Of Salamis! — there, there the waves arise,
 Not to be lulled by tyrant victories.

* [The famous hymn, ascribed to Callistratus:—

“Covered with myrtle-wreaths, I'll wear my sword
 Like brave Harmodius, and his patriot friend
 Aristogeiton, who the laws restored,
 The tyrant slew, and bade oppression end,” etc., etc.]

Lone, lost, abandoned in their utmost need
By Christians, unto whom they gave their creed.
The desolated lands, the ravaged isle,
The fostered feud encouraged to beguile,
The aid evaded, and the cold delay,
Prolonged but in the hope to make a prey ; —
These, these shall tell the tale, and Greece can show
The false friend worse than the infuriate foe.
But this is well : Greeks only should free Greece,
Not the barbarian, with his mask of peace.
How should the autocrat of bondage be
The king of serfs, and set the nations free ?
Better still serve the haughty Mussulman,
Than swell the Cossaque's prowling caravan :
Better still toil for masters, than await,
The slave of slaves, before a Russian gate, —
Numbered by hordes, a human capital,
A live estate, existing but for thrall,
Lotted by thousands, as a meet reward
For the first courtier in the Czar's regard ;
While their immediate owner never tastes
His sleep, *sans* dreaming of Siberia's wastes ;
Better succumb even to their own despair,
And drive the camel than purvey the bear.

VII.

But not alone within the hoariest clime
Where Freedom dates her birth with that of Time,
And not alone where, plunged in night, a crowd
Of Incas darken to a dubious cloud,

The dawn revives : renowned, romantic Spain
Holds back the invader from her soil again.
Not now the Roman tribe nor Punic horde
Demand her fields as lists to prove the sword ;
Not now the Vandal or the Visigoth
Pollute the plains, alike abhorring both ;
Nor old Pelayo on his mountain rears
The warlike fathers of a thousand years.
That seed is sown and reaped, as oft the Moor
Sighs to remember on his dusky shore.
Long in the peasant's song or poet's page
Has dwelt the memory of Abencerrage ;
The Zegri, and the captive victors, flung
Back to the barbarous realm from whence they
sprung.

But these are gone — their faith, their swords, their
sway,

Yet left more anti-christian foes than they :
The bigot monarch and the butcher priest,
The Inquisition, with her burning feast,
The faith's red "auto," fed with human fuel,
While sate the catholic Moloch, calmly cruel,
Enjoying, with inexorable eye,
That fiery festival of agony !
The stern or feeble sovereign, one or both
By turns ; the haughtiness whose pride was sloth :
The long degenerate noble ; the debased
Hidalgo, and the peasant less disgraced,
But more degraded ; the unpeopled realm ;
The once proud navy which forgot the helm ;

The once impervious phalanx disarrayed ;
The idle forge that formed Toledo's blade ;
The foreign wealth that flowed on ev'ry shore,
Save hers who earned it with the natives' gore ;
The very language which might vie with Rome's
And once was known to nations like their homes
Neglected or forgotten : — such was Spain ;
But such she is not, nor shall be again.
These worst, these *home* invaders, felt and feel
The new Numantine soul of old Castile.
Up ! up again ! undaunted Tauridor !
The bull of Phalaris renews his roar ;
Mount, chivalrous Hidalgo ! not in vain
Revive the cry — “ Iago ! and close Spain ! ” *
Yes, close her with your armed bosoms round
And form the barrier which Napoleon found,
The exterminating war, the desert plain,
The streets without a tenant, save the slain ;
The wild sierra, with its wilder troop
Of vulture-plumed guerrillas, on the stoop
For their incessant prey ; the desperate wall
Of Saragossa, mightiest in her fall ;
The man nerved to a spirit, and the maid
Waving her more than Amazonian blade ;
The knife of Arragon, † Toledo's steel ;
The famous lance of chivalrous Castile ;

* [“ Santiago, y serra España ! ” the old Spanish war-cry.]

† The Arragonians are peculiarly dexterous in the use of this weapon, and displayed it particularly in former French wars.

The unerring rifle of the Catalan;
The Andalusian courser in the van;
The torch to make a Moscow of Madrid;
And in each heart the spirit of the Cid:—
Such have been, such shall be, such are. Advance
And win — not Spain, but thine own freedom,
France!

VIII.

But lo! a Congress!* What! that hallowed name
Which freed the Atlantic? May we hope the same
For outworn Europe? With the sound arise,
Like Samuel's shade to Saul's monarchic eyes,
The prophets of young Freedom, summoned far
From climes of Washington and Bolivar;
Henry, the forest-born Demosthenes,
Whose thunder shook the Philip of the seas;
And stoic Franklin's energetic shade,
Robed in the lightnings which his hand allayed;
And Washington, the tyrant-tamer, wake,
To bid us blush for these old chains, or break.
But *who* compose this senate of the few
That should redeem the many? *Who* renew
This consecrated name, till now assigned
To councils held to benefit mankind?
Who now assemble at the holy call?
The blest Alliance, which says three are all!

* [The Congress of the Sovereigns of Russia, Austria, Prussia, etc. etc. etc., which assembled at Verona, in the autumn of 1822.]

An earthly trinity ! which wears the shape
Of heaven's, as man is mimicked by the ape.
A pious unity ! in purpose one —
To melt three fools to a Napoleon.
Why, Egypt's gods were rational to these ;
Their dogs and oxen knew their own degrees,
And, quiet in their kennel or their shed,
Cared little, so that they were duly fed ;
But these, more hungry, must have something more,
The power to bark and bite, to toss and gore,
Ah ! how much happier were good Æsop's frogs
Than we ! for ours are animated logs,
With ponderous malice swaying to and fro,
And crushing nations with a stupid blow ;
All dully anxious to leave little work
Unto the revolutionary stork.

IX.

Thrice blest Verona ! since the holy three
With their imperial presence shine on thee ;
Honored by them, thy treacherous site forgets
The vaunted tomb of "all the Capulets ;" *

* ["I have been over Verona. The amphitheatre is wonderful — beats even Greece. Of the truth of Juliet's story, they seem tenacious to a degree, insisting on the fact — giving a date (1303), and showing a tomb. It is a plain, open, and partly decayed sarcophagus, with withered leaves in it, in a wild and desolate conventual garden, once a cemetery, now ruined to the very graves. The situation struck me as very appropriate to the legend, being blighted as their love. I have brought away a few pieces of the granite, to give to my daughter and my nieces. The Gothic

Thy Scaligers — for what was “Dog the Great,”
 “Can Grande,” * (which I venture to translate,)
 To these sublimer pugs? Thy poet too,
 Catullus, whose old laurels yield to new;
 Thine amphitheatre, where Romans sate;
 And Dante’s exile sheltered by thy gate;
 Thy good old man, whose world was all within
 Thy wall, nor knew the country held him in: †
 Would that the royal guests it girds about
 Were so far like, as never to get out!
 Ay, shout! inscribe! rear monuments of shame,
 To tell Oppression that the world is tame
 Crowd to the theatre with loyal rage,
 The comedy is not upon the stage;
 The show is rich in ribandry and stars,
 Then gaze upon it through thy dungeon bars;
 Clap thy permitted palms, kind Italy,
 For thus much still thy fettered hands are free!

X.

Resplendent sight! Behold the coxcomb Czar, ‡
 The autocrat of waltzes and of war!
 As eager for a plaudit as a realm,
 And just as fit for flirting as the helm;

monuments of the Scaliger princes pleased me, but ‘a poor virtuoso am I.’ ” — *Byron’s Letters*, Nov. 1816.]

* [Cane I. Della Scala, surnamed the Great, died in 1329: he was the protector of Dante, who celebrated him as “il Gran Lombardo.”]

† [Claudian’s famous old man of Verona, “qui suburbium nunquam egressus est.”]

‡ [The Emperor Alexander; who died in 1825.]

A Calmuck beauty with a Cossack wit,
And generous spirit, when 'tis not frost-bit ;
Now half dissolving to a liberal thaw,
But hardened back when'er the morning's raw ;
With no objection to true liberty,
Except that it would make the nations free.
How well the imperial dandy prates of peace !
How fain, if Greeks would be his slaves, free
Greece !

How nobly gave he back the Poles their Diet,
'Then told pugnacious Poland to be quiet !
How kindly would he send the mild Ukraine,
With all her pleasant pulks, to lecture Spain !
How royally show off in proud Madrid
His goodly person, from the South long hid !
A blessing cheaply purchased, the world knows,
By having Muscovites for friends or foes.
Proceed, thou namesake of great Philips's son !
La Harpe, thine Aristotle, beckons on ;
And that which Scythia was to him of yore
Find with thy Scythians on Iberia's shore.
Yet think upon, thou somewhat aged youth,
Thy predecessor on the banks of Pruth ;
Thou hast to aid thee, should his lot be thine,
Many an old woman, but no Catherine.*
Spain, too, hath rocks, and rivers, and defiles —
The bear may rush into the lion's toils.

* The dexterity of Catherine extricated Peter (called the Great by courtesy), when surrounded by the Mussulmans on the banks of the river Pruth.

Fatal to Goths are Xeres' sunny fields ;
Think'st thou to thee Napoleon's victor yields ?
Better reclaim thy deserts, turn thy swords
To ploughshares, shave and wash thy Bashkir hordes,
Redeem thy realms from slavery and the knout,
Than follow headlong in the fatal route,
To infest the clime whose skies and laws are pure
With thy foul legions. Spain wants no manure :
Her soil is fertile, but she feeds no foe ;
Her vultures, too, were gorged not long ago ;
And wouldst thou furnish them with fresher prey ?
Alas ! thou wilt not conquer, but purvey.
I am Diogenes, though Russ and Hun
Stand between mine and many a myriad's sun ;
But were I not Diogenes, I'd wander
Rather a worm than *such* an Alexander !
Be slaves who will, the cynic shall be free ;
His tub hath tougher walls than Sinopè :
Still will he hold his lantern up to scan
The face of monarchs for an "honest man."

XI.

And what doth Gaul, the all-prolific land
Of *ne plus ultra* ultras and their band
Of mercenaries ? and her noisy chambers
And tribune, which each orator first clambers
Before he finds a voice, and when 't is found,
Hears "the lie" echo for his answer round ?
Our British Commons sometimes deign to "hear !"
A Gallic senate hath more tongue than ear ;

Even Constant, their sole master of debate,
 Must fight next day his speech to vindicate.
 But this costs little to true Franks, who had rather
 Combat than listen, were it to their father.
 What is the simple standing of a shot,
 To listening long, and interrupting not?
 Though this was not the method of old Rome,
 When Tully fulminated o'er each vocal dome,
 Demosthenes has sanctioned the transaction,
 In saying eloquence meant "Action, action!"

XII.

But where's the monarch? hath he dined? or yet
 Groans beneath indigestion's heavy debt?
 Have revolutionary patés risen,
 And turned the royal entrails to a prison?
 Have discontented movements stirred the troops?
 Or have *no* movements followed traitorous soups?
 Have Carbonaro cooks not carbonadoed
 Each course enough? or doctors dire dissuaded
 Repletion? Ah! in thy dejected looks
 I read all France's treason in her cooks!
 Good classic Louis! is it, canst thou say,
 Desirable to be the "Desiré?"
 Why wouldst thou leave calm Hartwell's green
 abode,*
 Apician table, and Horatian ode,

* [Hartwell, in Buckinghamshire—the residence of Louis XVIII. during the latter years of the Emigration.]

To rule a people who will not be ruled,
And love much rather to be scourged than
schooled?

Ah! thine was not the temper or the taste
For thrones; the table sees thee better placed:
A mild Epicurean, formed, at best,
To be a kind host and as good a guest,
To talk of letters, and to know by heart
One *half* the poet's, *all* the gourmand's art;
A scholar always, now and then a wit,
And gentle when digestion may permit;—
But not to govern lands enslaved or free;
The gout was martyrdom enough for thee.

XIII.

Shall noble Albion pass without a phrase
From a bold Briton in her wonted praise?
“Arts — arms — and George — and glory — and
the isles —
And happy Britain — wealth — and Freedom's
smiles —
White cliffs, that held invasion far aloof —
Contented subjects, all alike tax-proof —
Proud Wellington, with eagle beak so curled,
That nose, the hook where he suspends the world! *
And Waterloo — and trade — and —— (hush! not yet
A syllable of imposts or of debt) ——

* “Naso suspendit adunco.” — *Horace*.

The Roman applies it to one who merely was imperious to his acquaintance.

And ne'er (enough) lamented Castlereagh,
 Whose penknife slit a goose-quill t' other day —
 And 'pilots who have weathered every storm' — *
 (But, no, not even for rhyme's sake, name Re-
 form)."

These are the themes thus sung so oft before,
 Methinks we need not sing them any more ;
 Found in so many volumes far and near,
 There's no occasion you should find them here.
 Yet something may remain perchance to chime
 With reason, and, what's stranger still, with rhyme.
 Even this thy genius, Canning ! may permit,
 Who, bred a statesman, still wast born a wit,
 And never, even in that dull House, couldst tame
 To unleavened prose thine own poetic flame ;
 Our last, our best, our only orator,†
 Even I can praise thee — Tories do no more :
 Nay, not so much ; — they hate thee, man, because
 Thy spirit less upholds them than it awes.

* ["The Pilot that weathered the storm," is the burden of a song in honor of Pitt, by Canning.]

† ["I have never heard any one who fulfilled my ideal of an orator. Grattan would have been near it, but for his harlequin delivery. Pitt I never heard — Fox but once ; and then he struck me as a debater, which to me seems as different from an orator as an improvisatore or a versifier from a poet. Grey is great, but it is not oratory. Canning is sometimes very like one. Whitbread was the Demosthenes of bad taste and vulgar vehemence, but strong, and English. Holland is impressive from sense and sincerity. Burdett is sweet and silvery as Belial himself, and, I think, the greatest favorite in Pandemonium." — *Byron's Diary*, 1831.]

The hounds will gather to their huntsman's hollo,
And where he leads the duteous pack will follow;
But not for love mistake their yelling cry;
Their yelp for game is not an eulogy;
Less faithful far than the four-footed pack,
A dubious scent would lure the bipeds back.
Thy saddle-girths are not yet quite secure,
Nor royal stallion's feet extremely sure;*
The unwieldy old white horse is apt at last
To stumble, kick, and now and then stick fast
With his great self and rider in the mud:
But what of that? the animal shows blood.

XIV.

Alas, the country! how shall tongue or pen
Bewail her now *uncountry* gentlemen?
The last to bid the cry of warfare cease,
The first to make a malady of peace.
For what were all these country patriots born?
To hunt, and vote, and raise the price of corn?
But corn, like every mortal thing, must fall,
Kings, conquerors, and markets most of all.

* [On the suicide of Lord Londonderry, in August, 1822, Mr. Canning, who had prepared to sail for India as Governor-General, was made Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs,—not much, it was alleged, to the personal satisfaction of George the Fourth, or of the high Tories in the cabinet. He lived to verify some of the predictions of the poet—to abandon the *foreign* policy of his predecessor—to break up the Tory party by a coalition with the Whigs—and to prepare the way for *Reform* in Parliament.]

And must ye fall with every ear of grain?
Why would you trouble Buonaparte's reign?
He was your great Triptolemus; his vices [prices;
Destroyed but realms, and still maintained your
He amplified to every lord's content
The grand agrarian alchymy, high *rent*.
Why did the tyrant stumble on the Tartars,
And lower wheat to such desponding quarters?
Why did you chain him on yon isle so lone?
The man was worth much more upon his throne.
True, blood and treasure boundlessly were spilt.
But what of that? the Gaul may bear the guilt:
But bread was high, the farmer paid his way,
And acres told upon the appointed day.
But where is now the goodly audit ale?
The purse-proud tenant, never known to fail?
The farm which never yet was left on hand?
The marsh reclaimed to most improving land?
The impatient hope of the expiring lease?
The doubling rental? What an evil's peace!
In vain the prize excites the ploughman's skill,
In vain the Commons pass their patriot bill;
The *landed interest* — (you may understand
The phrase much better leaving out the *land*) —
The land self-interest groans from shore to shore,
For fear that plenty should attain the poor.
Up, up again, ye rents! exalt your notes,
Or else the ministry will lose their votes,
And patriotism, so delicately nice,
Her loaves will lower to the market price;

For ah! "the loaves and fishes," once so high,
Are gone — their oven closed, their ocean dry,
And nought remains of all the millions spent,
Excepting to grow moderate and content.
They who are not so, *had* their turn — and turn
About still flows from Fortune's equal urn;
Now let their virtue be its own reward,
And share the blessings which themselves prepared
See these inglorious Cincinnati swarm,
Farmers of war, dictators of the farm;
Their ploughshare was the sword in hireling hands,
Their fields manured by gore of other lands;
Safe in their barns, these Sabine tillers sent
Their brethren out to battle — why? for rent!
Year after year they voted cent. per cent.,
Blood, sweat, and tear-wrung millions — why? for
rent!
They roared, they dined, they drank, they swore
they meant
To die for England — why then live? — for rent!
The peace has made one general malcontent
Of these high-market patriots; war was rent!
Their love of country, millions all mis-spent,
How reconcile? by reconciling rent!
And will they not repay the treasures lent?
No: down with every thing, and up with rent!
Their good, ill, health, wealth, joy, or discontent,
Being, end, aim, religion — rent, rent, rent!
Thou sold'st thy birthright, Esau! for a mess;
Thou shouldst have gotten more, or eaten less;

Now thou hast swilled thy pottage, thy demands
Are idle ; Israel says the bargain stands.
Such, landlords ! was your appetite for war,
And, gorged with blood, you grumble at a scar !
What ! would they spread their earthquake even
o'er cash ?

And when land crumbles, bid firm paper crash ?
So rent may rise, bid bank and nation fall,
And found on 'Change a *Fundling* Hospital ?
Lo, Mother Church, while all religion writhes,
Like Niobe, weeps o'er her offspring, Tithes ;
The prelates go to — where the saints have gone,
And proud pluralities subside to one ;
Church, state, and faction wrestle in the dark,
Tossed by the deluge in their common ark.
Shorn of her bishops, banks, and dividends,
Another Babel soars — but Britain ends.
And why ? to pamper the self-seeking wants,
And prop the hill of these agrarian ants.
“ Go to these ants, thou sluggard, and be wise ; ”
Admire their patience through each sacrifice,
Till taught to feel the lesson of their pride,
The price of taxes and of homicide ;
Admire their justice, which would fain deny
The debt of nations : — pray *who made it high ?*

XV.

Or turn to sail between those shifting rocks,
The new Symplegades — the crushing Stocks,

Where Midas might again his wish behold
In real paper or imagined gold.
That magic palace of Alcina shows
More wealth than Britain ever had to lose,
Were all her atoms of unleavened ore,
And all her pebbles from Pactolus' shore.
There Fortune plays, while Rumor holds the stake,
And the world trembles to bid brokers break.
How rich is Britain ! not indeed in mines,
Or peace or plenty, corn or oil, or wines ;
No land of Canaan, full of milk and honey,
Ner (save in paper shekels) ready money :
But let us not to own the truth refuse,
Was ever Christian land so rich in Jews ?
Those parted with their teeth to good King John,
And now, ye kings ! they kindly draw your own ;
All states, all things, all sovereigns they control,
And waft a loan "from Indus to the pole."
The banker — broker — baron * — brethren, speed
To aid these bankrupt tyrants in their need.
Nor these alone ; Columbia feels no less
Fresh speculations follow each success ;
And philanthropic Israel deigns to drain
Her mild per-centage from exhausted Spain.
Not without Abraham's seed can Russia march ;
'Tis gold, not steel, that rears the conqueror's arch.
Two Jews, a chosen people, can command
In every realm their scripture-promised land : —

* [Baron Rothschild.]

Two Jews keep down the Romans, and uphold
The accursed Hun, more brutal than of old :
Two Jews — but not Samaritans — direct
The world, with all the spirit of their sect.
What is the happiness of earth to them ?
A congress forms their “New Jerusalem,”
Where baronies and orders both invite —
Oh, holy Abraham ! dost thou see the sight ?
Thy followers mingling with these royal swine,
Who spit not “on their Jewish gaberdine,”
But honor them as portion of the show —
(Where now, oh pope ! is thy forsaken toe ?
Could it not favor Judah with some kicks ?
Or has it ceased to “kick against the pricks ?”)
On Shylock’s shore behold them stand afresh,
To cut from nations’ hearts their “pound of flesh.”

XVI.

Strange sight this Congress ! destined to unite
All that’s incongruous, all that’s opposite.
I speak not of the Sovereigns — they’re alike,
A common coin as ever mint could strike :
But those who sway the puppets, pull the strings,
Have more of motley than their heavy kings.
Jews, authors, generals, charlatans, combine,
While Europe wonders at the vast design :
There Metternich, power’s foremost parasite,
Cajoles ; there Wellington forgets to fight ;

There Chateaubriand forms new books of martyrs ; *
 And subtle Greeks † intrigue for stupid Tartars ;
 There Montmorenci, the sworn foe to charters, ‡
 Turns a diplomatist of great eclat,
 To furnish articles for the " Débats ;
 Of war so certain — yet not quite so sure
 As his dismissal in the " Moniteur."
 Alas ! how could his cabinet thus err ?
 Can peace be worth an ultra-minister ?
 He falls indeed, perhaps to rise again,
 " Almost as quickly as he conquered Spain." §

XVII.

Enough of this — a sight more mournful woos
 The averted eye of the reluctant muse.
 The imperial daughter, the imperial bride,
 The imperial victim — sacrifice to pride ;
 The mother of the hero's hope, the boy,
 The young Astyanax of modern Troy ;
 The still pale shadow of the loftiest queen
 That earth has yet to see, or e'er hath seen ;

* Monsieur Chateaubriand, who has not forgotten the author in the minister, received a handsome compliment at Verona from a literary sovereign: " Ah ! Monsieur C., are you related to that Chateaubriand who — who — who has written *something* ? " (*écrit quelque chose !*) It is said that the author of *Atala* repented him for a moment of his legitimacy.

† [Count Capo d'Istria — afterwards President of Greece. The Count was murdered, in September, 1831, by the brother and son of a Mainote chief whom he had imprisoned.]

‡ [The Duke de Montmorenci-Laval.]

§ [From Pope's verses on Lord Peterborough.]

She flits amidst the phantoms of the hour,
The theme of pity, and the wreck of power.
Oh, cruel mockery! Could not Austria spare
A daughter? What did France's widow there?
Her fitter place was by St. Helen's wave,
Her only throne is in Napoleon's grave.
But, no, — she still must hold a petty reign,
Flanked by her formidable chamberlain;
The martial Argus, whose not hundred eyes
Must watch her through these paltry pageantries.*
What though she share no more, and shared in vain,
A sway surpassing that of Charlemagne,
Which swept from Moscow to the southern seas!
Yet still she rules the pastoral realm of cheese,
Where Parma views the traveller resort
To note the trappings of her mimic court.
But she appears! Verona sees her shorn
Of all her beams — while nations gaze and mourn —
Ere yet her husband's ashes have had time
To chill in their inhospitable clime;
(If e'er those awful ashes can grow cold; —
But no, their embers soon will burst the mould;)
She comes! — the Andromache (but not Racine's,
Nor Homer's,) — Lo! on Pyrrhus' arm she leans!
Yes! the right arm, yet red from Waterloo,
Which cut her lord's half-shattered sceptre through,
Is offered and accepted! Could a slave
Do more? or less? — and *he* in his new grave!

* [Count Neipperg, chamberlain and second husband to Maria-Louisa, had but one eye. The count died in 1831.]

Her eye, her cheek, betray no inward strife,
 And the *ex*-empress grow as *ex* a wife!
 So much for human ties in royal breasts!
 Why spare men's feelings, when their own are jests?

XVIII.

But, tired of foreign follies, I turn home,
 And sketch the group — the picture's yet to come.
 My muse 'gan weep, but, ere a tear was spilt,
 She caught Sir William Curtis in a kilt!
 While thronged the chiefs of every Highland clan
 To hail their brother, Vich Ian Alderman!
 Guildhall grows Gael, and echoes with Erse roar,
 While all the Common Council cry "Claymore!"
 To see proud Albyn's tartans as a belt
 Gird the gross sirloin of a city Celt,*
 She burst into a laughter so extreme,
 That I awoke — and lo! it was *no* dream!

Here, reader, will we pause: — if there's no harm in
 This first — you'll have, perhaps, a second "*Car-*
men."

* [George the Fourth is said to have been somewhat annoyed, on entering the levee-room at Holyrood (Aug. 1822) in full Stuart tartan, to see only one figure similarly attired (and of similar bulk) — that of Sir William Curtis. The city knight had every thing complete — even the *knife* stuck in the garter. He asked the King, if he did not think him well dressed. "Yes!" replied his Majesty, "only you have no *spoon* in your *hose*." The devourer of turtle had a fine engraving executed of himself in his Celtic attire.]

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

A ROMANT.

L'univers est une espèce de livre, dont on n'a lu que la première page quand on n'a vu que son pays. J'en ai feuilleté un assez grand nombre, que j'ai trouvé également mauvaises. Cet examen ne m'a point été infructueux. Je haïssais ma patrie. Toutes les impertinences des peuples divers, parmi lesquels j'ai vécu, m'ont réconcilié avec elle. Quand je n'aurais tiré d'autre bénéfice de mes voyages que celui-là, je n'en regretterais ni les frais ni les fatigues.

LE COSMOPOLITE.*

* [Par M. de Montbron, Paris, 1798. Byron somewhere calls it "an amusing little volume, full of French flippancy."]

CHINESE BANKING

The Chinese banking system has been undergoing a rapid transformation in recent years. The government has been actively promoting the development of modern banking institutions, and the private sector has responded with enthusiasm. This has led to a significant increase in the number of banks and the amount of capital available for lending. The government has also been working to improve the regulatory framework for the banking industry, and to enhance the transparency and accountability of financial institutions. These efforts have helped to create a more stable and efficient banking system, which is now better equipped to support the country's economic growth.

P R E F A C E

TO THE FIRST AND SECOND CANTOS.

THE following poem was written, for the most part, amidst the scenes which it attempts to describe. It was begun in Albania; and the parts relative to Spain and Portugal were composed from the author's observations in those countries. Thus much it may be necessary to state for the correctness of the descriptions. The scenes attempted to be sketched are in Spain, Portugal, Epirus, Acarnania, and Greece. There, for the present, the poem stops: its reception will determine whether the author may venture to conduct his readers to the capital of the East, through Ionia and Phrygia: these two cantos are merely experimental.

A fictitious character is introduced for the sake of giving some connection to the piece; which, however, makes no pretension to regularity. It has been suggested to me by friends, on whose opinions I set a high value, that in this fictitious character, "Childe Harold," I may incur the suspicion of having intended some real personage: this I beg leave, once for all, to disclaim — Harold is the child of imagina-

tion, for the purpose I have stated. In some very trivial particulars, and those merely local, there might be grounds for such a notion; but in the main points, I should hope, none whatever.

It is almost superfluous to mention that the appellation "Childe," as "Childe Waters," "Childe Childers," etc. is used as more consonant with the old structure of versification which I have adopted. The "Good Night," in the beginning of the first canto, was suggested by "Lord Maxwell's Good Night," in the *Border Minstrelsy*, edited by Mr. Scott.

With the different poems which have been published on Spanish subjects, there may be found some slight coincidence in the first part which treats of the Peninsula, but it can only be casual; as, with the exception of a few concluding stanzas, the whole of this poem was written in the Levant.

The stanza of Spenser, according to one of our most successful poets, admits of every variety. Dr. Beattie makes the following observation:—"Not long ago I began a poem in the style and stanza of Spenser, in which I propose to give full scope to my inclination, and be either droll or pathetic, descriptive or sentimental, tender or satirical, as the humor strikes me; for, if I mistake not, the measure which I have adopted admits equally of all these kinds of composition."* — Strengthened in my opinion by such authority, and by the example of some in the

* Beattie's Letters.

highest order of Italian poets, I shall make no apology for attempts at similar variations in the following composition; satisfied that, if they are unsuccessful, their failure must be in the execution, rather than in the design sanctioned by the practice of Ariosto, Thomson, and Beattie.

London, February, 1812.

A D D I T I O N
T O T H E P R E F A C E.

I HAVE now waited till almost all our periodical journals have distributed their usual portion of criticism. To the justice of the generality of their criticisms I have nothing to object: it would ill become me to quarrel with their very slight degree of censure, when, perhaps, if they had been less kind they had been more candid. Returning, therefore, to all and each my best thanks for their liberality, on one point alone shall I venture an observation. Amongst the many objections justly urged to the very indifferent character of the “vagrant Childe” (whom, notwithstanding many hints to the contrary, I still maintain to be a fictitious personage), it has been stated that, besides the anachronism, he is very *unknightly*, as the times of the Knights were times of Love, Honor, and so forth. Now, it so happens that the good old times, when “l’amour du bon vieux tems, l’amour antique” flourished, were the most profligate of all possible centuries. Those who have any doubts on this subject may consult Sainte-Palaye, *passim*, and more particularly vol. ii. p. 69. The

vows of chivalry were no better kept than any other vows whatsoever; and the songs of the Troubadours were not more decent, and certainly were much less refined, than those of Ovid. The “Cours d’amour, parlemens d’amour, ou de courtesie et de gentillesse” had much more of love than of courtesy or gentleness. See Roland on the same subject with Sainte-Palaye. Whatever other objection may be urged to that most unamiable personage, Childe Harold, he was so far perfectly knightly in his attributes — “No waiter, but a knight templar.”* By the by, I fear that Sir Tristrem and Sir Lancelot were no better than they should be, although very poetical personages and true knights “sans peur,” though not “sans reproche.” If the story of the institution of the “Garter” be not a fable, the knights of that order have for several centuries borne the badge of a Countess of Salisbury, of indifferent memory. So much for chivalry. Burke need not have regretted that its days are over, though Marie-Antoinette was quite as chaste as most of those in whose honors lances were shivered, and knights unhorsed.

Before the days of Bayard, and down to those of Sir Joseph Banks † (the most chaste and celebrated of ancient and modern times), few exceptions will be found to this statement; and I fear

* The Rovers, or the Double Arrangement.” *Anti-jacobin*.

† [This compliment to Banks was ironical. His affairs with the women of Otaheite, during Cook’s first voyage, had long been the subject of raillery in England.]

a little investigation will teach us not to regret these monstrous mummeries of the middle ages.

I now leave "Childe Harold" to live his day, such as he is; it had been more agreeable, and certainly more easy, to have drawn an amiable character. It had been easy to varnish over his faults, to make him do more and express less, but he never was intended as an example, further than to show, that early perversion of mind and morals leads to satiety of past pleasures and disappointment in new ones, and that even the beauties of nature, and the stimulus of travel (except ambition, the most powerful of all excitements) are lost on a soul so constituted, or rather misdirected. Had I proceeded with the poem, this character would have deepened as he drew to the close; for the outline which I once meant to fill up for him was, with some exceptions, the sketch of a modern Timon,* perhaps a poetical Zeluco.†

London, 1813.

* [In one of his early poems — "Childish Recollections," — Byron compares himself to the Athenian misanthrope; —

"Weary of Love, of Life, devoured with spleen,
I rest a perfect Timon, not nineteen," etc.]

† [It was Dr. Moore's object, in this powerful romance, to trace the fatal effects resulting from a fond mother's unconditional compliance with the humors and passions of an only child. With high advantages of person, birth, fortune, and ability, Zeluco is represented as miserable, through every scene of life, owing to the spirit of unbridled self-indulgence thus pampered in infancy.]

TO IANTHE.*

Not in those climes where I have late been
 straying,
Though Beauty long hath there been matchless
 deemed;
Not in those visions to the heart displaying
Forms which it sighs but to have only dreamed,
Hath aught like thee in truth or fancy seemed:
Nor, having seen thee, shall I vainly seek
To paint those charms which varied as they
 beamed —
To such as see thee not my words were weak;
To those who gaze on thee what language could
 they speak?

Ah! may'st thou ever be what now thou art,
Nor unbeseem the promise of thy spring,
As fair in form, as warm yet pure in heart,
Love's image upon earth without his wing,

* [Lady Charlotte Harley, afterwards Lady Charlotte Bacon, second daughter of the Earl of Oxford, in the autumn of 1812, when these lines were addressed to her, had not completed her eleventh year. Her juvenile beauty has been preserved in a portrait which Westall painted at Byron's request.]

And guileless beyond Hope's imagining!
And surely she who now so fondly rears
Thy youth, in thee, thus hourly brightening,
Beholds the rainbow of her future years,
Before whose heavenly hues all sorrow disappears.

Young Peri of the West!—'tis well for me
My years already doubly number thine;
My loveless eye unmoved may gaze on thee,
And safely view thy ripening beauties shine:
Happy, I ne'er shall see them in decline;
Happier, that while all younger hearts shall bleed,
Mine shall escape the doom thine eyes assign
To those whose admiration shall succeed,
But mixed with pangs to Love's even loveliest hours
decreed.

Oh! let that eye, which, wild as the Gazelle's,
Now brightly bold or beautifully shy,
Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells,
Glance o'er this page, nor to my verse deny
That smile for which my breast might vainly sigh,
Could I to thee be ever more than friend:
This much, dear maid, accord; nor question why
To one so young my strain I would commend,
But bid me with my wreath one matchless lily blend.

Such is thy name with this my verse entwined;
And long as kinder eyes a look shall cast
On Harold's page, Ianthé's here enshrined
Shall thus be first beheld, forgotten last:

My days once numbered, should this homage past
Attract thy fairy fingers near the lyre
Of him who hailed thee, loveliest as thou wast,
Such is the most my memory may desire ;
Though more than Hope can claim, could Friendship
less require ?

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

OH, thou! in Hellas deemed of heavenly birth,
Muse! formed or fabled at the minstrel's will:
Since shamed full oft by later lyres on earth,
Mine dares not call thee from thy sacred hill:
Yet there I've wandered by thy vaunted rill;
Yes! sighed o'er Delphi's long deserted shrine,*
Where, save that feeble fountain, all is still;
Nor mote my shell awake the weary Nine
To grace so plain a tale — this lowly lay of mine.

* The little village of Castri stands partly on the site of Delphi. Along the path of the mountain, from Chrysso, are the remains of sepulchres hewn in and from the rock. "One," said the guide, "of a king who broke his neck hunting." His majesty had certainly chosen the fittest spot for such an achievement. A little above Castri is a cave, supposed the Pythian, of immense depth; the upper part of it is paved, and now a cow-house. On the other side of Castri stands a Greek monastery; some way above which is the cleft in the rock, with a range of caverns difficult of ascent, and apparently leading to the interior of the mountain; probably to the Corycian Cavern mentioned by Pausanias. From this part descend the fountain and the "Dews of Castalie." — ["We were sprinkled," says Hobhouse, "with the spray of the immortal rill, and here, if anywhere,

II.

Whilome in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth,
Who ne in virtue's ways did take delight;
But spent his days in riot most uncouth,
And vexed with mirth the drowsy ear of Night.
Ah, me! in sooth he was a shameless wight,
Sore given to revel and ungodly glee;
Few earthly things found favor in his sight,
Save concubines and carnal companie,
And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree.

III.

Childe Harold was he hight:—but whence his
name
And lineage long, it suits me not to say;
Suffice it, that perchance they were of fame,
And had been glorious in another day:
But one sad losel soils a name for aye,
However mighty in the olden time;
Nor all that heralds rake from confined clay,
Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

IV.

Childe Harold basked him in the noontide sun,
Disporting there like any other fly,
Nor deemed before his little day was done
One blast might chill him into misery.

should have felt the poetic inspiration: we drank deep, too, of the spring; but—(I can answer for myself)—without feeling sensible of any extraordinary effect.”]

But long ere scarce a third of his passed by,
Worse than adversity the Childe befell ;
He felt the fulness of satiety :
Then loathed he in his native land to dwell, [cell.
Which seemed to him more lone than Eremite's sad

V.

For he through Sin's long labyrinth had run,
Nor made atonement when he did amiss,
Had sighed to many though he loved but one,
And that loved one, alas ! could ne'er be his.
Ah, happy she ! to 'scape from him whose kiss
Had been pollution unto aught so chaste ;
Who soon had left her charms for vulgar bliss,
And spoiled her goodly lands to gild his waste,
Nor calm domestic peace had ever deigned to taste.

VI.

And now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart,
And from his fellow bacchanals would flee ;
'Tis said, at times the sullen tear would start,
But Pride congealed the drop within his ee :
Apart he stalked in joyless reverie,
And from his native land resolved to go,
And visit scorching climes beyond the sea ;
With pleasure drugged, he almost longed for woe,
And e'en for change of scene would seek the * shades
below.

* [In these stanzas, and indeed throughout his works, we must not accept too literally Byron's testimony against himself — he took a morbid pleasure in darkening every shadow of his self-portraiture. His life at Newstead had, no doubt, been, in some points.

VII.

The Childe departed from his father's hall :
It was a vast and venerable pile ;
So old, it seemed only not to fall,
Yet strength was pillared in each massy aisle.
Monastic dome ! condemned to uses vile !
Where Superstition once had made her den
Now Paphian girls were known to sing and smile ;
And monks might deem their time was come agen,
If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men.

VIII.

Yet oft-times in his maddest mirthful mood
Strange pangs would flash along Childe Harold's
brow,
As if the memory of some deadly feud
Or disappointed passion lurked below :
But this none knew, nor haply cared to know ;
For his was not that open, artless soul
That feels relief by bidding sorrow flow,
Nor sought he friend to counsel or condole,
Whate'er this grief mote be, which he could not
control.

loose and irregular enough ; but it certainly never exhibited any thing of the profuse and Sultanic luxury which the language in the text might seem to indicate. In fact, the narrowness of his means at the time the verses refer to would alone have precluded this. His household economy, while he remained at the Abbey, is known to have been conducted on a very moderate scale ; and, besides, his usual companions, though far from being averse to convivial indulgences, were not only, as Moore says, "of habits and tastes too intellectual for mere vulgar debauchery," but, assuredly, quite incapable of playing the parts of flatterers and parasites.]

IX.

And none did love him — though to hall and bower
He gathered revellers from far and near,
He knew them flatterers of the festal hour ;
The heartless parasites of present cheer.
Yea ! none did love him — not his lemans dear ---
But pomp and power alone are woman's care,
And where these are light Eros finds a fere ;
Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where Seraphs might
despair.

X.

Childe Harold had a mother — not forgot,
Though parting from that mother he did shun ,
A sister whom he loved, but saw her not
Before his weary pilgrimage begun :
If friends he had, he bade adieu to none.
Yet deem not thence his breast a breast of steel :
Ye, who have known what 'tis to dote upon
A few dear objects, will in sadness feel
Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to
heal.

XI.

His house, his home, his heritage, his lands,
The laughing dames in whom he did delight,
Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and snowy
hands,
Might shake the saintship of an anchorite,

And long had fed his youthful appetite ;
His goblets brimmed with every costly wine,
And all that mote to luxury invite,
Without a sigh he left, to cross the brine,
And traverse Paynim shores, and pass Earth's central
line.*

XII.

The sails were filled, and fair the light winds blew,
As glad to waft him from his native home ;
And fast the white rocks faded from his view,
And soon were lost in circumambient foam :
And then, it may be, of his wish to roam
Repented he, but in his bosom slept
The silent thought, nor from his lips did come
One word of wail, whilst others sate and wept,
And to the reckless gales unmanly moaning kept.

XIII.

But when the sun was sinking in the sea
He seized his harp, which he at times could string,
And strike, albeit with untaught melody,
When deemed he no strange ear was listening :
And now his fingers o'er it he did fling,
And tuned his farewell in the dim twilight.
While flew the vessel on her snowy wing,
And fleeting shores receded from his sight,
'Thus to the elements he poured his last "Good
Night."

* [Byron originally intended to visit India.]

1.

“ADIEU, adieu! my native shore
Fades o’er the waters blue;
The Night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
Yon Sun that sets upon the sea
We follow in his flight;
Farewell awhile to him and thee,
My native Land — Good Night!

2.

“A few short hours and he will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth.
Deserted is my own good hall,
Its hearth is desolate;
Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;
My dog howls at the gate.

3.

“Come hither, hither, my little page! *
Why dost thou weep and wail?
Or dost thou dread the billows’ rage,
Or tremble at the gale?

* [This “little page” was Robert Rushton, the son of one of Byron’s tenants. “I take Robert with me,” says the poet, in a letter to his mother; “I like him, because, like myself, he seems a friendless animal.” The boy, being sickly, Byron, on reaching Gibraltar, sent him back to England.]

But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;
Our ship is swift and strong:
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly
More merrily along."

4.

"Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,
I fear not wave nor wind;
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I
Am sorrowful in mind;
For I have from my father gone,
A mother whom I love,
And have no friend, save these alone,
But thee — and one above.

5.

"My father blessed me fervently,
Yet did not much complain;
But sorely will my mother sigh
Till I come back again." —
"Enough, enough, my little lad!
Such tears become thine eye;
If I thy guileless bosom had,
Mine own would not be dry.*

* [Here follows in the original MS.: —

"My Mother is a high-born dame,
And much misliketh me;
She saith my riot bringeth shame
On all my ancestry:
I had a sister once I ween,
Whose tears perhaps will flow;
But her fair face I have not seen
For three long years and moe."]

6.

“Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,*
Why dost thou look so pale?
Or dost thou dread a French foeman?
Or shiver at the gale?”
“Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;
But thinking on an absent wife
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

7.

“My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,
Along the bordering lake,
And when they on their father call,
What answer shall she make?”
“Enough, enough, my yeoman good,
Thy grief let none gainsay;
But I, who am of lighter mood,
Will laugh to flee away.

* [William Fletcher, his faithful valet. This unsophisticated “yeoman” was a constant source of pleasantry to his master:—*e. g.* “Fletcher,” he says, in a letter to his mother, “is not valiant: he requires comforts that I can dispense with, and sighs for beer, and beef, and tea, and his wife, and the devil knows what besides. We were one night lost in a thunder-storm, and since, nearly wrecked. In both cases he was sorely bewildered; from apprehensions of famine and banditti in the first, and drowning in the second instance. His eyes were a little hurt by the lightning, or crying, I don't know which. I did what I could to console him, but found him incorrigible. He sends six sighs to Sally. I shall settle him in a farm; for he has served me faithfully, and Sally is a good woman.”]

8.

“ For who would trust the seeming sighs
Of wife or paramour?
Fresh feres will dry the bright blue eyes
We late saw streaming o’er.
For pleasures past I do not grieve,
Nor perils gathering near;
My greatest grief is that I leave
No thing that claims a tear.

9.

“ And now I ’m in the world alone,
Upon the wide, wide sea:
But why should I for others groan,
When none will sigh for me?
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,
Till fed by stranger hands;
But long ere I come back again
He ’d tear me where he stands.*

10.

“ With thee, my bark, I ’ll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear’st me to,
So not again to mine.

* [Here follows in the original MS: —

“ Methinks it would my bosom glad,
To change my proud estate,
And be again a laughing lad
With one beloved playmate.
Since youth I scarce have passed an hour
Without disgust or pain,
Except sometimes in Lady’s bower,
Or when the bowl I drain.”]

Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves !
And when you fail my sight,
Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves !
My native Land — Good Night !” *

XIV.

On, on the vessel flies, the land is gone,
And winds are rude in Biscay's sleepless bay.
Four days are sped, but with the fifth, anon,
New shores descried make every bosom gay ;
And Cintra's mountain greets them on their way,
And Tagus dashing onward to the deep,
His fabled golden tribute bent to pay ;
And soon on board the Lusian pilots leap, [reap.
And steer 'twixt fertile shores where yet few rustics

* [Originally, the “ little page ” and the “ yeoman ” were introduced in the following stanzas : —

“ And of his train there was a henchman page,
A peasant boy, who served his master well ;
And often would his pranksome prate engage
Childe Harold's ear, when his proud heart did swell
With sable thoughts that he disdained to tell.
Then would he smile on him, and Alwin smiled,
When aught that from his young lips archly fell
The gloomy film from Harold's eye beguiled ;
And pleased for a glimpse appeared the woeful Childe.

“ Him and one yeoman only did he take
To travel eastward to a far countrie ;
And, though the boy was grieved to leave the lake
On whose fair banks he grew from infancy,
Eftsoons his little heart beat merrily
With hope of foreign nations to behold,
And many things right marvellous to see,
Of which our vaunting voyagers oft have told,
In many a tome as true as Mandeville's of old.”]

XV.

Oh, Christ! it is a goodly sight to see
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land!
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree!
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand!
But man would mar them with an impious hand:
And when the Almighty lifts his fiercest scourge
'Gainst those who most transgress his high
command,
With treble vengeance will his hot shafts urge
Gaul's locust host, and earth from fellest foemen purge.

XVI.

What beauties doth Lisboa * first unfold!
Her image floating on that noble tide,
Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold,
But now whereon a thousand keels did ride
Of mighty strength, since Albion was allied,
And to the Lusians did her aid afford:
A nation swoln with ignorance and pride,
Who lick yet loathe the hand that waves the sword
To save them from the wrath of Gaul's unsparing
lord.

* ["A friend advises *Ulissipont*; but *Lisboa* is the Portuguese word, consequently the best. *Ulissipont* is pedantic; and as I had lugged in *Hellas* and *Eros* not long before, there would have been something like an affectation of Greek terms, which I wished to avoid. On the submission of *Lusitania* to the Moors, they changed the name of the capital, which till then had been *Ulisipo*, or *Lispo*; because, in the Arabic alphabet, the letter *p* is not used. Hence, I believe, *Lisboa*; whence, again, the French *Lisbonne*, and our *Lisbon*, — God knows which the earlier corruption!" — *Byron*, MS.]

XVII.

But whoso entereth within this town,
That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,
Disconsolate will wander up and down,
'Mid many things unsightly to strange ee;
For hut and palace show like filthily:
The dingy denizens are reared in dirt;
Ne personage of high or mean degree
Doth care for cleanness of surtout or shirt,
Though shent with Egypt's plague, unkempt, un-
washed; unhurt.

XVIII.

Poor, paltry slaves! yet born 'midst noblest
scenes —

Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on such men?
Lo! Cintra's * glorious Eden intervenes
In variegated maze of mount and glen.
Ah, me! what hand can pencil guide, or pen,
To follow half on which the eye dilates

* [“To make amends for the filthiness of Lisbon, and its still filthier inhabitants, the village of Cintra, about fifteen miles from the capital, is, perhaps, in every respect, the most delightful in Europe. It contains beauties of every description, natural and artificial: palaces and gardens rising in the midst of rocks, cataracts, and precipices; convents on stupendous heights; a distant view of the sea and the Tagus; and, besides (though that is a secondary consideration,) is remarkable as the scene of Sir Hew Dalrymple's convention. It unites in itself all the wildness of the western Highlands, with the verdure of the south of France.” — *B. to Mrs. Byron*, 1809]

Through views more dazzling*unto mortal ken
Than those whereof such things the bard relates,
Who to the awe-struck world unlocked Elysium's
gates?

XIX.

The horrid crags, by toppling convent crowned,
The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
The mountain-moss by scorching skies imbrowned,
The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep,
The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
The vine on high, the willow branch below,
Mixed in one mighty scene, with varied beauty
glow.

XX.

Then slowly climb the many-winding way,
And frequent turn to linger as you go,
From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,
And rest ye at "Our Lady's house of woe;"*

* The convent of "Our Lady of Punishment," *Nossa Senhora de Pena*, on the summit of the rock. Below, at some distance, is the Cork Convent, where St. Honorius dug his den, over which is his epitaph. From the hills, the sea adds to the beauty of the view. — [Since the publication of this poem, I have been informed of the misapprehension of the term *Nossa Senhora de Pena*. It was owing to the want of the *tilde*, or mark over the *ñ*, which alters the signification of the word: with it, *Peña* signifies a rock; without it, *Pena* has the sense I adopted. I do not think it necessary to alter the passage; as though the common

Where frugal monks their little relics show,
And sundry legends to the stranger tell :
Here impious men have punished been, and lo !
Deep in yon cave Honorius long did dwell,
In hope to merit Heaven by making earth a Hell.

XXI.

And here and there, as up the crags you spring,
Mark many rude-carved crosses near the path :
Yet deem not these devotion's offering —
These are memorials frail of murderous wrath :
For wheresoe'er the shrieking victim hath
Poured forth his blood beneath the assassin's knife,
Some hand erects a cross of mouldering lath ;
And grove and glen with thousand such are rife
Throughout this purple land, where law secures not
life.*

acceptation affixed to it is "Our Lady of the Rock," I may well assume the other sense from the severities practised there. — *Note to 2d Edition.*]

* It is a well-known fact, that in the year 1809, the assassinations in the streets of Lisbon and its vicinity were not confined by the Portuguese to their countrymen; but that Englishmen were daily butchered: and so far from redress being obtained, we were requested not to interfere if we perceived any compatriot defending himself against his allies. I was once stopped in the way to the theatre at eight o'clock in the evening, when the streets were not more empty than they generally are at that hour, opposite to an open shop, and in a carriage with a friend: had we not fortunately been armed, I have not the least doubt that we should have "adorned a tale" instead of telling one. The crime of assassination is not confined to Portugal: in Sicily and Malta we are knocked on the head at a handsome average nightly, and not a Sicilian or Maltese is ever punished!

XXII.

On sloping mounds, or in the vale beneath,
Are domes where whilome kings did make repair;
But now the wild flowers round them only breathe;
Yet ruined splendor still is lingering there.
And yonder towers the Prince's palace fair:
There thou too, Vathek!* England's wealthiest son,
Once formed thy Paradise, as not aware
When wanton Wealth her mightiest deeds hath
done,
Meek Peace voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun.

XXIII.

Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure
plan,
Beneath yon mountain's ever beauteous brow:
But now, as if a thing unblest by Man,
Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou!
Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow
To halls deserted, portals gaping wide;
Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how
Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied;
Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle tide!

* [“Vathek” (says Byron, in one of his diaries) “was one of the tales I had a very early admiration of. For correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination, it far surpasses all European imitations; and bears such marks of originality, that those who have visited the East will find some difficulty in believing it to be more than a translation. As an eastern tale, even Rasselas must bow before it: his ‘happy valley’ will not bear a comparison with the ‘Hall of Eblis.’”]

XXIV.

Behold the hall where chiefs were late convened ! *
 Oh ! dome displeasing unto British eye !
 With diadem hight foolscap, lo ! a fiend,
 A little fiend that scoffs incessantly,
 There sits in parchment robe arrayed, and by
 His side is hung a seal and sable scroll,
 Where blazoned glare names known to chivalry,
 And sundry signatures adorn the roll, [soul.†
 Whereat the Urchin points and laughs with all his

* The Convention of Cintra was signed in the palace of the Marchese Marialva.—[Byron was mistaken. “The armistice, the negotiations, the convention itself, and the execution of its provisions, were all commenced, conducted, and concluded, at the distance of thirty miles from Cintra, with which place they had not the slightest connection, political, military, or local.” — *Napier's History of the Peninsular War.*]

† The passage stood differently in the original MS. The following verses Byron omitted at the entreaty of his friends:—

In golden characters right well designed,
 First on the list appeareth one “Junot;”
 Then certain other glorious names we find,
 Which rhyme compelleth me to place below:
 Dull victors ! baffled by a vanquished foe,
 Wheedled by conynge tongues of laurels due,
 Stand, worthy of each other, in a row —
 Sir Arthur, Harry, and the dizzard Hew
 Dalrymple, seely wight, sore dupe of t' other tew.

Convention is the dwarfish demon styled
 That foiled the knights in Marialva's dome:
 Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled,
 And turned a nation's shallow joy to gloom.
 For well I wot, when first the news did come,
 That Vimiera's field by Gaul was lost,
 For paragraph ne paper scarce had room,
 Such Pæans teemed for our triumphant host,
 In Courier, Chronicle, and eke in Morning Post

XXV.

Convention is the dwarfish demon styled
 That foiled the knights in Marialva's dome :
 Of brains (if brains they had) he them beguiled,
 And turned a nation's shallow joy to gloom.
 Here Folly dashed to earth the victor's plume,
 And Policy regained what arms had lost :
 For chiefs like ours in vain may laurels bloom !
 Woe to the conquering, not the conquered host,
 Since baffled Triumph droops on Lusitania's coast !

But when Convention sent his handy-work,
 Pens, tongues, feet, hands, combined in wild uproar ;
 Mayor, aldermen, laid down the uplifted fork ;
 The Bench of Bishops half forgot to snore ;
 Stern Cobbett, who for one whole week forbore
 To question aught, once more with transport leapt,
 And bit his devilish quill agen, and swore
 With foe such treaty never should be kept,
 Then burst the blatant * beast, and roared, and raged, and — slept !

Thus unto Heaven appealed the people : Heaven,
 Which loves the lieges of our gracious King,
 Decreed, that, ere our generals were forgiven,
 Inquiry should be held about the thing.
 But Mercy cloaked the babes beneath her wing ;
 And as they spared our foes, so spared we them ;
 (Where was the pity of our sires for Byng ? †)
 Yet knaves, not idiots, should the law condemn ;
 Then live, ye gallant knights ! and bless your Judges' phlegm !

* "Blatant beast" — a figure for the mob, I think first used by Smollett in his "Adventures of an Atom." Horace has the "*bellua multorum capitum*:" in England fortunately enough, the illustrious mobility have not even *one*.

† By this query it is not meant that our foolish generals should have been shot, but that Byng might have been spared, though the one suffered and the others escaped, probably for Candide's reason, "*pour encourager les autres*."

XXVI.

And ever since that martial synod met,
Britannia sickens, Cintra ! at thy name ;
And folks in office at the mention fret,
And fain would blush, if blush they could, for shame.
How will posterity the deed proclaim !
Will not our own and fellow-nations sneer,
To view these champions cheated of their fame,
By foes in fight o'erthrown, yet victors here,
Where Scorn her finger points through many a
coming year ?

XXVII.

So deemed the Childe, as o'er the mountains he
Did take his way in solitary guise :
Sweet was the scene, yet soon he thought to flee,
More restless than the swallow in the skies :
Though here awhile he learned to moralize,
For Meditation fixed at times on him ;
And conscious Reason whispered to despise
His early youth, misspent in maddest whim ;
But as he gazed on truth his aching eyes grew dim.

XXVIII.

To horse ! to horse ! * he quits, for ever quits
A scene of peace, though soothing to his soul :

* [“ After remaining ten days in Lisbon, we sent our baggage and part of our servants by sea to Gibraltar, and travelled on horseback to Seville ; a distance of nearly four hundred miles. The horses are excellent : we rode seventy miles a-day. Eggs and wine, and hard beds, are all the accommodation we found, and, in such torrid weather, quite enough.” — *B. Letters*, 1809.]

Again he rouses from his moping fits,
But seeks not now the harlot and the bowl.
Onward he flies, nor fixed as yet the goal
Where he shall rest him on his pilgrimage;
And o'er him many changing scenes must roll
Ere toil his thirst for travel can assuage,
Or he shall calm his breast, or learn experience sage.

XXIX.

Yet Mafra shall one moment claim delay,
Where dwelt of yore the Lusians' luckless queen;*
And church and court did mingle their array,
And mass and revel were alternate seen;
Lordlings and freres — ill-sorted fry I ween!
But here the Babylonian whore hath built †
A dome, where flaunts she in such glorious sheen,
That men forget the blood which she hath spilt,
And bow the knee to Pomp that loves to varnish guilt.

* ["Her luckless Majesty went subsequently mad; and Dr. Willis, who so dexterously cudgelled kingly pericraniums, could make nothing of hers."—*Byron MS.* The Queen labored under a melancholy kind of derangement, from which she never recovered. She died in Brazil in 1816.]

† The extent of Mafra is prodigious: it contains a palace, convent, and most superb church. The six organs are the most beautiful I ever beheld, in point of decoration: we did not hear them, but were told that their tones were correspondent to their splendor. Mafra is termed the Escorial of Portugal. ["About ten miles to the right of Cintra," says Byron, in a letter to his mother, "is the palace of Mafra, the boast of Portugal, as it might be of any country, in point of magnificence, without elegance. There is a convent annexed: the monks, who possess large revenues, are courteous enough, and understand Latin;

XXX.

O'er vales that teem with fruits, romantic hills,
(Oh, that such hills upheld a freeborn race!)
Whereon to gaze the eye with joyaunce fills,
Childe Harold wends through many a pleasant
place.

Though sluggards deem it but a foolish chase,
And marvel men should quit their easy chair,
The toilsome way, and long, long league to trace,
Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain air,
And life, that bloated Ease can never hope to share.

XXXI.

More bleak to view the hills at length recede,
And, less luxuriant, smoother vales extend;
Immense horizon-bounded plains succeed!
Far as the eye discerns, withouten end,
Spain's realms appear whereon her shepherds tend
Flocks, whose rich fleece right well the trader
knows —

Now must the pastor's arm his lambs defend:
For Spain is compassed by unyielding foes,
And all must shield their all, or share Subjection's
woes.

so that we had a long conversation. They have a large library, and asked me if the English had *any books* in their country." — Mafra was erected by John V., in pursuance of a vow, made in a dangerous fit of illness, to found a convent for the use of the poorest friary in the kingdom. Upon inquiry, this poorest was found at Mafra; where twelve Franciscans lived together in a hut.]

XXXII.

Where Lusitania and her Sister meet,
Deem ye what bounds the rival realms divide?
Or ere the jealous queens of nations greet,
Doth Tayo interpose his mighty tide?
Or dark Sierras rise in craggy pride?
Or fence of art, like China's vasty wall? —
Ne barrier wall, ne river deep and wide,
Ne horrid crags, nor mountains dark and tall,
Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's land from
Gaul:

XXXIII.

But these between a silver streamlet glides,
And scarce a name distinguisheth the brook,
Though rival kingdoms press its verdant sides.
Here leans the idle shepherd on his crook,
And vacant on the rippling waves doth look,
That peaceful still 'twixt bitterest foemen flow;
For proud each peasant as the noblest duke:
Well doth the Spanish hind the difference know
'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the
low.*

* As I found the Portuguese, so I have characterized them. That they are since improved, at least in courage, is evident. The late exploits of Lord Wellington have effaced the follies of Cintra. He has, indeed, done wonders: he has, perhaps, changed the character of a nation, reconciled rival superstitions, and baffled an enemy who never retreated before his predecessors.— 1812. [In the Peninsular War the "Lusian slave" proved greatly superior to the "Spanish hind." When commanded by English officers and brigaded with English troops, the Portuguese made excellent soldiers.]

XXXIV.

But ere the mingling bounds have far been passed,
Dark Guadiana rolls his power along
In sullen billows, murmuring and vast,
So noted ancient roundelays among.
Whilome upon his banks did legions throng
Of Moor and Knight, in mailed splendor drest:
Here ceased the swift their race, here sunk the
strong;
The Paynim turban and the Christian crest
Mixed on the bleeding stream, by floating hosts op-
pressed.

XXXV.

Oh, lovely Spain! renowned, romantic land!
Where is that standard which Pelagio bore,
When Cava's traitor-sire first called the band
That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic
gore? *
Where are those bloody banners which of yore
Waved o'er thy sons, victorious to the gale,
And drove at last the spoilers to their shore?
Red gleamed the cross, and waned the crescent pale,
While Afric's echoes thrilled with Moorish matrons'
wail.

* Count Julian's daughter, the Helen of Spain. Pelagius preserved his independence in the fastnesses of the Asturias, and the descendants of his followers, after some centuries, completed their struggle by the conquest of Granada. — [Count Julian's daughter, called Cava by the Moors, is called Florinda by the Spaniards. She is said to have been violated by Roderick, the King of the Goths, and her father in revenge invited the Moors

XXXVI.

Teems not each ditty with the glorious tale?
Ah! such, alas! the hero's amplest fate!
When granite moulders and when records fail,
A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious date.
Pride! bend thine eye from heaven to thine estate,
See how the Mighty shrink into a song!
Can Volume, Pillar, Pile, preserve thee great?
Or must thou trust Tradition's simple tongue,
When Flattery sleeps with thee, and History does
thee wrong?

XXXVII.

Awake, ye sons of Spain! awake! advance!
Lo! Chivalry, your ancient goddess, cries;
But wields not, as of old, her thirsty lance,
Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the skies:
Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she flies,
And speaks in thunder through yon engine's roar!
In every peal she calls — "Awake! arise!"
Say, is her voice more feeble than of yore,
When her war-song was heard on Andalusia's shore?

XXXVIII.

Hark! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote;
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath

to invade Spain. The Goths were defeated (A. D. 711), Roderick was killed, and the Moors remained masters of the greater part of the Peninsula; but Pelagius in the north, kept them at bay, and even recovered portions of the territory they had won.]

Tyrants and tyrants' slaves? — the fires of death,
The bale-fires flash on high: — from rock to rock
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe,
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the
 shock.

XXXIX.

Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon;
Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon
Flashing afar, — and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds are done;
For on this morn three potent nations meet,
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most
 sweet.*

XL.

By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see
(For one who hath no friend, no brother there)
Their rival scarfs of mixed embroidery,
Their various arms that glitter in the air!

* ["A bolder prosopopœia," says a nameless critic, "or one better imagined or expressed, cannot easily be found in the whole range of ancient and modern poetry. Unlike the 'plume of Horror,' or the 'eagle-winged Victory,' described by our great epic poet, this gigantic figure is a distinct object, perfect in lineaments, tremendous in operation, and vested with all the attributes calculated to excite terror and admiration."]

What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their
lair,
And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey!
All join the chase, but few the triumph share;
The Grave shall bear the chiefest prize away,
And Havoc scarce for joy can number their array.

XLI.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice;
Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high;
Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies;
The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory!
The foe, the victim, and the fond ally
That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,
Are met — as if at home they could not die —
To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,
And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain.*

* [The following note Byron suppressed with reluctance, at the urgent request of a friend. It alludes, *inter alia*, to the then recent publication of Sir Walter Scott's *Vision of Don Roderick*, the profits of which had been given to the cause of Portuguese patriotism: — "We have heard wonders of the Portuguese lately, and their gallantry. Pray Heaven it continue; yet 'would it were bed-time, Hal, and all were well!' They must fight a great many hours, by 'Shrewsbury clock,' before the number of their slain equals that of our countrymen butchered by these kind creatures, now metamorphosed into 'caçadores,' and what not. I merely state a fact, not confined to Portugal; for in Sicily and Malta we are knocked on the head at a handsome average nightly, and not a Sicilian or Maltese is ever punished! The neglect of protection is disgraceful to our government and governors; for the murders are as notorious as the moon that shines upon them, and the apathy that overlooks them. The Portuguese, it is to be hoped, are complimented with the 'For-

XLII.

There shall they rot — Ambition's honored fools !
 Yes, Honor decks the turf that wraps their clay !
 Vain Sophistry ! in these behold the tools,
 The broken tools, that tyrants cast away
 By myriads, when they dare to pave their way
 With human hearts — to what ? — a dream alone.
 Can despots compass aught that hails their sway ?
 Or call with truth one span of earth their own,
 Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by bone ?

lorn Hope,' — if the cowards are become brave (like the rest of their kind, in a corner), pray let them display it. But there is a subscription for these 'θρασύ-δελτοι,' (they need not be ashamed of the epithet once applied to the Spartans); and all the charitable patronymics, from ostentatious A. to diffident Z., and £1: 1: 0 from 'An Admirer of Valor,' are in requisition for the lists at Lloyd's, and the honor of British benevolence. Well! we have fought, and subscribed, and bestowed peerages, and buried the killed by our friends and foes; and, lo! all this is to be done over again! Like Lien Chi (in Goldsmith's Citizen of the World), as 'we grow older, we grow never the better.' It would be pleasant to learn who will subscribe for us, in or about the year 1815, and what nation will send fifty thousand men, first to be decimated in the capital, and then decimated again (in the Irish fashion, *nine out of ten*), in the 'bed of honor;' which, as Sergeant Kite says, is considerably larger and more commodious than 'the bed of Ware.' Then they must have a poet to write the 'Vision of Don Perceval,' and generously bestow the profits of the well and widely printed quarto, to rebuild the 'Backwynd' and the 'Canongate,' or furnish new kilts for the half-roasted Highlanders. Lord Wellington, however, has enacted marvels; and so did his Oriental brother, whom I saw chariotteering over the French flag, and heard clipping bad Spanish, after listening to the speech of a patriotic cobbler of Cadiz, on the event of his own entry into that city, and the exit of some

XLIII.

Oh, Albuera, glorious field of grief!
As o'er thy plain the Pilgrim pricked his steed,
Who could foresee thee, in a space so brief,
A scene where mingling foes should boast and
 bleed!
Peace to the perished! may the warrior's meed
And tears of triumph their reward prolong!
Till others fall where other chieftains lead,
Thy name shall circle round the gaping throng,
And shine in worthless lays, the theme of transient
 song.

XLIV.

Enough of Battle's minions! let them play
Their game of lives, and barter breath for fame:
Fame that will scarce re-animate their clay,
Though thousands fall to deck some single name.

five thousand bold Britons out of this 'best of all possible worlds.' Sorely were we puzzled how to dispose of that same victory of Talavera; and a victory it surely was somewhere, for everybody claimed it. The Spanish despatch and mob called it Cuesta's, and made no great mention of the Viscount; the French called it theirs (to my great discomfiture, — for a French consul stopped my mouth in Greece with a pestilent Paris gazette, just as I had killed Sebastiani, 'in buckram,' and King Joseph, 'in Kendal green'), — and we have not yet determined *what* to call it, or *whose*; for, certes, it was none of our own. Howbeit, Massena's retreat is a great comfort; and as we have not been in the habit of pursuing for some years past, no wonder we are a little awkward at first. No doubt we shall improve; or, if not, we have only to take to our old way of retrograding, and there we are at home."]

In sooth 'twere sad to thwart their noble aim
Who strike, blest hirelings! for their country's
good,
And die, that living might have proved her shame;
Perished, perchance, in some domestic feud,
Or in a narrower sphere wild Rapine's path pur-
sued.

XLV.

Full swiftly Harold wends his lonely way
Where proud Sevilla * triumphs unsubdued:
Yet is she free — the spoiler's wished-for prey!
Soon, soon shall Conquest's fiery foot intrude,
Blackening her lovely domes with traces rude.
Inevitable hour! 'Gainst fate to strive
Where Desolation plants her famished brood
Is vain, or Ilium, Tyre might yet survive,
And Virtue vanquish all, and Murder cease to
thrive.

*[" At Seville, we lodged in the house of two Spanish unmarried ladies, women of character, the eldest a fine woman, the youngest pretty. The freedom of manner, which is general here, astonished me not a little; and, in the course of further observation, I find that reserve is not the characteristic of Spanish belles. The eldest honored your unworthy son with very particular attention, embracing him with great tenderness at parting (I was there but three days), after cutting off a lock of his hair, and presenting him with one of her own, about three feet in length, which I send you, and beg you will retain till my return. Her last words were, 'Adios, tu hermoso, me gusto mucho!' 'Adieu, you pretty fellow, you please me much!'" — *Byron to his Mother*, Aug. 1809.]

XLVI.

But all unconscious of the coming doom,
The feast, the song, the revel here abounds ;
Strange modes of merriment the hours consume,
Nor bleed these patriots with their country's
wounds :
Nor here War's clarion, but Love's rebeck *
sounds ;
Here Folly still his votaries inthralls ;
And young-eyed Lewdness walks her midnight
rounds :
Girt with the silent crimes of Capitals,
Still to the last kind Vice clings to the tottering
walls.

XLVII.

Not so the rustic — with his trembling mate
He lurks, nor casts his heavy eye afar,
Lest he should view his vineyard desolate,
Blasted below the dun hot breath of war.
No more beneath soft Eve's consenting star
Fandango twirls his jocund castanet :
Ah, monarchs ! could ye taste the mirth ye mar,
Not in the toils of Glory would ye fret ;
The hoarse dull drum would sleep, and Man be happy
yet !

* [A kind of fiddle, with only two strings, played on by a bow, said to have been brought by the Moors into Spain. "The Spanish women," wrote Byron in August, 1809, "are certainly fascinating, but their minds have only one idea, and the business of their lives is intrigue."]

XLVIII.

How carols now the lusty muleteer?
Of love, romance, devotion is his lay,
As whilome he was wont the leagues to cheer,
His quick bells wildly jingling on the way?
No! as he speeds, he chants "Vivā el Rey!"*
And checks his song to execrate Godoy,
The royal wittol Charles, and curse the day
When first Spain's queen beheld the black-eyed
boy,
And gore-faced Treason sprung from her adulterate
joy.

XLIX.

On yon long, level plain, at distance crowned
With crags, whereon those Moorish turrets rest,
Wide scattered hoof-marks dint the wounded
ground;
And, scathed by fire, the greensward's darkened
vest
Tells that the foe was Andalusia's guest:
Here was the camp, the watch-flame, and the host,

*"Vivā el Rey Fernando!" Long live King Ferdinand! is the chorus of most of the Spanish patriotic songs. They are chiefly in dispraise of the old king Charles, the Queen, and the Prince of Peace. I have heard many of them: some of the airs are beautiful. Don Manuel Godoy, the *Principe de la Paz*, of an ancient but decayed family, was born at Badajoz, on the frontiers of Portugal, and was originally in the ranks of the Spanish guards; till his person attracted the queen's eyes, and raised him to the dukedom of Alcudia, etc. etc. It is to this man that the Spaniards universally impute the ruin of their country.

Here the bold peasant stormed the dragon's nest ;
Still does he mark it with triumphant boast,
And points to yonder cliffs, which oft were won and
lost.

L.

And whomsoe'er along the path you meet
Bears in his cap the badge of crimson hue,
Which tells you whom to shun and whom to
greet: *

Woe to the man that walks in public view
Without of loyalty this token true :
Sharp is the knife, and sudden is the stroke ;
And sorely would the Gallic foeman rue,
If subtle poniards, wrapt beneath the cloke,
Could blunt the sabre's edge, or clear the cannon's
smoke.

LI.

At every turn Morena's dusky height
Sustains aloft the battery's iron load ;
And, far as mortal eye can compass sight,
The mountain-howitzer, the broken road,
The bristling palisade, the fosse o'erflowed,
The stationed bands, the never-vacant watch,
The magazine in rocky durance stowed,
The holstered steed beneath the shed of thatch,
The ball-piled pyramid,† the ever-blazing match,

* The red cockade, with " Fernando VII.," in the centre.

† All who have seen a battery will recollect the pyramidal form in which shot and shells are piled. The Sierra Morena was fortified in every defile through which I passed in my way to Seville.

LII.

Portend the deeds to come:— but he whose nod
Has tumbled feeble despots from their sway,
A moment pauseth ere he lifts the rod;
A little moment deigneth to delay: [way;
Soon will his legions sweep through these their
The West must own the Scourger of the world.
Ah! Spain! how sad will be thy reckoning-day,
When soars Gaul's Vulture, with his wings unfurled,
And thou shalt view thy sons in crowds to Hades
hurled.

LIII.

And must they fall? the young, the proud, the brave,
To swell one bloated Chief's unwholsome reign?
No step between submission and a grave?
The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain?
And doth the Power that man adores ordain
Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal?
Is all that desperate Valor acts in vain?
And Counsel sage, and patriotic Zeal,
The Veteran's skill, Youth's fire, and Manhood's heart
of steel?

LIV.

Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
And, all unsexed, the anlace hath espoused,
Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war?
And she, whom once the semblance of a scar
Appalled, an owlet's larum chilled with dread,

Now views the column-scattering bayonet jar,
The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead
Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake
to tread.

LV.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
Oh ! had you known her in her softer hour, [veil,
Marked her black eye that mocks her coal-black
Heard her light, lively tones in Lady's bower,
Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,
Her fairy form, with more than female grace,
Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's tower
Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,
Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's fearful
chase.

LVI.

Her lover sinks — she sheds no ill-timed tear ;
Her chief is slain — she fills his fatal post ;
Her fellows flee — she checks their base career ;
The foe retires — she heads the sallying host :
Who can appease like her a lover's ghost ?
Who can avenge so well a leader's fall ? [lost ?
What maid retrieve when man's flushed hope is
Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,
Foiled by a woman's hand, before a battered wall ? *

* Such were the exploits of the Maid of Saragoza, who by her valor elevated herself to the highest rank of heroines. When the author was at Seville she walked daily on the Prado, decorated with medals and orders, by command of the Junta.— [The exploits of Augustina, the famous heroine of both the sieges of

LVII.

Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons,
 But formed for all the witching arts of love:
 Though thus in arms they emulate her sons,
 And in the horrid phalanx dare to move,
 'Tis but the tender fierceness of the dove,
 Pecking the hand that hovers o'er her mate:
 In softness as in firmness far above
 Remoter females, famed for sickening prate;
 Her mind is nobler sure, her charms perchance as
 great.

LVIII.

The seal Love's dimpling finger hath impressed
 Denotes how soft that chin which bears his touch:*

Saragoza, are recorded at length in Southey's History of the Peninsular War. At the time when she first attracted notice, by mounting a battery where her lover had fallen, and working a gun in his room, she was in her twenty-second year, exceedingly pretty, and in a soft feminine style of beauty. She has further had the honor to be painted by Wilkie, and alluded to in Wordsworth's Dissertation on the Convention of Cintra; where a noble passage concludes in these words:—"Saragoza has exemplified a melancholy, yea a dismal truth,—yet consolatory and full of joy,—that when a people are called suddenly to fight for their liberty, and are sorely pressed upon, their best field of battle is the floors upon which their children have played; the chambers where the family of each man has slept; upon or under the roofs by which they have been sheltered; in the gardens of their recreation; in the street, or in the market-place; before the altars of their temples, and among their congregated dwellings, blazing or uprooted."]

* "Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digitulo
 Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem."

AUL. GEL.

Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave their nest,
 Bid man be valiant ere he merit such :
 Her glance how wildly beautiful ! how much
 Hath Phœbus wooed in vain to spoil her cheek,
 Which glows yet smoother from his amorous clutch !
 Who round the North for paler dames would seek ?
 How poor their forms appear ! how languid, wan,
 and weak !

LIX.

Match me, ye climes ! which poets love to laud ;
 Match me, ye harems of the land ! where now *
 I strike my strain, far distant, to applaud
 Beauties that e'en a cynic must avow ;
 Match me those Houries, whom ye scarce allow
 To taste the gale lest Love should ride the wind,
 With Spain's dark-glancing daughters † — deign to
 know,
 There your wise Prophet's paradise we find,
 His black-eyed maids of Heaven, angelically kind.

LX.

Oh, thou Parnassus ! ‡ whom I now survey,
 Not in the phrensy of a dreamer's eye,

* This stanza was written in Turkey.

† [“ Long black hair, dark languishing eyes, clear olive complexions, and forms more graceful in motion than can be conceived by an Englishman, used to the drowsy, listless air of his countrywomen, added to the most becoming dress, and, at the same time, the most decent in the world, render a Spanish beauty irresistible.” — *Byron to his Mother*, Aug. 1809.]

‡ These stanzas were written in Castri (Delphos), at the foot of Parnassus, now called *Λιάκουρα* (Liakura), Dec. 1809.

Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,
 But soaring snow-clad through thy native sky,
 In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!
 What marvel if I thus essay to sing?
 The humblest of thy pilgrims passing by
 Would gladly woo thine Echoes with his string,
 Though from thy heights no more one Muse will
 wave her wing.

LXI.

Oft have I dreamed of Thee! whose glorious name
 Who knows not, knows not man's divinest lore:
 And now I view thee, 'tis, alas! with shame
 That I in feeblest accents must adore.
 When I recount thy worshippers of yore
 I tremble, and can only bend the knee;
 Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to soar,
 But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy
 In silent joy to think at last I look on Thee!*

LXII.

Happier in this than mightiest bards have been,
 Whose fate to distant homes confined their lot,

* ["Upon Parnassus, going to the fountain of Delphi (Castri), in 1809, I saw a flight of twelve eagles (Hobhouse says they were vultures — at least in conversation), and I seized the omen. On the day before, I composed the lines to Parnassus (in *Childe Harold*), and on beholding the birds, had a hope that Apollo had accepted my homage. I have at least had the name and fame of a poet, during the poetical period of life (from twenty to thirty); — whether it will last is another matter: but I have been a votary of the deity and place, and am grateful for what he has done in my behalf, leaving the future in his hands, as I left the past." — *Byron's Diary*, 1821.]

Shall I unmoved behold the hallowed scene,
Which others rave of, though they know it not?
Though here no more Apollo haunts his grot,
And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their grave,
Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melodious wave.

LXIII.

Of thee hereafter. — Ev'n amidst my strain
I turned aside to pay my homage here;
Forgot the land, the sons, the maids of Spain;
Her fate, to every freeborn bosom dear;
And hailed thee, not perchance without a tear.
Now to my theme — but from thy holy haunt
Let me some remnant, some memorial bear;
Yield me one leaf of Daphne's deathless plant;
Nor let thy votary's hope be deemed an idle vaunt.

LXIV.

But ne'er didst thou, fair Mount! when Greece
was young,
See round thy giant base a brighter choir,
Nor e'er did Delphi, when her priestess sung
The Pythian hymn with more than mortal fire,
Behold a train more fitting to inspire
The song of love than Andalusia's maids,
Nurst in the glowing lap of soft desire:
Ah! that to these were given such peaceful shades
As Greece can still bestow, though Glory fly her
glades.

LXV.

Fair is proud Seville; let her country boast
Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days;*
But Cadiz, rising on the distant coast,
Calls forth a sweeter, though ignoble praise.
Ah, Vice! how soft are thy voluptuous ways!
While boyish blood is mantling, who can 'scape
The fascination of thy magic gaze?
A Cherub-hydra round us dost thou gape,
And mould to every taste thy dear delusive shape.

LXVI.

When Paphos fell by time — accursed Time!
The Queen who conquers all must yield to thee —
The Pleasures fled, but sought as warm a clime;
And Venus, constant to her native sea,
To nought else constant, hither deigned to flee;
And fixed her shrine within these walls of white;
Though not to one dome circumscribeth she
Her worship, but, devoted to her rite,
A thousand altars rise, for ever blazing bright.†

LXVII.

From morn till night, from night till startled Morn
Peeps blushing on the revel's laughing crew,

* Seville was the Hispalis of the Romans.

† ["Cadiz, sweet Cadiz! — it is the first spot in the creation. The beauty of its streets and mansions is only excelled by the loveliness of its inhabitants. It is a complete Cythera, full of the finest women in Spain; the Cadiz belles being the Lancashire witches of their land." — *Byron to his Mother*. 1809.]

The song is heard, the rosy garland worn ;
Devices quaint, and frolics ever new,
Tread on each other's kibes. A long adieu
He bids to sober joy that here sojourns :
Nought interrupts the riot, though in lieu
Of true devotion monkish incense burns,
And love and prayer unite, or rule the hour by turns.

LXVIII.

The Sabbath comes, a day of blessed rest ;
What hallows it upon this Christian shore ?
Lo ! it is sacred to a solemn feast ;
Hark ! heard you not the forest-monarch's roar ?
Crashing the lance, he snuffs the spouting gore
Of man and steed, o'erthrown beneath his horn ;
The thronged arena shakes with shouts for more ;
Yells the mad crowd o'er entrails freshly torn,
Nor shrinks the female eye, nor even affects to mourn

LXIX.

The seventh day this ; the jubilee of man.
London ! right well thou knowest the day of prayer,
Then thy spruce citizen, washed artisan,
And smug apprentice gulp their weekly air :
Thy coach of hackney, whiskey, one-horse chair,
And humblest gig through sundry suburbs whirl ;
To Hampstead, Brentford, Harrow make repair ;
Till the tired jade the wheel forgets to hurl,
Provoking envious gibe from each pedestrian churl.*

* [“ In thus mixing up the light with the solemn, it was the intention of the poet to imitate Ariosto. But it is far easier to rise

LXX.

Some o'er thy Thamis row the ribboned fair,
Others along the safer turnpike fly;
Some Richmond-hill ascend, some scud to Ware
And many to the steep of Highgate hie.
Ask ye, Bœotian shades! the reason why? *
'Tis to the worship of the solemn Horn,
Grasped in the holy hand of Mystery, [sworn,
In whose dread name both men and maids are
And consecrate the oath with draught, and dance
till morn.†

with grace, from the level of a strain generally familiar, into an occasional short burst of pathos or splendor, than to interrupt thus a prolonged tone of solemnity by any descent into the ludicrous or burlesque. In the former case, the transition may have the effect of softening or elevating; while, in the latter, it almost invariably shocks;—for the same reason, perhaps, that a trait of pathos or high feeling, in comedy, has a peculiar charm; while the intrusion of comic scenes into tragedy, however sanctioned among us by habit and authority, rarely fails to offend. The poet was himself convinced of the failure of the experiment, and in none of the succeeding cantos of *Childe Harold* repeated it.” — MOORE.]

* This was written at Thebes, and consequently in the best situation for asking and answering such a question; not as the birthplace of Pindar, but as the capital of Bœotia, where the first riddle was propounded and solved.

† [Byron alludes to a ridiculous custom which formerly prevailed at the public-houses in Highgate, of administering a burlesque oath to all travellers of the middling rank who stopped there. The party was sworn on a pair of horns, fastened, “never to kiss the maid when he could the mistress; never to eat brown bread when he could get white; never to drink small beer when he could get strong;” with many other injunctions of the like kind,—to all which was added the saving clause,—“unless you like it best.”]

LXXI.

All have their fooleries — not alike are thine,
Fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea!
Soon as the matin bell proclaimeth nine,
Thy saint adorers count the rosary:
Much is the VIRGIN teased to shrive them free
(Well do I ween the only virgin there)
From crimes as numerous as her beadsmen be;
Then to the crowded circus forth they fare:
Young, old, high, low, at once the same diversion
share.

LXXII.

The lists are oped, the spacious area cleared,
Thousands on thousands piled are seated round;
Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,
Ne vacant space for lated wight is found:
Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames abound,
Skilled in the ogle of a roguish eye,
Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound;
None through their cold disdain are doomed to die,
As moon-struck bards complain, by Love's sad arch-
ery.

LXXIII.

Hushed is the din of tongues — on gallant steeds,
With milk-white crest, gold spur, and light-poised
lance,
Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,
And lowly bending to the lists advance;

Rich are their scarfs, their chargers featly prance ;
If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,
The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lovely glance,
Best prize of better acts, they bear away,
And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay.

LXXIV.

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak arrayed,
But all afoot, the light-limbed Matadore
Stands in the centre, eager to invade
The lord of lowing herds ; but not before
The ground, with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,
Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed :
His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more
Can man achieve without the friendly steed —
Alas ! too oft condemned for him to bear and bleed.

LXXV.

Thrice sounds the clarion ; lo ! the signal falls,
The den expands, and Expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
'Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe :
Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
His first attack, wide waving to and fro
His angry tail ; red rolls his eye's dilated glow.

LXXVI.

Sudden he stops ; his eye is fixed : away,
Away, thou heedless boy ! prepare the spear :

Now is thy time, to perish, or display
The skill that yet may check his mad career.
With well-timed croupe the nimble coursers
 veer;
On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes;
Streams from his flank the crimson torrent clear:
He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes;
Dart follows dart; lance lance; loud bellowings
 speak his woes.

LXXVII.

Again he comes; nor dart nor lance avail,
Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse;
Though man and man's avenging arms assail,
Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force.
One gallant steed is stretched a mangled corse;
Another, hideous sight! unseamed appears,
His gory chest unveils life's panting source;
Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he
 rears;
Staggering, but stemming all, his lord unharmed he
 bears.

LXXVIII.

Foiled, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,
Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,
And foes disabled in the brutal fray:
And now the Matadores around him play,
Shake the red cloak, and poise the ready brand:

Once more through all he bursts his thundering
way —

Vain rage! the mantle quits the conynge hand,
Wraps his fierce eye — 'tis past — he sinks upon the
sand! *

LXXIX.

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,
Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies.
He stops — he starts — disdaining to decline:
Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,
Without a groan, without a struggle dies.
The decorated car appears — on high
The corse is piled — sweet sight for vulgar eyes —
Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,
Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by.

LXXX.

Such the ungentle sport that oft invites
The Spanish maid, and cheers the Spanish swain.
Nurtured in blood betimes, his heart delights
In vengeance, gloating on another's pain.
What private feuds the troubled village stain!
Though now one phalanxed host should meet the foe

*[So inveterate was, at one time, the rage of the Spanish people for this amusement, that even boys mimicked its features in their play. In the slaughter-house itself the professional bull-fighter gave public lessons; and such was the force of depraved custom, that ladies of the highest rank were not ashamed to appear amidst the filth and horror of the shambles. The Spaniards received this sport from the Moors, among whom it was celebrated with great pomp and splendor.]

Enough, alas ! in humble homes remain,
To meditate 'gainst friends the secret blow,
For some slight cause of wrath, whence life's warm
stream must flow.

LXXXI.

But Jealousy has fled : his bars, his bolts,
His withered centinel, Duenna sage !
And all whereat the generous soul revolts,
Which the stern dotard deemed he could encage
Have passed to darkness with the vanished age.
Who late so free as Spanish girls were seen,
(Ere War uprose in his volcanic rage,)
With braided tresses bounding o'er the green,
While on the gay dance shone Night's lover-loving
Queen ?

LXXXII.

Oh ! many a time, and oft, had Harold loved,
Or dreamed he loved, since Rapture is a dream ;
But now his wayward bosom was unmoved,
For not yet had he drunk of Lethe's stream ;
And lately had he learned with truth to deem
Love has no gift so grateful as his wings :
How fair, how young, how soft soe'er he seem,
Full from the fount of Joy's delicious springs
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling venom
flings.*

* "Medio de fonte leporum," etc. — LUCRET.

LXXXIII.

Yet to the beauteous form he was not blind,
Though now it moved him as it moves the wise ;
Not that Philosophy on such a mind
E'er deigned to bend her chastely-awful eyes :
But Passion raves itself to rest, or flies ;
And Vice, that digs her own voluptuous tomb,
Had buried long his hopes, no more to rise :
Pleasure's palled victim ! life-abhorring gloom
Wrote on his faded brow curst Cain's unresting
doom.

LXXXIV.

Still he beheld, nor mingled with the throng ;
But viewed them not with misanthropic hate :
Fain would he now have joined the dance, the song ;
But who may smile that sinks beneath his fate ?
Nought that he saw his sadness could abate :
Yet once he struggled 'gainst the demon's sway,
And as in Beauty's bower he pensive sate,
Poured forth this unpremeditated lay,
To charms as fair as those that soothed his happier
day.

TO INEZ.

1.

NAY, smile not at my sullen brow ;
Alas ! I cannot smile again :
Yet Heaven avert that ever thou
Shouldst weep, and haply weep in vain

2.

And dost thou ask, what secret woe
I bear, corroding joy and youth?
And wilt thou vainly seek to know
A pang, even thou must fail to soothe?

3.

It is not love, it is not hate,
Nor low Ambition's honors lost,
That bids me loathe my present state,
And fly from all I prized the most:

4.

It is that weariness which springs
From all I meet, or hear, or see:
To me no pleasure Beauty brings;
Thine eyes have scarce a charm for me.

5.

It is that settled, ceaseless gloom
The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore;
That will not look beyond the tomb,
But cannot hope for rest before.

6.

What Exile from himself can flee?
To zones, though more and more remote,
Still, still pursues, where'er I be,
The blight of life — the demon Thought.

7.

Yet others rapt in pleasure seem,
And taste of all that I forsake;
Oh! may they still of transport dream,
And ne'er, at least like me, awake!

8.

Through many a clime 'tis mine to go,
With many a retrospection curst;
And all my solace is to know,
Whate'er betides, I've known the worst.

9.

What is that worst? Nay do not ask —
In pity from the search forbear;
Smile on — nor venture to unmask
Man's heart, and view the Hell that's there.*

* In place of this song, which was written at Athens, January 25, 1810, and which contains, as Moore says, "some of the dreariest touches of sadness that ever Byron's pen let fall," we find, in the first draught of the Canto, the following: —

1.

Oh never talk again to me
Of northern climes and British ladies;
It has not been your lot to see,
Like me, the lovely girl of Cadiz.
Although her eye be not of blue,
Nor fair her locks, like English lasses,
How far its own expressive hue
The languid azure eye surpasses!

2.

Prometheus-like, from heaven she stole
The fire, that through those silken lashes
In darkest glances seems to roll,
From eyes that cannot hide their flashes:

LXXXV.

Adieu, fair Cadiz! yea, a long adieu!
 Who may forget how well thy walls have stood?
 When all wert changing thou alone wert true,
 First to be free and last to be subdued:
 And if amidst a scene, a shock so rude,
 Some native blood was seen thy streets to dye;
 A traitor only fell beneath the feud: *
 Here all were noble, save Nobility; [alry!
 None hugged a conquerer's chain, save fallen Chiv-

And as along her bosom steal
 In lengthened flow her raven tresses,
 You 'd swear each clustering lock could feel,
 And curled to give her neck caresses.

3.

Our English maids are long to woo,
 And frigid even in possession;
 And if their charms be fair to view,
 Their lips are slow at Love's confession:
 But born beneath a brighter sun,
 For love ordained the Spanish maid is,
 And who, — when fondly, fairly won, —
 Enchants you like the Girl of Cadiz?

4.

The Spanish maid is no coquette,
 Nor joys to see a lover tremble,
 And if she love, or if she hate,
 Alike she knows not to dissemble.
 Her heart can ne'er be bought or sold —
 Howe'er it beats, it beats sincerely;
 And, though it will not bend to gold,
 'T will love you long and love you dearly.

* Alluding to the conduct and death of Solano, the governor
 of Cadiz, in May, 1809.

LXXXVI.

Such be the sons of Spain, and strange her fate !
 They fight for freedom who were never free ;
 A Kingless people for a nerveless state,
 Her vassals combat when their chieftains flee,
 True to the veriest slaves of Treachery :
 Fond of a land which gave them nought but life,
 Pride points the path that leads to Liberty ;
 Back to the struggle, baffled in the strife,
 War, war is still the cry, " War even to the knife ! " *

5.

The Spanish girl that meets your love
 Ne'er taunts you with a mock denial,
 For every thought is bent to prove
 Her passion in the hour of trial.
 When thronging foemen menace Spain,
 She dares the deed and shares the danger ;
 And should her lover press the plain,
 She hurls the spear, her love's avenger.

6.

And when, beneath the evening star,
 She mingles in the gay Boiero,
 Or sings to her attuned guitar
 Of Christian knight or Moorish hero,
 Or counts her beads with fairy hand
 Beneath the twinkling rays of Hesper,
 Or joins devotion's choral band,
 To chaunt the sweet and hallowed vesper ; —

7.

In each her charms the heart must move
 Of all who venture to behold her ;
 Then let not maids less fair reprove
 Because her bosom is not colder :

* " War to the knife." Palafox's answer to the French general
 at the siege of Saragoza.

LXXXVII.

Ye, who would more of Spain and Spaniards know
 Go, read whate'er is writ of bloodiest strife :
 Whate'er keen Vengeance urged on foreign foe
 Can act, is acting there against man's life :
 From flashing scimitar to secret knife,
 War mouldeth there each weapon to his need —
 So may he guard the sister and the wife,
 So may he make each curst oppressor bleed,
 So may such foes deserve the most remorseless
 deed ! *

Through many a clime 't is mine to roam
 Where many a soft and melting maid is,
 But none abroad, and few at home,
 May match the dark-eyed Girl of Cadiz.

* The Canto, in the original MS., closes with the following stanzas:—

Ye, who would more of Spain and Spaniards know,
 Sights, Saints, Antiques, Arts, Anecdotes, and War,
 Go! hie ye hence to Paternoster Row —
 Are they not written in the Book of Carr,†
 Green Erin's Knight and Europe's wandering star!
 Then listen, Reader, to the Man of Ink,
 Hear what he did, and sought, and wrote afar;
 All these are cooped within one Quarto's brink,
 This borrow, steal, — do n't buy, — and tell us what you think.

There may you read, with spectacles on eyes,
 How many Wellesleys did embark for Spain,
 As if therein they meant to colonize,
 How many troops y-crossed the laughing main

† Porphyry said that the prophecies of Daniel were written after their completion, and such may be my fate here; but it requires no second sight to foretell a tome: the first glimpse of the knight was enough.

LXXXVIII.

Flows there a tear of pity for the dead?
 Look o'er the ravage of the reeking plain;
 Look on the hands with female slaughter red;
 Then to the dogs resign the unburied slain,
 Then to the vulture let each corse remain,
 Albeit unworthy of the prey-bird's maw; [stain,
 Let their bleached bones, and blood's unbleaching
 Long mark the battle-field with hideous awe:
 Thus only may our sons conceive the scenes we saw!

That ne'er beheld the said return again:
 How many buildings are in such a place,
 How many leagues from this to yonder plain,
 How many relics each cathedral grace,
 And where Giralda stands on her gigantic base.

There may you read (Oh, Phoebus, save Sir John!
 That these my words prophetic may not err)
 All that was said, or sung, or lost, or won,
 By vaunting Wellesley or by blundering Frere,
 He that wrote half the "Needy Knife-Grinder." *
 Thus poesy the way to grandeur paves —
 Who would not such diplomatists prefer?
 But cease, my Muse, thy speed some respite craves
 Leave Legates to their house, and armies to their graves

Yet here of Vulpes mention may be made,
 Who for the Junta modelled sapient laws,
 Taught them to govern ere they were obeyed:
 Certes, fit teacher to command, because
 His soul Socratic no Xantippe awes;
 Blest with a dame in Virtue's bosom nurst, —
 With her let silent admiration pause! —
 True to her second husband and her first:
 On such unshaken fame let Satire do its worst.

* [The "Needy Knife-grinder," in the Anti-jacobin, was a joint production of Frere and Canning.]

LXXXIX.

Nor yet, alas ! the dreadful work is done ;
Fresh legions pour adown the Pyrenees :
It deepens still, the work is scarce begun,
Nor mortal eye the distant end foresees.
Fallen nations gaze on Spain ; if freed, she frees
More than her fell Pizarros once enchained :
Strange retribution ! now Columbia's ease
Repairs the wrongs that Quito's sons sustained,
While o'er the parent clime prowls Murder unre-
strained.

XC.

Not all the blood at Talavera shed,
Not all the marvels of Barossa's fight,
Not Albuera lavish of the dead,
Have won for Spain her well-asserted right.
When shall her Olive-Branch be free from blight ?
When shall she breathe her from the blushing toil ?
How many a doubtful day shall sink in night,
Ere the Frank robber turn him from his spoil,
And Freedom's stranger-tree grow native of the soil !

XCI.

And thou, my friend ! * — since unavailing woe
Bursts from my heart, and mingles with the
strain —

Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low,
Pride might forbid e'en Friendship to complain :

* The Honorable John Wingfield, of the Guards, who died of a fever at Coimbra. I had known him ten years, the better half

But thus unlaurell'd to descend in vain,
By all forgotten, save the lonely breast,
And mix unbleeding with the boasted slain,
While Glory crowns so many a meaner crest!
What hadst thou done to sink so peacefully to rest?

XCII.

Oh, known the earliest, and esteemed the most!
Dear to a heart where nought was left so dear!
Though to my hopeless days for ever lost,
In dreams deny me not to see thee here!
And Morn in secret shall renew the tear
Of Consciousness awaking to her woes,

of his life, and the happiest part of mine. In the short space of one month, I have lost *her* who gave me being, and most of those who had made that being tolerable. To me the lines of Young are no fiction:—

“Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain,
And thrice ere thrice yon moon had filled her horn.”

I should have ventured a verse to the memory of the late Charles Skinner Matthews, Fellow of Downing College, Cambridge, were he not too much above all praise of mine. His powers of mind, shown in the attainment of greater honors, against the ablest candidates, than those of any graduate on record at Cambridge, have sufficiently established his fame on the spot where it was acquired; while his softer qualities live in the recollection of friends who loved him too well to envy his superiority. — [“To him all the men I ever knew were pigmies. He was an intellectual giant. It is true I loved Wingfield better; he was the earliest and the dearest, and one of the few one could never repent of having loved: but in ability — Ah, you did not know Matthews!” — *Byron to Dallas*, 1812.]

And Fancy hover o'er thy bloodless bier,
Till my frail frame return to whence it rose,
And mourned and mourner lie united in repose.

XCIII.

Here is one fytte of Harold's pilgrimage :
Ye who of him may further seek to know,
Shall find some tidings in a future page,
If he that rhymeth now may scribble moe.
Is this too much? stern Critic! say not so :
Patience! and ye shall hear what he beheld
In other lands, where he was doomed to go :
Lands that contain the monuments of Eld,
Ere Greece and Grecian arts by barbarous hands were
quelled.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO THE SECOND

(69)

CHURCH RECORDS & BAPTIST FOR

OF THE STATE

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

COME, blue-eyed maid of heaven! — but thou, alas!
Didst never yet one mortal song inspire —
Goddess of Wisdom! here thy temple was,
And is, despite of war and wasting fire,*
And years, that bade thy worship to expire.
But worse than steel, and flame, and ages slow,
Is the dread sceptre and dominion dire
Of men who never felt the sacred glow
That thoughts of thee and thine on polished breasts
bestow.

* Part of the Acropolis was destroyed by the explosion of a magazine during the Venetian siege. — [On the highest part of Lycabettus, as Chandler was informed by an eye-witness, the Venetians, in 1687, placed four mortars and six pieces of cannon, when they battered the Acropolis. One of the bombs was fatal to some of the sculpture on the west front of the Parthenon. "In 1667," says Hobhouse, "every antiquity of which there is now any trace in the Acropolis, was in a tolerable state of preservation. This great temple might, at that period, be called entire; — having been previously a Christian church, it was then a mosque, the most beautiful in the world."]

II.

Ancient of days! august Athena!* where,
Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?
Gone — glimmering through the dream of things
that were:

First in the race that led to Glory's goal,
They won, and passed away — is this the whole?
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole
Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering
tower,

Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of
power.

* We can all feel, or imagine, the regret with which the ruins of cities, once the capitals of empires, are beheld: the reflections suggested by such objects are too trite to require recapitulation. But never did the littleness of man, and the vanity of his very best virtues, of patriotism to exalt, and of valor to defend his country, appear more conspicuous than in the record of what Athens was, and the certainty of what she now is. This theatre of contention between mighty factions, of the struggles of orators, the exaltation and deposition of tyrants, the triumph and punishment of generals, is now become a scene of petty intrigue and perpetual disturbance, between the bickering agents of certain British nobility and gentry. "The wild foxes, the owls and serpents in the ruins of Babylon," were surely less degrading than such inhabitants. The Turks have the plea of conquest for their tyranny, and the Greeks have only suffered the fortune of war, incidental to the bravest; but how are the mighty fallen, when two painters contest the privilege of plundering the Parthenon, and triumph in turn, according to the tenor of each succeeding firman! Sylla could but punish, Philip subdue, and Xerxes burn Athens; but it remained for the paltry antiquarian, and his despicable agents, to render her contemptible as himself and his pursuits. The Parthenon, before its destruction in part, by fire

III.

Son of the morning, rise! approach you here!
Come — but molest not yon defenceless urn:
Look on this spot — a nation's sepulchre!
Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn.
Even gods must yield — religions take their turn:
'T was Jove's — 'tis Mahomet's — and other creeds
Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds;
Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is built
on reeds.*

during the Venetian siege, had been a temple, a church, and a mosque. In each point of view it is an object of regard: it changed its worshippers; but still it was a place of worship thrice sacred to devotion: its violation is a triple sacrilege. But —

“Man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.”

* [In the original MS. the following note to this stanza, had been prepared for publication, but was afterwards withdrawn, “from a fear,” says the poet, “that it might be considered rather as an attack, than a defence of religion:” — “In this age of bigotry, when the puritan and priest have changed places, and the wretched Catholic is visited with the ‘sins of his fathers,’ even unto generations far beyond the pale of the commandment, the cast of opinion in these stanzas will, doubtless, meet with many a contemptuous anathema. But let it be remembered, that the spirit they breathe is desponding, not sneering, scepticism; that he who has seen the Greek and Moslem superstitions contending for mastery over the former shrines of Polytheism — who has left in his own, ‘Pharisees, thanking God that they are not like publicans and sinners,’ and Spaniards in theirs, abhorring the veretics, who have holpen them in their need, — will be not a

IV.

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to heaven —
 Is't not enough, unhappy thing ! to know
 Thou art ? Is this a boon so kindly given,
 That being, thou would'st be again, and go,
 Thou know'st not, reck'st not to what region, so
 On earth no more, but mingled with the skies ?
 Still wilt thou dream on future joy and woe ?
 Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies :
 That little urn saith more than thousand homilies.

V.

Or burst the vanished Hero's lofty mound ;
 Far on the solitary shore he sleeps : *
 He fell, and falling nations mourned around ;
 But now not one of saddening thousands weeps,

little bewildered, and begin to think, that as only one of them can be right, they may, most of them, be wrong. With regard to morals, and the effect of religion on mankind, it appears, from all historical testimony, to have had less effect in making them love their neighbors, than inducing that cordial Christian abhorrence between sectaries and schismatics. The Turks and Quakers are the most tolerant: if an Infidel pays his heratch to the former, he may pray how, when, and where he pleases; and the mild tenets, and devout demeanor of the latter, make their lives the truest commentary on the Sermon on the Mount."]

* It was not always the custom of the Greeks to burn their dead; the greater Ajax, in particular, was interred entire. Almost all the chiefs became gods after their decease; and he was indeed neglected, who had not annual games near his tomb, or festivals in honor of his memory by his countrymen, as Achilles, Brasidas, etc., and at last even Antinous, whose death was as heroic as his life was infamous.

Nor warlike-worshipper his vigil keeps
Where demi-gods appeared, as records tell.
Remove yon skull from out the scattered heaps :
Is that a temple where a God may dwell?
Why even the worm at last disdains her shattered
cell!

VI.

Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul :
Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul :
Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit,
And Passion's host, that never brooked control.
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?

VII.

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son !
" All that we know is, nothing can be known."
Why should we shrink from what we cannot
shun?
Each hath his pang, but feeble sufferers groan
With brain-born dreams of evil all their own.
Pursue what Chance or Fate proclaimeth best ;
Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron :
There no forced banquet claims the sated guest,
But Silence spreads the couch of ever welcome
rest.

VIII.

Yet if, as holiest men have deemed, there be
 A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
 To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee
 And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore;
 How sweet it were in concert to adore
 With those who made our mortal labors light!
 To hear each voice we feared to hear no more!
 Behold each mighty shade revealed to sight,
 The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the
 right! *

IX.

There, thou! — whose love and life together fled,
 Have left me here to love and live in vain —
 Twined with my heart, and can I deem thee dead
 When busy Memory flashes on my brain?
 Well — I will dream that we may meet again,
 And woo the vision to my vacant breast:
 If aught of young Remembrance then remain,
 Be as it may Futurity's behest,
 For me 't were bliss enough to know thy spirit blest! †

* [In the MS., instead of this stanza, was the following: —

“Frown not upon me, churlish Priest! that I
 Look not for life, where life may never be;
 I am no sneerer at thy phantasy;
 Thou pitiest me, — alas! I envy thee,
 Thou bold discoverer in an unknown sea,
 Of happy isles and happier tenants there;
 I ask thee not to prove a Sadducee;
 Still dream of Paradise, thou know'st not where,
 But lov'st too well to bid thine erring brother share.”]

† [Byron wrote this stanza at Newstead, in October, 1811,

X.

Here let me sit upon this massy stone,
The marble column's yet unshaken base ;
Here, son of Saturn ! was thy fav'rite throne :
Mightiest of many such ! Hence let me trace
The latent grandeur of thy dwelling-place.
It may not be : nor even can Fancy's eye
Restore what Time hath labored to deface.
Yet these proud pillars claim no passing sigh ;
Unmoved the Moslem sits, the light Greek carols
by.

XI.

But who, of all the plunderers of yon fane
On high, where Pallas lingered, loth to flee
The latest relic of her ancient reign ;
The last, the worst, dull spoiler, who was he ?
Blush, Caledonia ! such thy son could be !
England ! I joy no child he was of thine :
Thy free-born men should spare what once was
free ;
Yet they could violate each saddening shrine,
And bear these altars o'er the long-reluctant brine.*

on hearing of the death of his Cambridge friend, young Eddlestone.]

* The temple of Jupiter Olympius, of which sixteen columns, entirely of marble, yet survive: originally there were one hundred and fifty. These columns, however, are by many supposed to have belonged to the Pantheon.

XII.

But most the modern Pict's ignoble boast,
To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time hath
spared : *
Cold as the crags upon his native coast,
His mind as barren and his heart as hard,
Is he whose head conceived, whose hand prepared,
Aught to displace Athena's poor remains :
Her sons too weak the sacred shrine to guard,
Yet felt some portion of their mother's pains, †
And never knew, till then, the weight of Despot's
chains.

XIII.

What ! shall it e'er be said by British tongue,
Albion was happy in Athena's tears ?
Though in thy name the slaves her bosom wrung,
Tell not the deed to blushing Europe's ears ;
The ocean queen, the free Britannia, bears

* See Appendix to this Canto [A], for a note too long to be placed here.

† I cannot resist availing myself of the permission of my friend Dr. Clarke, whose name requires no comment with the public, but whose sanction will add tenfold weight to my testimony, to insert the following extract from a very obliging letter of his to me, as a note to the above lines : — “ When the last of the Metopes was taken from the Parthenon, and, in moving of it, great part of the superstructure with one of the triglyphs was thrown down by the workmen whom Lord Elgin employed, the Disdar, who beheld the mischief done to the building, took his pipe from his mouth, dropped a tear, and, in a supplicating tone of voice, said to Lusieri, Τέλος ! — I was present.” The Disdar alluded to was the father of the present Disdar.

The last poor plunder from a bleeding land:
 Yes, she, whose gen'rous aid her name endears,
 Tore down those remnants with a harpy's hand,
 Which envious Eld forbore, and tyrants left to
 stand.*

XIV.

Where was thine *Ægis*, Pallas! that appalled
 Stern Alaric and Havoc on their way? †
 Where Peleus' son? whom Hell in vain en-
 thralled,
 His shade from Hades upon that dread day
 Bursting to light in terrible array!

* [After stanza xiii. the original MS. has the following:—

“Come, then, ye classic Thanes of each degree,
 Dark Hamilton and sullen Aberdeen,
 Come pilfer all the Pilgrim loves to see,
 All that yet consecrates the fading scene:
 Oh! better were it ye had never been,
 Nor ye, nor Elgin, nor that lesser wight,
 The victim sad of vase-collecting spleen,
 House-furnisher withal, one Thomas hight,
 Than ye should bear one stone from wronged Athena's site.

“Or will the gentle Dilettanti crew
 Now delegate the task to digging Gell,
 That mighty limner of a birds'-eye view,
 How like to Nature let his volumes tell;
 Who can with him the folio's limits swell
 With all the Author saw, or said he saw?
 Who can topographize or delve so well?
 No boaster he, nor impudent and raw,
 His pencil, pen, and shade, alike without a flaw.”]

† According to Zosimus, Minerva and Achilles frightened Alaric from the Acropolis; but others relate that the Gothic king was nearly as mischievous as the Scottish peer.— See CHANDLER.

What! could not Pluto spare the chief once more,
To scare a second robber from his prey?
Idly he wandered on the Stygian shore,
Nor now preserved the walls he loved to shield
before.

XV.

Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks on thee,
Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved;
Dull is the eye that will not weep to see
Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines re-
moved
By British hands, which it had best behooved
To guard those relics ne'er to be restored.
Curst be the hour when from their isle they
roved,
And once again thy hapless bosom gored,
And snatched thy shrinking Gods to northern climes
abhorred!

XVI.

But where is Harold? shall I then forget
To urge the gloomy wanderer o'er the wave?
Little recked he of all that men regret;
No loved-one now in feigned lament could rave;
No friend the parting hand extended gave,
Ere the cold stranger passed to other climes;
Hard is his heart whom charms may not enslave;
But Harold felt not as in other times,
And left without a sigh the land of war and crimes.

XVII.

He that has sailed upon the dark blue sea
Has viewed at times, I ween, a full fair sight ;
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,
The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight ;
Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,
The glorious main expanding o'er the bow,
The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,
The dullest sailer wearing bravely now,
So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow.

XVIII.

And oh, the little warlike world within !
The well-reeved guns, the netted canopy,*
The hoarse command, the busy humming din,
When, at a word, the tops are manned on high :
Hark, to the Boatswain's call, the cheering cry !
While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides,
Or schoolboy Midshipman that, standing by,
Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,
And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides.

XIX.

White is the glassy deck, without a stain,
Where on the watch the staid Lieutenant walks :
Look on that part which sacred doth remain
For the lone chieftain, who majestic stalks,

* To prevent blocks or splinters from falling on deck during action.

Silent and feared by all — not oft he talks
With aught beneath him, if he would preserve
That strict restraint, which broken, ever balks
Conquest and Fame: but Britons rarely swerve
From law, however stern, which tends their strength
to nerve.

XX.

Blow! swiftly blow, thou keel-compelling gale!
Till the broad sun withdraws his lessening ray;
Then must the pennant-bearer slacken sail,
That lagging barks may make their lazy way,
Ah! grievance sore, and listless dull delay,
To waste on sluggish hulks the sweetest breeze!
What leagues are lost, before the dawn of day,
Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas,
The flapping sail hauled down to halt for logs like
these!

XXI.

The moon is up; by Heaven, a lovely eve!
Long streams of light o'er dancing waves expand;
Now lads on shore may sigh, and maids believe:
Such be our fate when we return to land!
Meantime some rude Arion's restless hand
Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love;
A circle there of merry listeners stand,
Or to some well-known measure featly move,
Thoughtless, as if on shore they still were free to
rove.

XXII.

Through Calpe's straits survey the steepy shore;
Europe and Afric on each other gaze!
Lands of the dark-eyed Maid and dusky Moor
Alike beheld beneath pale Hecate's blaze:
How softly on the Spanish shore she plays,
Disclosing rock, and slope, and forest brown,
Distinct, though darkening with her waning phase;
But Mauritania's giant-shadows frown,
From mountain-cliff to coast descending sombre down.

XXIII.

'Tis night, when Meditation bids us feel
We once have loved, though love is at an end:
The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,
Though friendless now, will dream it had a friend.
Who with the weight of years would wish to bend,
When Youth itself survives young Love and Joy?
Alas! when mingling souls forget to blend,
Death hath but little left him to destroy?
Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a
boy?

XXIV.

Thus bending o'er the vessel's laving side,
To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere,
The soul forgets her schemes of Hope and Pride,
And flies unconscious o'er each backward year.
None are so desolate but something dear,
Dearer than self, possesses or possessed

A thought, and claims the homage of a tear ;
A flashing pang ! of which the weary breast
Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy heart divest.

XXV.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been ;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold ;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean ;
This is not solitude ; 'tis but to hold [unrolled
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores

XXVI.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless,
Minions of splendor shrinking from distress !
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
Of all that flattered, followed, sought, and sued ;
This is to be alone ; this, this is solitude !

XXVII.

More blest the life of godly eremite,
Such as on lonely Athos may be seen,*

* [One of Byron's chief delights was, as he himself states in one of his journals, after bathing in some retired spot, to seat

Watching at eve upon the giant height,
Which looks o'er waves so blue, skies so serene,
That he who there at such an hour hath been,
Will wistful linger on that hallowed spot ;
Then slowly tear him from the witching scene,
Sigh forth one wish that such had been his lot,
Then turn to hate a world he had almost forgot.

XXVIII.

Pass we the long, unvarying course, the track
Oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind ;
Pass we the calm, the gale, the change, the tack,
And each well known caprice of wave and wind ;
Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find,
Cooped in their winged sea-girt citadel ;
The foul, the fair, the contrary, the kind,
As breezes rise and fall and billows swell,
Till on some jocund morn — lo, land ! and all is well.

XXIX.

But not in silence pass Calypso's isles,*
The sister tenants of the middle deep ;

himself on a high rock above the sea, and there remain for hours, gazing upon the sky and the waters. "He led the life," says Sir Egerton Brydges, "as he wrote the strains, of a true poet. He could sleep, and very frequently did sleep, wrapped up in his rough great coat, on the hard boards of a deck, while the winds and the waves were roaring round him on every side, and could subsist on a crust and a glass of water. It would be difficult to persuade me, that he who is a coxcomb in his manners, and artificial in his habits of life, could write good poetry."]

* Goza is said to have been the island of Calypso.

There for the weary still a haven smiles,
Though the fair goddess long hath ceased to weep,
And o'er her cliffs a fruitless watch to keep
For him who dared prefer a mortal bride:
Here, too, his boy essayed the dreadful leap
Stern Mentor urged from high to yonder tide;
While thus of both bereft, the nymph-queen doubly
sighed.

XXX.

Her reign is past, her gentle glories gone:
But trust not this; too easy youth, beware!
A mortal sovereign holds her dangerous throne,
And thou mayest find a new Calypso there.
Sweet Florence! could another ever share
This wayward, loveless heart, it would be thine:
But checked by every tie, I may not dare
To cast a worthless offering at thy shrine,
Nor ask so dear a breast to feel one pang for mine.

XXXI.

Thus Harold deemed, as on that lady's eye
He looked, and met its beam without a thought,
Save Admiration glancing harmless by:
Love kept aloof, albeit not far remote,
Who knew his votary often lost and caught,
But knew him as his worshipper no more,
And ne'er again the boy his bosom sought:
Since now he vainly urged him to adore,
Well deemed the little God his ancient sway was
o'er.

XXXII.

Fair Florence * found, in sooth with some amaze,
One who, 't was said, still sighed to all he saw,
Withstand, unmoved, the lustre of her gaze,
Which others hailed with real or mimic awe,
Their hope, their doom, their punishment, their
law ;
All that gay Beauty from her bondsmen claims :
And much she marvelled that a youth so raw
Nor felt, nor feigned at least, the oft-told flames,
Which, though sometimes they frown, yet rarely
anger dames.

XXXIII.

Little knew she that seeming marble heart,
Now masked in silence or withheld by pride,
Was not unskilful in the spoiler's art,†
And spread its snares licentious far and wide ;
Nor from the base pursuit had turned aside,
As long as aught was worthy to pursue :
But Harold on such arts no more relied ;
And had he doted on those eyes so blue,
Yet never would he join the lover's whining crew.

XXXIV.

Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast,
Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs ;

* [Mrs. Spencer Smith, an accomplished but eccentric lady, whose acquaintance the poet formed at Malta.]

† [Against this line it is sufficient to set the poet's own declaration, in 1821,—"I am not a Joseph, nor a Scipio, but I can safely affirm, that I never in my life seduced any woman."]

What careth she for hearts when once possessed?
Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes;
But not too humbly, or she will despise
Thee and thy suit, though told in moving tropes:
Disguise even tenderness, if thou art wise;
Brisk Confidence still best with woman copes;
Pique her and soothe in turn, soon Passion crowns
thy hopes.

XXXV.

'Tis an old lesson; Time approves it true,
And those who know it best, deplore it most:
When all is won that all desire to woo,
The paltry prize is hardly worth the cost:
Youth wasted, minds degraded, honor lost,
These are thy fruits, successful Passion! these!
If, kindly cruel, early Hope is crost,
Still to the last it rankles, a disease,
Not to be cured when Love itself forgets to please.

XXXVI.

Away! nor let me loiter in my song,
For we have many a mountain-path to tread,
And many a varied shore to sail along,
By pensive Sadness, not by Fiction, led —
Climes, fair withal as ever mortal head
Imagined in its little schemes of thought;
Or e'er in new Utopias were ared,
To teach man what he might be, or he ought;
If that corrupted thing could ever such be taught.

XXXVII.

Dear Nature is the kindest mother still,
Though alway changing, in her aspect mild;
From her bare bosom let me take my fill,
Her never-weaned, though not her favored child.
Oh! she is fairest in her features wild,
Where nothing polished dares pollute her path:
To me by day or night she ever smiled,
Though I have marked her when none other hath,
And sought her more and more, and loved her best
in wrath.

XXXVIII.

Land of Albania! where Iskander rose,
Theme of the young, and beacon of the wise,
And he his namesake, whose oft-baffled foes
Shrunk from his deeds of chivalrous emprise:
Land of Albania!* let me bend mine eyes
On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men!
The cross descends, thy minarets arise,
And the pale crescent sparkles in the glen,
Through many a cypress grove within each city's ken.

XXXIX.

Childe Harold sailed, and passed the barren spot
Where sad Penelope o'erlooked the wave;†
And onward viewed the mount, not yet forgot,
The lover's refuge, and the Lesbian's grave.

* See Appendix to this Canto, Note [B].

† Ithaca.

Dark Sappho! could not verse immortal save
That breast imbued with such immortal fire?
Could she not live who life eternal gave?
If life eternal may await the lyre,
That only heaven to which Earth's children may
aspire.

XL.

'T was on a Grecian autumn's gentle eve
Childe Harold hailed Leucadia's cape afar;*
A spot he longed to see, nor cared to leave:
Oft did he mark the scenes of vanished war,
Actium, Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar;†
Mark them unmoved, for he would not delight
(Born beneath some remote inglorious star)
In themes of bloody fray, or gallant fight,
But loathed the bravo's trade, and laughed at martial
wight.

XLI.

But when he saw the evening star above
Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe,
And hailed the last resort of fruitless love,
He felt, or deemed he felt, no common glow:
And as the stately vessel glided slow
Beneath the shadow of that ancient mount,

* Leucadia, now Santa Maura. From the promontory (the Lover's Leap) Sappho is said to have thrown herself.

† Actium and Trafalgar need no further mention. The battle of Lepanto, equally bloody and considerable, but less known, was fought in the Gulf of Patras. Here the author of Don Quixote lost his left hand.

He watched the billows' melancholy flow,
And, sunk albeit in thought as he was wont,
More placid seemed his eye, and smooth his pallid
front.

XLII.

Morn dawns ; and with it stern Albania's hills,
Dark Suli's rocks, and Pindus' inland peak,
Robed half in mist, bedewed with snowy rills,
Arrayed in many a dun and purple streak,
Arise ; and, as the clouds along them break,
Disclose the dwelling of the mountaineer :
Here roams the wolf, the eagle whets his beak,
Birds, beasts of prey, and wilder men appear,
And gathering storms around convulse the closing
year.

XLIII.

Now Harold felt himself at length alone,
And bade to Christian tongues a long adieu ;
Now he adventured on a shore unknown,
Which all admire, but many dread to view : [few ;
His breast was armed 'gainst fate, his wants were
Peril he sought not, but ne'er shrank to meet :
The scene was savage, but the scene was new ;
This made the ceaseless toil of travel sweet,
Beat back keen winter's blast, and welcomed summer's
heat.

XLIV.

Here the red cross, for still the cross is here,
Though sadly scoffed at by the circumcised,

Forgets that pride to pampered priesthood dear;
 Churchman and votary alike despised.
 Foul Superstition! howsoe'er disguised,
 Idol, saint, virgin, prophet, crescent, cross,
 For whatsoever symbol thou art prized,
 Thou sacerdotal gain, but general loss!
 Who from true worship's gold can separate thy
 dross?

XLV.

Ambracia's gulf behold, where once was lost
 A world for woman, lovely, harmless thing!
 In yonder rippling bay, their naval host
 Did many a Roman chief and Asian king*
 To doubtful conflict, certain slaughter bring:
 Look where the second Cæsar's trophies rose:†
 Now, like the hands that reared them, withering:
 Imperial anarchs, doubling human woes!
 GOD! was thy globe ordained for such to win and
 lose?

* It is said, that, on the day previous to the battle of Actium, Antony had thirteen kings at his levee. — ["To-day" (Nov. 12), "I saw the remains of the town of Actium, near which Antony lost the world, in a small bay, where two frigates could hardly manœuvre: a broken wall is the sole remnant. On another part of the gulf stand the ruins of Nicopolis, built by Augustus, in honor of his victory."] — *Byron to his Mother*, 1809.

† Nicopolis, whose ruins are most extensive, is at some distance from Actium, where the wall of the Hippodrome survives in a few fragments. These ruins are large masses of brickwork, the bricks of which are joined by interstices of mortar, as large as the bricks themselves, and equally durable.

XLVI.

From the dark barriers of that rugged clime,
Even to the centre of Illyria's vales,
Childe Harold passed o'er many a mount sublime,
Through lands scarce noticed in historic tales;
Yet in famed Attica such lovely dales
Are rarely seen; nor can fair Tempe boast
A charm they know not; loved Parnassus fails,
Though classic ground and consecrated most,
To match some spots that lurk within this lowering
coast.

XLVII.

He passed bleak Pindus, Acherusia's lake,*
And left the primal city of the land,
And onwards did his further journey take
To greet Albania's chief,† whose dread command
Is lawless law; for with a bloody hand
He sways a nation, turbulent and bold:

* According to Pouqueville, the lake of Yanina: but Pouqueville is always out.

† The celebrated Ali Pacha. Of this extraordinary man there is an incorrect account in Pouqueville's Travels.—[“I left Malta in the Spider brig-of-war, on the 21st of September, and arrived in eight days at Prevesa. I thence have traversed the interior of the province of Albania, on a visit to the Pacha, as far as Tepaleen, his highness's country palace, where I stayed three days. The name of the Pacha is Ali, and he is considered a man of the first abilities: he governs the whole of Albania (the ancient Illyricum), Epirus, and part of Macedonia.”—*Byron to his Mother.*]

Yet here and there some daring mountain-band
Disdain his power, and from their rocky hold
Hurl their defiance far, nor yield, unless to gold.*

XLVIII.

Monastic Zitza! † from thy shady brow,
Thou small, but favored spot of holy ground!
Where'er we gaze, around, above, below,
What rainbow tints, what magic charms are found!
Rock, river, forest, mountain, all abound,
And bluest skies that harmonize the whole:
Beneath, the distant torrent's rushing sound
Tells where the volumed cataract doth roll
Between those hanging rocks, that shock yet please
the soul.

* Five thousand Suliotes, among the rocks and in the castle of Suli, withstood thirty thousand Albanians for eighteen years; the castle at last was taken by bribery. In this contest there were several acts performed not unworthy of the better days of Greece.

† The convent and village of Zitza are four hours' journey from Joannina, or Yanina, the capital of the Pachalick. In the valley the river Halamas (once the Acheron) flows, and, not far from Zitza, forms a fine cataract. The situation is perhaps the finest in Greece, though the approach to Delvinachi and parts of Acarnania and Ætolia may contest the palm. Delphi, Parnassus and, in Attica, even Cape Colonna and Port Rapti, are very inferior; as also every scene in Ionia, or the Troad: I am almost inclined to add the approach to Constantinople; but, from the different features of the last, a comparison can hardly be made. ["Zitza," says the poet's companion, "is a village inhabited by Greek peasants. Perhaps there is not in the world a more romantic prospect than that which is viewed from the summit of the hill. The foreground is a gentle declivity, terminating

XLIX.

Amidst the grove that crowns yon tufted hill,
Which, were it not for many a mountain nigh
Rising in lofty ranks, and loftier still,
Might well itself be deemed of dignity,
The convent's white walls glisten fair on high :
Here dwells the caloyer,* nor rude is he,
Nor niggard of his cheer ; the passer by
Is welcome still ; nor heedless will he flee
From hence, if he delight kind Nature's sheen to see.

L.

Here in the sultriest season let him rest,
Fresh is the green beneath those aged trees ;
Here winds of gentlest wing will fan his breast,
From heaven itself he may inhale the breeze :
The plain is far beneath — oh ! let him seize
Pure pleasure while he can ; the scorching ray
Here pierceth not, impregnate with disease :
Then let his length the loitering pilgrim lay,
And gaze, untired, the morn, the noon, the eve away.

LI.

Dusky and huge, enlarging on the sight,
Nature's volcanic amphitheatre,†
Chimæra's alps extend from left to right :
Beneath, a living valley seems to stir ;

on every side in an extensive landscape of green hills and dale,
enriched with vineyards, and dotted with frequent flocks."]

* The Greek monks are so called.

† The Chimariot mountains appear to have been volcanic.

Flocks play, trees wave, streams flow, the mountain-fir
Nodding above ; behold black Acheron ! *
Once consecrated to the sepulchre.
Pluto ! if this be hell I look upon,
Close shamed Elysium's gates, my shade shall seek
for none.

LII.

Ne city's towers pollute the lovely view ;
Unseen is Yanina, though not remote,
Veiled by the screen of hills : here men are few,
Scanty the hamlet, rare the lonely cot :
But peering down each precipice, the goat
Browseth ; and, pensive o'er his scattered flock,
The little shepherd in his white capote †
Doth lean his boyish form along the rock,
Or in his cave awaits the tempest's short-lived shock.

LIII.

Oh ! where, Dodona ! is thine aged grove,
Prophetic fount, and oracle divine ?
What valley echoed the response of Jove ?
What trace remaineth of the Thunderer's shrine ?
All, all forgotten — and shall man repine
That his frail bonds to fleeting life are broke ?
Cease, fool ! the fate of gods may well be thine :
Wouldst thou survive the marble or the oak ?
When nations, tongues, and worlds must sink beneath
the stroke !

* Now called Kalamas.

† Albanese cloak.

LIV.

Epirus' bounds recede, and mountains fail;
 Tired of up-gazing still, the wearied eye
 Reposes gladly on as smooth a vale
 As ever Spring yclad in grassy dye:
 Even on a plain no humble beauties lie,
 Where some bold river breaks the long expanse,
 And woods along the banks are waving high,
 Whose shadows in the glassy waters dance,
 Or with the moonbeam sleep in midnight's solemn
 trance.

LV.

The sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit,*
 And Laos wide and fierce came roaring by; †
 The shades of wonted night were gathering yet,
 When, down the steep banks winding warily,
 Childe Harold saw, like meteors in the sky,
 The glittering minarets of Tepalen, [nigh,
 Whose walls o'erlook the stream; and drawing
 He heard the busy hum of warrior-men
 Swelling the breeze that sighed along the lengthen-
 ing glen. ‡

* Anciently Mount Tomarus.

† The river Laos was full at the time the author passed it; and, immediately above Tepaleen, was to the eye as wide as the Thames at Westminster; at least in the opinion of the author and his fellow-traveller. In the summer it must be much narrower. It certainly is the finest river in the Levant; neither Achelous, Alpheus, Acheron, Scamander, nor Cayster, approached it in breadth or beauty.

‡ ["Ali Pacha, hearing that an Englishman of rank was in his

LVI.

He passed the sacred Haram's silent tower,
And underneath the wide o'erarching gate
Surveyed the dwelling of this chief of power,
Where all around proclaimed his high estate.
Amidst no common pomp the despot sate,
While busy preparation shook the court,
Slaves, eunuchs, soldiers, guests, and santons
wait;
Within, a palace, and without, a fort:
Here men of every clime appear to make resort.

dominions, left orders, in Yanina, with the commandant, to provide a house, and supply me with every kind of necessary *gratis*. I rode out on the vizier's horses, and saw the palaces of himself and grandsons. I shall never forget the singular scene on entering Tepaleen, at five in the afternoon, (Oct. 11), as the sun was going down. It brought to my mind (with some change of dress, however,) Scott's description of Branksome Castle in his Lay, and the feudal system. The Albanians in their dresses (the most magnificent in the world, consisting of a long white kilt, gold-worked cloak, crimson velvet gold-laced jacket and waistcoat, silver-mounted pistols and daggers); the Tartars, with their high caps; the Turks in their vast pelisses and turbans; the soldiers and black slaves with the horses, the former in groups, in an immense large open gallery in front of the palace, the latter placed in a kind of cloister below it; two hundred steeds ready caparisoned to move in a moment; couriers entering or passing out with despatches; the kettle-drums beating; boys calling the hour from the minaret of the mosque; — altogether, with the singular appearance of the building itself, formed a new and delightful spectacle to a stranger. I was conducted to a very handsome apartment, and my health inquired after by the vizier's secretary, 'à la mode Turquie.' " — *Byron's Letters*.]

LVII.

Richly caparisoned, a ready row
Of armed horse, and many a warlike store,
Circled the wide extending court below;
Above, strange groups adorned the corridore;
And oft-times through the area's echoing door,
Some high-capped Tartar spurred his steed away
The Turk, the Greek, the Albanian, and the Moor,
Here mingled in their many-hued array,
While the deep war-drum's sound announced the
close of day.

LVIII.

The wild Albanian kirtled to his knee,
With shawl-girt head and ornamented gun,
And gold-embroidered garments, fair to see:
The crimson-scarfed men of Macedon;
The Delhi with his cap of terror on,
And crooked glaive; the lively, supple Greek;
And swarthy Nubia's mutilated son;
The bearded Turk, that rarely deigns to speak.
Master of all around, too potent to be meek.

LIX.

Are mixed conspicuous: some recline in groups,
Scanning the motley scene that varies round;
There some grave Moslem to devotion stoops,
And some that smoke, and some that play, are
found;
Here the Albanian proudly treads the ground;
Half whispering there the Greek is heard to prate;

Hark ! from the mosque the nightly solemn sound,
 The Muezzin's call doth shake the minaret,
 " There is no god but God ! — to prayer — lo ! God
 is great ! " *

LX.

Just at this season Ramazani's fast †
 Through the long day its penance did maintain :
 But when the lingering twilight hour was past,
 Revel and feast assumed the rule again :
 Now all was bustle, and the menial train
 Prepared and spread the plenteous board within ;
 The vacant gallery now seemed made in vain,
 But from the chambers came the mingling din,
 As page and slave anon were passing out and in.

* [“ On our arrival at Tepaleen, we were lodged in the palace. During the night, we were disturbed by the perpetual carousal which seemed to be kept up in the gallery, and by the drum and the voice of the ‘ Muezzin,’ or chanter, calling the Turks to prayers from the minaret or the mosque attached to the palace. The chanter was a boy, and he sang out his hymn in a sort of loud melancholy recitative. He was a long time repeating the purport of these few words: ‘ God most high ! I bear witness, that there is no god but God, and Mahomet is his prophet: come to prayer; come to the asylum of salvation; great God ! there is no god but God ! ’ ” — HOBHOUSE.]

† [“ We were a little unfortunate in the time we chose for travelling, for it was during the Ramazan, or Turkish Lent, which fell this year in October, and was hailed at the rising of the new moon, on the evening of the 8th, by every demonstration of joy: but although, during this month, the strictest abstinence is observed in the daytime, yet with the setting of the sun the feasting commences: then is the time for paying and receiving visits, and for the amusements of Turkey, puppet-shows, jugglers, dancers, and story-tellers.” — HOBHOUSE.]

LXI.

Here woman's voice is never heard : apart,
And scarce permitted, guarded, veiled, to move,
She yields to one her person and her heart,
Tamed to her cage, nor feels a wish to rove :
For, not unhappy in her master's love,
And joyful in a mother's gentlest cares,
Blest cares ! all other feelings far above !
Herself more sweetly rears the babe she bears,
Who never quits the breast, no meaner passion shares

LXII.

In marble-paved pavilion, where a spring
Of living water from the centre rose,
Whose bubbling did a genial freshness fling,
And soft voluptuous couches breathed repose,
ALI reclined, a man of war and woes : *
Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,

* [" On the 12th, I was introduced to Ali Pacha. The vizier received me in a large room paved with marble; a fountain was playing in the centre. He received me standing, a wonderful compliment from a Mussulman, and made me sit down on his right hand. His first question was, why, at so early an age, I left my country. He then said, the English minister had told him I was of a great family, and desired his respects to my mother; which I now, in the name of Ali Pacha, present to you. He said he was certain I was a man of birth, because I had small ears, curling hair, and little white hands. He told me to consider him as a father, whilst I was in Turkey, and said he looked on me as his own son. Indeed, he treated me like a child, sending me almonds and sugared sherbet, fruit, and sweet-meats, twenty times a day. I then, after coffee and pipes, retired." — *Byron to his Mother.*]

While Gentleness her milder radiance throws
 Along that aged venerable face,
 The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him with disgrace.

LXIII.

It is not that yon hoary lengthening beard
 Ill suits the passions which belong to youth ; *
 Love conquers age — so Hafiz hath averred,
 So sings the Teian, and he sings in sooth —
 But crimes that scorn the tender voice of Ruth,
 Beseeming all men ill, but most the man
 In years, have marked him with a tiger's tooth ;
 Blood follows blood, and, through their mortal
 span,
 In bloodier acts conclude those who with blood
 began.†

* [Hobhouse describes the vizier as "a short man, about five feet five inches in height, and very fat; possessing a very pleasing face, fair and round, with blue quick eyes, not at all settled into a Turkish gravity." Dr. Holland happily compares the spirit which lurked under Ali's usual exterior, as "the fire of a stove, burning fiercely under a smooth and polished surface." When the doctor returned from Albania, in 1813, he brought a letter from the Pacha to Lord Byron. "It is," says the poet, "in Latin, and begins 'Excellentissime, *necnon* Carissime,' and ends about a gun he wants made for him. He tells me that, last spring, he took a town, a hostile town, where, forty-two years ago, his mother and sisters were treated as Miss Cunegunde was by the Bulgarian cavalry. He takes the town, selects all the survivors of the exploit — children, grandchildren, etc., to the tune of six hundred, and has them shot before his face. So much for 'dearest friend.'"]

† [The fate of Ali was such as the poet anticipated. He was

LXIV.

'Mid many things most new to ear and eye
The pilgrim rested here his weary feet,
And gazed around on Moslem luxury,
Till quickly wearied with that spacious seat
Of Wealth and Wantonness, the choice retreat
Of sated Grandeur from the city's noise :
And were it humbler it in sooth were sweet ;
But Peace abhorreth artificial joys,
And Pleasure, leagued with Pomp, the zest of both
destroys.

LXV.

Fierce are Albania's children, yet they lack
Not virtues, were those virtues more mature.
Where is the foe that ever saw their back ?
Who can so well the toil of war endure ?
Their native fastnesses not more secure
Than they in doubtful time of troublous need :
Their wrath how deadly ! but their friendship sure,
When Gratitude or Valor bids them bleed,
Unshaken rushing on where'er their chief may lead.

LXVI.

Childe Harold saw them in their chieftain's tower
Thronging to war in splendor and success ;
And after viewed them, when, within their power,
Himself awhile the victim of distress ;

assassinated by order of the Sultan in February, 1822. His head was sent to Constantinople, and exhibited at the gates of the seraglio.]

That saddening hour when bad men hotlier press :
But these did shelter him beneath their roof,
When less barbarians would have cheered him less,
And fellow-countrymen have stood aloof — *
In aught that tries the heart how few withstand the
proof !

LXVII.

It chanced that adverse winds once drove his bark
Full on the coast of Suli's shaggy shore,
When all around was desolate and dark ;
To land was perilous, to sojourn more ;
Yet for a while the mariners forbore,
Dubious to trust where treachery might lurk :
At length they ventured forth, though doubting
sore
That those who loathe alike the Frank and Turk
Might once again renew their ancient butcher-work.

LXVIII.

Vain fear ! the Suliotes stretched the welcome
hand, [swamp,
Led them o'er rocks and past the dangerous
Kinder than polished slaves though not so bland,
And piled the hearth, and wrung their garments
damp,
And filled the bowl, and trimmed the cheerful lamp,
And spread their fare ; though homely, all they
had :

* Alluding to the wreckers of Cornwall.

Such conduct bears Philanthropy's rare stamp —
To rest the weary and to soothe the sad, [bad.
Doth lesson happier men, and shames at least the

LXIX.

It came to pass, that when he did address
Himself to quit at length this mountain-land,
Combined marauders half-way barred egress,
And wasted far and near with glaive and brand;
And therefore did he take a trusty band
To traverse Acarnania's forest wide,
In war well seasoned, and with labors tanned,
Till he did greet white Achelous' tide,
And from his further bank Ætolia's wolds espied.

LXX.

Where lone Utraikey forms its circling cove,
And weary waves retire to gleam at rest,
How brown the foliage of the green hill's grove,
Nodding at midnight o'er the calm bay's breast,
As winds come lightly whispering from the west,
Kissing, not ruffling, the blue deep's serene: —
Here Harold was received a welcome guest;
Nor did he pass unmoved the gentle scene,
For many a joy could he from Night's soft presence
glean.

LXXI.

On the smooth shore the night-fires brightly blazed,
The feast was done, the red wine circling fast,*

* The Albanian Mussulmans do not abstain from wine, and indeed, very few of the others.

And he that unawares had there ygazed
 With gaping wonderment had stared aghast :
 For ere night's midmost, stillest hour was past,
 The native revels of the troop began ;
 Each Palikar * his sabre from him cast,
 And bounding hand in hand, man linked to man,
 Yelling their uncouth dirge, long daunced the kirtled
 clan.†

* Palikar, shortened when addressed to a single person, from *Παλικαρι*, a general name for a soldier amongst the Greeks and Albanese who speak Romaic: it means, properly, "a lad."

† ["In the evening the gates were secured, and preparations were made for feeding our Albanians. A goat was killed and roasted whole, and four fires were kindled in the yard, round which the soldiers seated themselves in parties. After eating and drinking, the greatest part of them assembled round the largest of the fires, and, whilst ourselves and the elders of the party were seated on the ground, danced round the blaze, to their own songs, with astonishing energy. All their songs were relations of some robbing exploits. One of them, which detained them more than an hour, began thus:—'When we set out from Parga, there were sixty of us:' then came the burden of the verse,—

‘Robbers all at Parga!

Robbers all at Parga!’

‘Κλεφτεῖς ποτε Παργα!

Κλεφτεῖς ποτε Παργα!’

and, as they roared out this stave, they whirled round the fire, dropped, and rebounded from their knees, and again whirled round, as the chorus was again repeated. The rippling of the waves upon the pebbly margin where we were seated, filled up the pauses of the song with a milder, and not more monotonous music. The night was very dark; but, by the flashes of the fires, we caught a glimpse of the woods, the rocks, and the lake, which, together with the wild appearance of the dancers, presented us with a scene that would have made a fine picture in

LXXII.

Childe Harold at a little distance stood
 And viewed, but not displeased, the revelrie,
 Nor hated harmless mirth, however rude :
 In sooth, it was no vulgar sight to see
 Their barbarous, yet their not indecent, glee ;
 And, as the flames along their faces gleamed,
 Their gestures nimble, dark eyes flashing free,
 The long wild locks that to their girdles streamed,
 While thus in concert they this lay half sang, half
 screamed : — *

1.

TAMBOURGI ! Tambourgi ! † thy 'larum afar
 Gives hope to the valiant, and promise of war ;
 All the sons of the mountains arise at the note,
 Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote ! ‡

the hands of such an artist as the author of the *Mysteries of Udolpho*. As we were acquainted with the character of the Albanians, it did not at all diminish our pleasure to know, that every one of our guard had been robbers, and some of them a very short time before. It was eleven o'clock before we had retired to our room, at which time the Albanians, wrapping themselves up in their capotes, went to sleep round the fires." — HOBHOUSE.]

* [For a specimen of the Albanian or Arnaout dialect of the Illyric, see Appendix to this canto, Note [C].]

† Drummer.

‡ These stanzas are partly taken from different Albanese songs, as far as I was able to make them out by the exposition of the Albanese in Romaic and Italian.

2.

Oh ! who is more brave than a dark Suliote,
In his snowy camese and his shaggy capote ?
To the wolf and the vulture he leaves his wild flock,
And descends to the plain like the stream from the
rock.

3.

Shall the sons of Chimari, who never forgive
The fault of a friend, bid an enemy live ?
Let those guns so unerring such vengeance forego ?
What mark is so fair as the breast of a foe ?

4.

Macedonia sends forth her invincible race ;
For a time they abandon the cave and the chase :
But those scarfs of blood-red shall be redder, before
The sabre is sheathed and the battle is o'er.

5.

Then the pirates of Parga that dwell by the waves,
And teach the pale Franks what it is to be slaves,
Shall leave on the beach the long galley and oar,
And track to his covert the captive on shore.

6.

I ask not the pleasures that riches supply,
My sabre shall win what the feeble must buy ;
Shall win the young bride with her long flowing hair
And many a maid from her mother shall tear.

7.

I love the fair face of the maid in her youth,
Her caresses shall lull me, her music shall soothe ;
Let her bring from the chamber her many-toned lyre,
And sing us a song on the fall of her sire.

8.

Remember the moment when Previsa fell,*
The shrieks of the conquered, the conquerors' yell ;
The roofs that we fired, and the plunder we shared,
The wealthy we slaughtered, the lovely we spared

9.

I talk not of mercy, I talk not of fear ;
He neither must know who would serve the Vizier :
Since the days of our prophet the Crescent ne'er saw
A chief ever glorious like Ali Pashaw.

10.

Dark Muchtar his son to the Danube is sped,
Let the yellow-haired † Giaours ‡ view his horse-tail §
with dread ;
When his Delhis || come dashing in blood o'er the
banks,
How few shall escape from the Muscovite ranks !

* It was taken by storm from the French.

† Yellow is the epithet given to the Russians.

‡ Infidel.

§ The insignia of a Pacha.

|| Horsemen, answering to our forlorn hope.

11.

Selictar ! * unsheathe then our chief's scimitār :
 Tambourgi ! thy 'larum gives promise of war.
 Ye mountains, that see us descend to the shore,
 Shall view us as victors, or view us no more !

LXXIII.

Fair Greece ! sad relic of departed worth ! †
 Immortal, though no more ; though fallen, great !
 Who now shall lead thy scattered children forth,
 And long accustomed bondage uncreate ?
 Not such thy sons who whilome did await,
 The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,
 In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait —
 Oh ! who that gallant spirit shall resume,
 Leap from Eurotas' banks, and call thee from the
 tomb ?

LXXIV.

Spirit of freedom ! when on Phyle's brow ‡
 Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his train,
 Couldst thou forebode the dismal hour which now
 Dims the green beauties of thine Attic plain ?
 Not thirty tyrants now enforce the chain,
 But every carle can lord it o'er thy land ;

* Sword-bearer.

† Some thoughts on the present state of Greece will be found in the Appendix to this Canto, Note [D].

‡ Phyle, which commands a beautiful view of Athens, has still considerable remains: it was seized by Thrasybulus, previous to the expulsion of the Thirty.

Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,
Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand,
From birth till death enslaved; in word, in deed,
unmanned.

LXXV.

In all save form alone, how changed! and who
That marks the fire still sparkling in each eye,
Who but would deem their bosoms burned anew
With thy unquenched beam, lost Liberty!
And many dream withal the hour is nigh
That gives them back their fathers' heritage:
For foreign arms and aid they fondly sigh,
Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,
Or tear their name defiled from Slavery's mournful
page.

LXXVI.

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the
blow?
By their right arms the conquest must be wrought?
Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? no!
True, they may lay your proud despoilers low,
But not for you will freedom's altars flame.
Shades of the Helots! triumph o'er your foe!
Greece! change thy lords, thy state is still the
same;
'Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thine years of
shame.

LXXVII.

The city won for Allah from the Giaour,
The Giaour from Othman's race again may wrest;
And the Serai's impenetrable tower
Receive the fiery Frank, her former guest;*
Or Wahab's rebel brood who dared divest
The prophet's † tomb of all its pious spoil,
May wind their path of blood along the West;
But ne'er will freedom seek this fated soil,
But slave succeed to slave through years of endless
toil.

LXXVIII.

Yet mark their mirth — ere lenten days begin,
That penance which their holy rites prepare
To shrive from man his weight of mortal sin,
By daily abstinence and nightly prayer:
But ere his sackcloth garb Repentance wear,
Some days of joyaunce are decreed to all,
To take of pleasaunce each his secret share,
In motley robe to dance at masking ball,
And join the mimic train of merry Carnival.

LXXIX.

And whose more rife with merriment than thine,
Oh Stamboul! once the empress of their reign?
Though turbans now pollute Sophia's shrine,
And Greece her very altars eyes in vain:

* When taken by the Latins, and retained for several years.

† Mecca and Medina were taken some time ago by the Wahabees, a sect yearly increasing.

(Alas! her woes will still pervade my strain!)
Gay were her minstrels once, for free her throng,
All felt the common joy they now must feign,
Nor oft I've seen such sight, nor heard such song,
As wooed the eye, and thrilled the Bosphorus along.*

LXXX.

Loud was the lightsome tumult on the shore,
Oft Music changed, but never ceased her tone,
And timely echoed back the measured oar,
And rippling waters made a pleasant moan:
The Queen of tides on high consenting shone,
And when a transient breeze swept o'er the wave,
'T was, as if darting from her heavenly throne,
A brighter glance her form reflected gave,
Till sparkling billows seemed to light the banks they
 lave.

LXXXI.

Glanced many a light caique along the foam,
Danced on the shore the daughters of the land,
Ne thought had man or maid of rest or home,
While many a languid eye and thrilling hand
Exchanged the look few bosoms may withstand,
Or gently prest, returned the pressure still:

* [Of Constantinople Byron says, — "I have seen the ruins of Athens, of Ephesus, and Delphi; I have traversed great part of Turkey, and many other parts of Europe, and some of Asia; but I never beheld a work of nature or art which yielded an impression like the prospect on each side, from the Seven Towers to the end of the Golden Horn."]

Oh Love! young Love! bound in thy rosy band,
Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,
These hours, and only these, redeem Life's years of ill!

LXXXII.

But, midst the throng in merry masquerade,
Lurk there no hearts that throb with secret pain,
Even through the closest searment half betrayed?
To such the gentle murmurs of the main
Seem to reëcho all they mourn in vain;
To such the gladness of the gamesome crowd
Is source of wayward thought and stern disdain:
How do they loathe the laughter idly loud,
And long to change the robe of revel for the shroud!

LXXXIII.

This must he feel, the true-born son of Greece,
If Greece one true-born patriot still can boast:
Not such as prate of war, but skulk in peace,
The bondsman's peace, who sighs for all he lost,
Yet with smooth smile his tyrant can accost,
And wield the slavish sickle, not the sword:
Ah! Greece! they love thee least who owe thee
most;
Their birth, their blood, and that sublime record
Of hero sires, who shame thy now degenerate horde!

LXXXIV.

When riseth Lacedemon's hardihood,
When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,

When Athens' children are with hearts endued,
When Grecian mothers shall give birth to men,
Then may'st thou be restored ; but not till then.
A thousand years scarce serve to form a state ;
An hour may lay it in the dust : and when
Can man its shattered splendor renovate,
Recall its virtues back, and vanquish Time and Fate ?

LXXXV.

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,
Land of lost gods and godlike men ! art thou !
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,*
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favorite now ;
Thy fanes, thy temples to thy surface bow,
Commingling slowly with heroic earth,
Broke by the share of every rustic plough :
So perish monuments of mortal birth,
So perish all in turn, save well-recorded Worth ;

LXXXVI.

Save where some solitary column mourns
Above its prostrate brethren of the cave,†
Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns
Colonna's cliff, ‡ and gleams along the wave ;

* On many of the mountains, particularly Liakura, the snow never is entirely melted, notwithstanding the intense heat of the summer ; but I never saw it lie on the plains, even in winter.

† Of Mount Pentelicus, from whence the marble was dug that constructed the public edifices of Athens. The modern name is Mount Mendeli. An immense cave, formed by the quarries, still remains, and will till the end of time.

‡ In all Attica, if we except Athens itself and Marathon, there

Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten grave,
 Where the gray stones and unmolested grass
 Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave,
 While strangers only not regardless pass,
 Linger like me, perchance, to gaze, and sigh "Alas!"

is no scene more interesting than Cape Colonna. To the antiquary and artist, sixteen columns are an inexhaustible source of observation and design; to the philosopher, the supposed scene of some of Plato's conversations will not be unwelcome; and the traveller will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over "*Isles that crown the Ægean deep*:" but for an Englishman, Colonna has yet an additional interest, as the actual spot of Falconer's Shipwreck. Pallas and Plato are forgotten, in the recollection of Falconer and Campbell:—

"Here in the dead of night by Lonna's steep,
 The seaman's cry was heard along the deep."

This temple of Minerva may be seen at sea from a great distance. In two journeys which I made, and one voyage to Cape Colonna, the view from either side, by land, was less striking than the approach from the isles. In our second land excursion, we had a narrow escape from a party of Mainotes, concealed in the caverns beneath. We were told afterwards, by one of their prisoners, subsequently ransomed, that they were deterred from attacking us by the appearance of my two Albanians: conjecturing very sagaciously, but falsely, that we had a complete guard of these Arnaouts at hand, they remained stationary, and thus saved our party, which was too small to have opposed any effectual resistance. Colonna is no less a resort of painters than of pirates; there

"The hireling artist plants his paltry desk,
 And makes degraded nature picturesque."

(See Hodgson's *Lady Jane Grey*, etc.)

But there Nature, with the aid of Art, has done that for herself. I was fortunate enough to engage a very superior German artist; and hope to renew my acquaintance with this and many other Levantine scenes, by the arrival of his performances.

LXXXVII.

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild ;
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are thy fields,
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled,
And still his honied wealth Hymettus yields ;
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds,
The freeborn wanderer of thy mountain-air ;
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,
Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare ;
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still is fair.

LXXXVIII.

Where'er we tread 't is haunted, holy ground ;
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon :
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold
Defies the power which crushed thy temples gone :
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

LXXXIX.

The sun, the soil, but not the slave, the same ;
Unchanged in all except its foreign lord —
Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame,
The Battle-field, where Persia's victim horde
First bowed beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword.
As on the morn to distant Glory dear,

When Marathon became a magic word ;*
Which uttered, to the hearer's eye appear
The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career,

XC.

The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow ;
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear ;
Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain below ;
Death in the front, Destruction in the rear !
Such was the scene — what now remaineth here ?
What sacred trophy marks the hallowed ground,
Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear ?
The rifled urn, the violated mound,
The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger ! spurns
around.

XCI.

Yet to the remnants of thy splendor past
Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng ;
Long shall the voyager, with th' Ionian blast,
Hail the bright clime of battle and of song ;
Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore ;

* "Siste Viator—heroa calcas!" was the epitaph on the famous Count Merci;—what then must be our feelings when standing on the tumulus of the two hundred (Greeks) who fell on Marathon? The principal barrow has recently been opened by Fauvel: few or no relics, as vases, etc. were found by the excavator. The plain of Marathon was offered to me for sale at the sum of sixteen thousand piastres, about nine hundred pounds! Alas!—"Expende—quot *libras* in duce summo—invenies!"—was the dust of Miltiades worth no more? It could scarcely have fetched less if sold by *weight*.

Boast of the aged ! lesson of the young !
Which sages venerate and bards adore,
As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore.

XCII.

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,
If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth ;
He that is lonely, hither let him roam,
And gaze complacent on congenial earth.
Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth :
But he whom Sadness sootheth may abide,
And scarce regret the region of his birth,
When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,
Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian
died.

XCIII.

Let such approach this consecrated land,
And pass in peace along the magic waste ;
But spare its relics — let no busy hand
Deface the scenes, already how defaced !
Not for such purpose were these altars placed :
Revere the remnants nations once revered :
So may our country's name be undisgraced,
So may'st thou prosper where thy youth was reared,
By every honest joy of love and life endeared !

XCIV.

For thee, who thus in too protracted song
Hast soothed thine idlesse with inglorious lays,
Soon shall thy voice be lost amid the throng
Of louder minstrels in these later days :

To such resign the strife for fading bays —
Ill may such contest now the spirit move
Which heeds nor keen reproach nor partial praise,
Since cold each kinder heart that might approve,
And none are left to please when none are left to
love.

XCV.

Thou too art gone, thou loved and lovely one !
Whom youth and youth's affections bound to me ;
Who did for me what none beside have done,
Nor shrank from one albeit unworthy thee.
What is my being ? thou hast ceased to be !
Nor stayed to welcome here thy wanderer home,
Who mourns o'er hours which we no more shall
see —
Would they had never been, or were to come !
Would he had ne'er returned to find fresh cause to
roam !

XCVI.

Oh ! ever loving, lovely, and beloved !
How selfish Sorrow ponders on the past,
And clings to thoughts now better far removed !
But Time shall tear thy shadow from me last.
All thou couldst have of mine, stern Death ! thou
hast ;
The parent, friend, and now the more than friend :
Ne'er yet for one thine arrows flew so fast,
And grief with grief continuing still to blend,
Hath snatched the little joy that life had yet to lend

XCVII.

Then must I plunge again into the crowd,
And follow all that Peace disdains to seek?
Where Revel calls, and Laughter, vainly loud,
False to the heart, distorts the hollow cheek,
To leave the flagging spirit doubly weak;
Still o'er the features, which perforce they cheer,
To feign the pleasure or conceal the pique;
Smiles form the channel of a future tear,
Or raise the writhing lip with ill-dissembled sneer.

XCVIII.

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,
And be alone on earth, as I am now.*
Before the Chastener humbly let me bow,
O'er hearts divided and o'er hopes destroyed:

* [This stanza was written October 11, 1811; upon which day the poet, in a letter to a friend, says, —“It seems as though I were to experience in my youth the greatest misery of age. My friends fall around me, and I shall be left a lonely tree before I am withered. Other men can always take refuge in their families: I have no resource but my own reflections, and they present no prospect here or hereafter, except the selfish satisfaction of surviving my friends. I am indeed very wretched.” In reference to this stanza, “Surely,” said Professor Clarke to the author of the ‘Pursuits of Literature,’ “Lord Byron cannot have experienced such keen anguish as these exquisite allusions to what older men may have felt seem to denote.” —“I fear he has,” answered Matthias; —“*he could not otherwise have written such a poem.*”]

Roll on, vain days! full reckless may ye flow,
 Since Time hath reft whate'er my soul enjoyed,
 And with the ills of Eld mine earlier years alloyed.

APPENDIX

TO CANTO THE SECOND.

NOTE [A]. See p. 78.

"To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time hath spared."

Stanza xii. line 2.

AT this moment (January 3, 1810), besides what has been already deposited in London, an Hydriot vessel is in the Pyræus to receive every portable relic. Thus, as I heard a young Greek observe, in common with many of his countrymen — for, lost as they are, they yet feel on this occasion — thus may Lord Elgin boast of having ruined Athens. An Italian painter of the first eminence, named Lusieri, is the agent of devastation; and like the Greek *finder* of Verres in Sicily, who followed the same profession, he has proved the able instrument of plunder. Between this artist and the French Consul Fauvel, who wishes to rescue the remains for his own government, there is now a violent dispute concerning a car employed in their conveyance, the wheel of which — I wish they were both broken upon it — has been locked up by the Consul, and Lusieri has laid his complaint before the Waywode. Lord Elgin has been extremely happy in his choice of Signor Lusieri. During a residence of ten years in Athens, he never had the curiosity to proceed as far as Sunium (now Caplonna), till he accompanied us in our second excursion. However, his works, as far as they go, are most beautiful: but they are almost all unfinished. While he and his patrons confine themselves to tasting medals, appreciating cameos, sketching columns, and cheapening gems, their little absurdities are as harmless as insect or fox hunting, maiden speechifying, barouche-driving, or any such pastime; but when they carry away three or four shiploads of the most valuable and massy

relics that time and barbarism have left to the most injured and most celebrated of cities; when they destroy, in a vain attempt to tear down, those works which have been the admiration of ages, I know no motive which can excuse, no name which can designate, the perpetrators of this dastardly devastation. It was not the least of the crimes laid to the charge of Verres, that he had plundered Sicily, in the manner since imitated at Athens. The most unblushing impudence could hardly go further than to affix the name of its plunderer to the walls of the Acropolis; while the wanton and useless defacement of the whole range of the basso-relievos, in one compartment of the temple, will never permit that name to be pronounced by an observer without execration.

On this occasion I speak impartially: I am not a collector or admirer of collections, consequently no rival; but I have some early prepossession in favor of Greece, and do not think the honor of England advanced by plunder, whether of India or Attica.

Another noble Lord has done better, because he has done less: but some others, more or less noble, yet "all honorable men," have done *best*, because, after a deal of excavation, and execration, bribery to the Waywode, mining and countermining, they have done nothing at all. We had such ink-shed, and wine-shed, which almost ended in bloodshed! Lord E.'s "prig"—see Jonathan Wild for the definition of "priggism"—quarrelled with another, *Gropius** by name (a very good name too for his

* This Sr. Gropius was employed by a noble Lord for the sole purpose of sketching, in which he excels; but I am sorry to say, that he has, through the abused sanction of that most respectable name, been treading at humble distance in the steps of Sr. Lusieri. — A shipful of his trophies was detained, and I believe confiscated, at Constantinople, in 1810. I am most happy to be now enabled to state, that "this was not in his bond;" that he was employed solely as a painter, and that his noble patron disavows all connection with him, except as an artist. If the error in the first and second edition of this poem has given the noble Lord a moment's pain, I am very sorry for it: Sr. Gropius has assumed for years the name of his agent; and though I cannot much condemn myself for sharing in the mistake of so many, I am happy in being one of the first to be undeceived. Indeed, I have as much pleasure in contradicting this as I felt regret in stating it. — *Note to third edition.*

business), and muttered something about satisfaction, in a verbal answer to a note of the poor Prussian: this was stated at table to Gropius, who laughed, but could eat no dinner afterwards. The rivals were not reconciled when I left Greece. I have reason to remember their squabble, for they wanted to make me their arbitrator.

NOTE [B]. See p. 89.

*“Land of Albania! let me bend mine eyes
On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men!”*

Stanza xxxvii. lines 5 and 6.

Albania comprises part of Macedonia, Illyria, Chaonia, and Epirus. Iskander is the Turkish word for Alexander; and the celebrated Scanderbeg (Lord Alexander) is alluded to in the third and fourth lines of the thirty-eighth stanza. I do not know whether I am correct in making Scanderbeg the countryman of Alexander, who was born at Pella in Macedon, but Mr. Gibbon terms him so, and adds Pyrrhus to the list, in speaking of his exploits.

Of Albania Gibbon remarks, that a country “within sight of Italy is less known than the interior of America.” Circumstances, of little consequence to mention, led Mr. Hobhouse and myself into that country before we visited any other part of the Ottoman dominions; and with the exception of Major Leake, then officially resident at Joannina, no other Englishmen have ever advanced beyond the capital into the interior, as that gentleman very lately assured me. Ali Pacha was at that time (October, 1809) carrying on war against Ibrahim Pacha, whom he had driven to Berat, a strong fortress which he was then besieging: on our arrival at Joannina we were invited to Tepaleni, his highness’s birthplace, and favorite Serai, only one day’s distance from Berat; at this juncture the Vizier had made it his head-quarters. After some stay in the capital, we accordingly followed; but though furnished with every accommodation, and escorted by one of the Vizier’s secretaries, we were nine days (on account of the rains) in accomplishing a journey which, on

our return, barely occupied four. On our route we passed two cities, Argyrocastro and Libochabo, apparently little inferior to Yanina in size; and no pencil or pen can ever do justice to the scenery in the vicinity of Zitza and Delvinachi, the frontier village of Epirus and Albania Proper.

On Albania and its inhabitants I am unwilling to descant, because this will be done so much better by my fellow-traveller, in a work which may probably precede this in publication, that I as little wish to follow as I would to anticipate him. But some few observations are necessary to the text. The Arnaouts, or Albanese, struck me forcibly by their resemblance to the Highlanders of Scotland, in dress, figure, and manner of living. Their very mountains seemed Caledonian, with a kinder climate. The kilt, though white; the spare, active form; their dialect, Celtic in its sound, and their hardy habits, all carried me back to Morven. No nation are so detested and dreaded by their neighbors as the Albanese; the Greeks hardly regard them as Christians, or the Turks as Moslems; and in fact they are a mixture of both, and sometimes neither. Their habits are predatory—all are armed; and the red-shawled Arnaouts, the Montenegrs, Chimariots, and Gegdes, are treacherous; the other differ somewhat in garb, and essentially in character. As far as my own experience goes, I can speak favorably. I was attended by two, an Infidel and a Mussulman, to Constantinople and every other part of Turkey which came within my observation; and more faithful in peril, or indefatigable in service, are rarely to be found. The Infidel was named Basilius, the Moslem, Dervish Tahiri; the former a man of middle age, and the latter about my own. Basili was strictly charged by Ali Pacha in person to attend us; and Dervish was one of fifty who accompanied us through the forests of Acarnania to the banks of Achelous, and onward to Messalonghi in Ætolia. There I took him into my own service, and never had occasion to repent it till the moment of my departure.

When in 1810, after the departure of my friend Mr. Hobhouse for England, I was seized with a severe fever in the Morea, these men saved my life by frightening away my physician, whose throat they threatened to cut if I was not cured within a given time. To this consolatory assurance of posthumous retribution,

and a resolute refusal of Dr. Romanelli's prescriptions, I attributed my recovery. I had left my last remaining English servant at Athens; my dragoman was as ill as myself, and my poor Arnaouts nursed me with an attention which would have done honor to civilization. They had a variety of adventures for the Moslem, Dervish, being a remarkably handsome man, was always squabbling with the husbands of Athens; insomuch that four of the principal Turks paid me a visit of remonstrance at the Convent, on the subject of his having taken a woman from the bath — whom he had lawfully bought however — a thing quite contrary to etiquette. Basili also was extremely gallant amongst his own persuasion, and had the greatest veneration for the church, mixed with the highest contempt of churchmen, whom he cuffed upon occasion in a most heterodox manner. Yet he never passed a church without crossing himself; and I remember the risk he ran in entering St. Sophia, in Stambol, because it had once been a place of his worship. On remonstrating with him on his inconsistent proceedings, he invariably answered, "Our church is holy, our priests are thieves;" and then he crossed himself as usual, and boxed the ears of the first "papas" who refused to assist in any required operation, as was always found to be necessary where a priest had any influence with the Cogia Bashi of his village. Indeed, a more abandoned race of miscreants cannot exist than the lower orders of the Greek clergy.

When preparations were made for my return, my Albanians were summoned to receive their pay. Basili took his with an awkward show of regret at my intended departure, and marched away to his quarters with his bag of piastres. I sent for Dervish, but for some time he was not to be found; at last he entered, just as Signor Logotheti, father to the ci-devant Anglo-consul of Athens, and some other of my Greek acquaintances, paid me a visit. Dervish took the money, but on a sudden dashed it to the ground; and clasping his hands, which he raised to his forehead, rushed out of the room weeping bitterly. From that moment to the hour of my embarkation, he continued his lamentations, and all our efforts to console him only produced this answer, "*Μ' ἀφελναι*," "He leaves me." Signor Logotheti, who never wept before for any thing less than the loss of a part

(about the fourth of a farthing), melted; the padre of the convent, my attendants, my visitors,—and I verily believe that even Sterne's "foolish, fat scullion" would have left her "fish-kettle," to sympathize with the unaffected and unexpected sorrow of this barbarian.

For my own part, when I remembered that, a short time before my departure from England, a noble and most intimate associate had excused himself from taking leave of me because he had to attend a relation "to a milliner's," I felt no less surprised than humiliated by the present occurrence and the past recollection. That Dervish would leave me with some regret was to be expected: when master and man have been scrambling over the mountains of a dozen provinces together, they are unwilling to separate; but his present feelings, contrasted with his native ferocity, improved my opinion of the human heart. I believe this almost feudal fidelity is frequent amongst them. One day, on our journey over Parnassus, an Englishman in my service gave him a push in some dispute about the baggage, which he unluckily mistook for a blow; he spoke not, but sat down leaning his head upon his hands. Foreseeing the consequences, we endeavored to explain away the affront, which produced the following answer:—"I *have been* a robber; I *am* a soldier; no captain ever struck me; *you* are my master, I have eaten your bread, but by *that* bread! (an usual oath) had it been otherwise, I would have stabbed the dog your servant, and gone to the mountains." So the affair ended, but from that day forward he never thoroughly forgave the thoughtless fellow who insulted him. Dervish excelled in the dance of his country, conjectured to be a remnant of the ancient Pyrrhic: be that as it may, it is manly, and requires wonderful agility. It is very distinct from the stupid Romaiká, the dull round-about of the Greeks, of which our Athenian party had so many specimens.

The Albanians in general (I do not mean the cultivators of the earth in the provinces, who have also that appellation, but the mountaineers) have a fine cast of countenance; and the most beautiful women I ever beheld, in stature and in features, we saw *levelling* the *road* broken down by the torrents between Delvinachi and Libochabo. Their manner of walking is truly theatrical; but this strut is probably the effect of the capote, or

cloak, depending from one shoulder. Their long hair reminds you of the Spartans, and their courage in desultory warfare is unquestionable. Though they have some cavalry amongst the Gegdes, I never saw a good Arnaout horseman; my own preferred the English saddles, which, however, they could never keep. But on foot they are not to be subdued by fatigue.

NOTE [C]. See p. 107.

“ *While thus in concert,*” etc.

Stanza lxxii. line last.

As a specimen of the Albanian or Arnaout dialect of the Illyric, I here insert two of their most popular choral songs, which are generally chanted in dancing by men or women indiscriminately. The first words are merely a kind of chorus without meaning, like some in our own and all other languages.

1.	1.
Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Naciarura, popuso.	Lo, Lo, I come, I come; be thou silent.
2.	2.
Naciarura na civin Ha pen derini ti hin.	I come, I run; open the door that I may enter.
3.	3.
Ha pe uderi escrotini Ti vin ti mar servetini.	Open the door by halves, that I may take my turban.
4.	4.
Caliriote me surme Ea ha pe pse dua tive.	Caliriotes * with the dark eyes, open the gate, that I may enter.
5.	5.
Buo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Gi egem spirta esimiro.	Lo, Lo, I hear thee, my soul.
6.	6.
Caliriote vu le funde Ede vete tunde tunde.	An Arnaout girl, in costly garb, walks with graceful pride.

* The Albanese, particularly the women, are frequently termed “ Caliriotes;” for what reason I inquired in vain.

7.

Caliriote me surme
Ti mi put e poi mi le.

7.

Caliriote maid of the dark eyes,
give me a kiss.

8.

Se ti puta citi mora
Si miri ni veti udo gia.

8.

If I have kissed thee, what hast
thou gained? My soul is con-
sumed with fire.

9.

Va le ni il che cadale
Celo more, more celo.

9.

Dance lightly, more gently, and
gently still.

10.

Plu hari ti tirete
Plu huron cia pra seti.

10.

Make not so much dust to de-
stroy your embroidered hose.

The last stanza would puzzle a commentator: the men have certainly buskins of the most beautiful texture, but the ladies (to whom the above is supposed to be addressed) have nothing under their little yellow boots and slippers but a well-turned and sometimes very white ankle. The Arnaout girls are much handsomer than the Greeks, and their dress is far more picturesque. They preserve their shape much longer also, from being always in the open air. It is to be observed, that the Arnaout is not a *written* language: the words of this song, therefore, as well as the one which follows, are spelt according to their pronunciation. They are copied by one who speaks and understands the dialect perfectly, and who is a native of Athens.

1.

Ndi sefda tinde ulavossa
Vettimi upri vi lofsa.

1.

I am wounded by thy love, and
have loved but to scorch myself.

2.

Ah vaisisso mi privi lofse
Si mi rini mi la vosse.

2.

Thou hast consumed me! Ah,
maid! thou hast struck me to
the heart.

3.

Uti tasa roba stua
Sitti eve tulati dua.

3.

I have said I wish no dowry,
but thine eyes and eye lashes

4.
Roba stinori ssidua
Qu mi sini veti dua.

4.
The accursed dowry I want not,
but thee only.

5.
Qurmini dua civileni
Roba ti siarmi tildi eni.

5.
Give me thy charms, and let the
portion feed the flames.

6.
Utara pisa vaisisso me simi
rin ti hapti
Eti mi bire a piste si gui den-
droi tiltati.

6.
I have loved thee, maid, with a
sincere soul, but thou hast left
me like a withered tree.

7.
Udi vura udorini udiri cicova
cilti mora
Udorini talti hollna u ede
caimoni mora.

7.
If I have placed my hand on thy
bosom, what have I gained? my
hand is withdrawn, but retains
the flame.

I believe the two last stanzas, as they are in a different measure, ought to belong to another ballad. An idea something similar to the thought in the last lines was expressed by Socrates, whose arm having come in contact with one of his “ὑποκόλπιοι,” Critobulus or Cleobulus, the philosopher complained of a shooting pain as far as his shoulder for some days after, and therefore very properly resolved to teach his disciples in future without touching them.

NOTE [D]. See p. 110.

“*Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!*
Immortal, though no more; though fallen, great!”
Stanza lxxiii. lines 1 and 2.

I.

Before I say any thing about a city of which everybody, traveller or not, has thought it necessary to say something, I will request Miss Owenson, when she next borrows an Athenian heroine for her four volumes, to have the goodness to marry her

to somebody more of a gentleman than a "Disdar Aga" (who by the by is not an Aga), the most impolite of petty officers, the greatest patron of larceny Athens ever saw (except Lord E.), and the unworthy occupant of the Acropolis, on a handsome annual stipend of 150 piastres (eight pounds sterling), out of which he has only to pay his garrison, the most ill-regulated corps in the ill-regulated Ottoman Empire. I speak it tenderly, seeing I was once the cause of the husband of "Ida of Athens" nearly suffering the bastinado; and because the said "Disdar" is a turbulent husband, and beats his wife; so that I exhort and beseech Miss Owenson to sue for a separate maintenance in behalf of "Ida." Having premised thus much, on a matter of such import to the readers of romances, I may now leave Ida, to mention her birthplace.

Setting aside the magic of the name, and all those associations which it would be pedantic and superfluous to recapitulate, the very situation of Athens would render it the favorite of all who have eyes for art or nature. The climate, to me at least, appeared a perpetual spring; during eight months I never passed a day without being as many hours on horseback: rain is extremely rare, snow never lies in the plains, and a cloudy day is an agreeable rarity. In Spain, Portugal, and every part of the East which I visited, except Ionia and Attica, I perceived no such superiority of climate to our own; and at Constantinople, where I passed May, June, and part of July (1810), you might "damn the climate, and complain of spleen," five days out of seven.

The air of the Morea is heavy and unwholesome, but the moment you pass the isthmus in the direction of Megara the change is strikingly perceptible. But I fear Hesiod will still be found correct in his description of a Boeotian winter.

We found at Livadia an "esprit fort" in a Greek bishop, of all freethinkers! This worthy hypocrite rallied his own religion with great intrepidity (but not before his flock), and talked of a mass as a "coglioneria." It was impossible to think better of him for this; but, for a Boeotian, he was brisk with all his absurdity. This phenomenon (with the exception indeed of Thebes, the remains of Chæronea, the plain of Platea, Orchomenus, Livadia, and its nominal cave of Trophonius) was the only remarkable thing we saw before we passed Mount Cithæron.

•

The fountain of Dirce turns a mill: at least my companion (who, resolving to be at once cleanly and classical, bathed in it) pronounced it to be the fountain of Dirce, and anybody who thinks it worth while may contradict him. At Castri we drank of half a dozen streamlets, some not of the purest, before we decided to our satisfaction which was the true Castalian, and even that had a villanous twang, probably from the snow, though it did not throw us into an epic fever, like poor Dr. Chandler.

From Fort Phyle, of which large remains still exist, the Plain of Athens, Pentelicus, Hymettus, the Ægean, and the Acropolis, burst upon the eye at once; in my opinion, a more glorious prospect than even Cintra or Istambol. Not the view from the Troad, with Ida, the Hellespont, and the more distant Mount Athos, can equal it, though so superior in extent.

I heard much of the beauty of Arcadia, but excepting the view from the monastery of Megaspelion (which is inferior to Zitza in a command of country) and the descent from the mountains on the way from Tripolitza to Argos, Arcadia has little to recommend it beyond the name.

“Sternitur, et *dulces* moriens reminiscitur Argos.”

Virgil could have put this into the mouth of none but an Argive, and (with reverence be it spoken) it does not deserve the epithet. And if the Polynices of Statius, “In mediis audit duo litora campis,” did actually hear both shores in crossing the isthmus of Corinth, he had better ears than have ever been worn in such a journey since.

“Athens,” says a celebrated topographer, “is still the most polished city of Greece.” Perhaps it may of *Greece*, but not of the *Greeks*; for Joannina in Epirus is universally allowed, amongst themselves, to be superior in the wealth, refinement, learning, and dialect of its inhabitants. The Athenians are remarkable for their cunning; and the lower orders are not improperly characterized in that proverb, which classes them with “the Jews of Salonica, and the Turks of the Negropont.”

Among the various foreigners resident in Athens, French, Italians, Germans, Ragusans, etc., there was never a difference of opinion in their estimate of the Greek character, though on all other topics they disputed with great acrimony.

M. Fauvel, the French consul, who has passed thirty years principally at Athens, and to whose talents as an artist, and manners as a gentleman, none who have known him can refuse their testimony, has frequently declared in my hearing, that the Greeks do not deserve to be emancipated; reasoning on the grounds of their "national and individual depravity!" while he forgot that such depravity is to be attributed to causes which can only be removed by the measure he reprobates.

M. Roque, a French merchant of respectability long settled in Athens, asserted with the most amusing gravity, "Sir, they are the same *canaille* that existed in the days of Themistocles!" an alarming remark to the "Laudator temporis acti." The ancients banished Themistocles; the moderns cheat Monsieur Roque: thus great men have ever been treated!

In short, all the Franks who are fixtures, and most of the Englishmen, Germans, Danes, etc. of passage, came over by degrees to their opinion, on much the same grounds that a Turk in England would condemn the nation by wholesale, because he was wronged by his lacquey, and overcharged by his washer-woman.

Certainly it was not a little staggering when the Sieurs Fauvel and Lusieri, the two greatest demagogues of the day, who divide between them the power of Pericles and the popularity of Cleon, and puzzle the poor Waywode with perpetual differences, agreed in the utter condemnation, "*nulla virtute redemptum*," of the Greeks in general, and of the Athenians in particular.

For my own humble opinion, I am loth to hazard it, knowing as I do, that there be now in MS. no less than five tours of the first magnitude and of the most threatening aspect, all in typographical array, by persons of wit, and honor, and regular common-place books: but, if I may say this without offence, it seems to me rather hard to declare so positively and pertinaciously, as almost everybody has declared, that the Greeks, because they are very bad, will never be better.

Eton and Sonnini have led us astray by their panegyrics and projects; but, on the other hand, De Pauw and Thornton have debased the Greeks beyond their demerits.

The Greeks will never be independent; they will never be sovereigns as heretofore, and God forbid they ever should! but

they may be subjects without being slaves. Our colonies are not independent, but they are free and industrious, and such may Greece be hereafter.

At present, like the Catholics of Ireland and the Jews throughout the world, and such other cudgelled and heterodox people, they suffer all the moral and physical ills that can afflict humanity. Their life is a struggle against truth; they are vicious in their own defence. They are so unused to kindness, that when they occasionally meet with it they look upon it with suspicion, as a dog often beaten snaps at your fingers if you attempt to caress him. "They are ungrateful, notoriously, abominably ungrateful!"—this is the general cry. Now, in the name of Nemesis! for what are they to be grateful? Where is the human being that ever conferred a benefit on Greek or Greeks? They are to be grateful to the Turks for their fetters, and to the Franks for their broken promises and lying counsels. They are to be grateful to the artist who engraves their ruins, and to the antiquary who carries them away; to the traveller whose janissary flogs them, and to the scribbler whose journal abuses them! This is the amount of their obligations to foreigners.

II.

Franciscan Convent, Athens, January 23, 1811.

Amongst the remnants of the barbarous policy of the earlier ages, are the traces of bondage which yet exist in different countries; whose inhabitants, however divided in religion and manners, almost all agree in oppression.

The English have at last compassionated their negroes, and under a less bigoted government, may probably one day release their Catholic brethren: but the interposition of foreigners alone can emancipate the Greeks, who, otherwise, appear to have as small a chance of redemption from the Turks, as the Jews have from mankind in general.

Of the ancient Greeks we know more than enough; at least the younger men of Europe devote much of their time to the study of the Greek writers and history, which would be more usefully spent in mastering their own. Of the moderns, we are perhaps more neglectful than they deserve; and while every

man of any pretensions to learning is tiring out his youth, and often his age, in the study of the language and of the harangues of the Athenian demagogues in favor of freedom, the real or supposed descendants of these sturdy republicans are left to the actual tyranny of their masters, although a very slight effort is required to strike off their chains.

To talk, as the Greeks themselves do, of their rising again to their pristine superiority, would be ridiculous: as the rest of the world must resume its barbarism, after reasserting the sovereignty of Greece: but there seems to be no very great obstacle, except in the apathy of the Franks, to their becoming an useful dependency, or even a free state with a proper guarantee;—under correction, however, be it spoken, for many and well-informed men doubt the practicability even of this.

The Greeks have never lost their hope, though they are now more divided in opinion on the subject of their probable deliverers. Religion recommends the Russians; but they have twice been deceived and abandoned by that power, and the dreadful lesson they received after the Muscovite desertion in the Morea has never been forgotten. The French they dislike although the subjugation of the rest of Europe will, probably, be attended by the deliverance of continental Greece. The islanders look to the English for succor, as they have very lately possessed themselves of the Ionian republic, Corfu excepted. But whoever appear with arms in their hands will be welcome; and when that day arrives, Heaven have mercy on the Ottomans, they cannot expect it from the Giaours.

But instead of considering what they have been, and speculating on what they may be, let us look at them as they are.

And here it is impossible to reconcile the contrariety of opinions: some, particularly the merchants, decrying the Greeks in the strongest language; others, generally travellers, turning periods in their eulogy, and publishing very curious speculations grafted on their former state, which can have no more effect on their present lot, than the existence of the Incas on the future fortunes of Peru.

One very ingenious person terms them the “natural allies of Englishmen;” another no less ingenious, will not allow them to be the allies of anybody, and denies their very descent from the

ancients; a third, more ingenious than either, builds a Greek empire on a Russian foundation, and realizes (on paper) all the chimeras of Catharine II. As to the question of their descent, what can it import whether the Mainotes are the lineal Laconians or not? or the present Athenians as indigenous as the bees of Hymettus, or as the grasshoppers, to which they once likened themselves; what Englishman cares if he be of a Danish, Saxon, Norman, or Trojan blood? or who, except a Welshman, is afflicted with a desire of being descended from Caractacus?

The poor Greeks do not so much abound in the good things of this world, as to render even their claims to antiquity an object of envy; it is very cruel, then, in Mr. Thornton to disturb them in the possession of all that time has left them; viz. their pedigree, of which they are the more tenacious, as it is all they can call their own. It would be worth while to publish together, and compare, the works of Messrs. Thornton and De Pauw, Eton and Sonnini; paradox on one side, and prejudice on the other. Mr. Thornton conceives himself to have claims to public confidence from a fourteen years' residence at Pera; perhaps he may on the subject of the Turks, but this can give him no more insight into the real state of Greece and her inhabitants, than as many years spent in Wapping into that of the Western Highlands.

The Greeks of Constantinople live in Fanal; and if Mr. Thornton did not oftener cross the Golden Horn than his brother merchants are accustomed to do, I should place no great reliance on his information. I actually heard one of these gentlemen boast of their little general intercourse with the city, and assert of himself, with an air of triumph, that he had been but four times at Constantinople in as many years.

As to Mr. Thornton's voyages in the Black Sea with Greek vessels, they gave him the same idea of Greece as a cruise to Berwick in a Scotch smack would of Johnny Groat's house. Upon what grounds then does he arrogate the right of condemning by wholesale a body of men, of whom he can know little? It is rather a curious circumstance that Mr. Thornton, who so lavishly dispraises Pouqueville on every occasion of mentioning the Turks, has yet recourse to him as authority on the Greeks, and terms him an impartial observer. Now, Dr. Pouqueville is

as little entitled to that appellation, as Mr. Thornton to confer it on him.

The fact is, we are deplorably in want of information on the subject of the Greeks, and in particular their literature; nor is there any probability of our being better acquainted, till our intercourse becomes more intimate, or their independence confirmed: the relations of passing travellers are as little to be depended on as the invectives of angry factors; but till something more can be attained, we must be content with the little to be acquired from similar sources.*

However defective these may be, they are preferable to the paradoxes of men who have read superficially of the ancients, and seen nothing of the moderns, such as De Pauw; who, when he asserts that the British breed of horses is ruined by Newmarket, and that the Spartans were cowards in the field, be-

* A word, *en passant*, with Mr. Thornton and Dr. Pouqueville, who have been guilty between them of sadly clipping the Sultan's Turkish.

Dr. Pouqueville tells a long story of a Moslem who swallowed corrosive sublimate in such quantities that he acquired the name of "*Suleyman Yeyen*," i. e. quoth the Doctor, "*Suleyman, the eater of corrosive sublimate*." "Aha," thinks Mr. Thornton, (angry with the Doctor for the fiftieth time,) "have I caught you?" -- Then, in a note twice the thickness of the Doctor's anecdote, he questions the Doctor's proficiency in the Turkish tongue, and his veracity in his own. -- "For," observes Mr. Thornton (after inflicting on us the tough participle of a Turkish verb), "it means nothing more than *Suleyman the eater*," and quite cashiers the supplementary "*sublimate*." Now both are right, and both are wrong. If Mr. Thornton, when he next resides "fourteen years in the factory," will consult his Turkish dictionary, or ask any of his Stamboline acquaintance, he will discover that "*Suleyma'n yeyen*," put together discreetly, mean the "*Swallower of sublimate*," without any "*Suleyman*" in the case: "*Suleyma*" signifying "*corrosive sublimate*," and not being a proper name on this occasion, although it be an orthodox name enough with the addition of *n*. After Mr. Thornton's frequent hints of profound Orientalism, he might have found this out before he sang such pæans over Dr. Pouqueville.

After this, I think "*Travellers versus Factors*" shall be our motto, though the above Mr. Thornton has condemned "*hec genus omne*," for mistake and misrepresentation. "*Ne Sutor ultra crepidam*," "No merchant beyond his bales." N. B. For the benefit of Mr. Thornton "*Sutor*" is not a proper name.

trays an equal knowledge of English horses and Spartan men. His "philosophical observations" have a much better claim to the title of "poetical." It could not be expected that he who so liberally condemns some of the most celebrated institutions of the ancient, should have mercy on the modern Greeks; and it fortunately happens, that the absurdity of his hypothesis or their forefathers refutes his sentence on themselves.

Let us trust, then, that, in spite of the prophecies of De Pauw, and the doubts of Mr. Thornton, there is a reasonable hope of the redemption of a race of men, who, whatever may be the errors of their religion and policy, have been amply punished by three centuries and a half of captivity.

III.

Athens, Franciscan Convent, March 17, 1811.

"I must have some talk with this learned Theban."

Some time after my return from Constantinople to this city, I received the thirty-first number of the Edinburgh Review as a great favor, and certainly at this distance an acceptable one, from the captain of an English frigate off Salamis. In that number, Art. 3, containing the review of a French translation of Strabo, there are introduced some remarks on the modern Greeks and their literature, with a short account of Coray, a co-translator in the French version. On those remarks I mean to ground a few observations; and the spot where I now write will, I hope, be sufficient excuse for introducing them in a work in some degree connected with the subject. Coray, the most celebrated of living Greeks, at least among the Franks, was born at Scio (in the Review, Smyrna is stated, I have reason to think, incorrectly), and besides the translation of Beccaria and other works mentioned by the Reviewer, has published a lexicon in Romaic and French, if I may trust the assurance of some Danish travellers lately arrived from Paris; but the latest we have seen here in French and Greek is that of Gregory Zolikogloou.* Coray has recently been involved in an unpleasant controversy

* I have in my possession an excellent lexicon "*τριγλωσσον*," which I received in exchange from S. G—, Esq. for a small gem: my antiquarian friends have never forgotten it, or forgiven me.

with M. Gail,* a Parisian commentator and editor of some translations from the Greek poets, in consequence of the Institute having awarded him the prize for his version of Hippocrates "*Περὶ ὑδάτων*," etc. to the disparagement, and consequently displeasure, of the said Gail. To his exertions, literary and patriotic, great praise is undoubtedly due, but a part of that praise ought not to be withheld from the two brothers Zosimado (merchants settled in Leghorn), who sent him to Paris, and maintained him, for the express purpose of elucidating the ancient, and adding to the modern, researches of his countrymen. Coray, however, is not considered by his countrymen equal to some who lived in the two last centuries; more particularly Dorotheus of Mitylene, whose Hellenic writings are so much esteemed by the Greeks, that Meletius terms him "*Μετὰ τὸν Θεοκυνδίδην καὶ Ξενοφῶντα ἄριστος Ἑλλήνων*." (P. 224. Ecclesiastical History, vol. iv.)

Panagiotes Kodrikas, the translator of Fontenelle, and Kamarases, who translated Ocellus Lucanus on the Universe into French, Christodoulus, and more particularly Psalida, whom I have conversed with in Joannina, are also in high repute among their literati. The last mentioned has published in Romaic and Latin a work on "True Happiness," dedicated to Catherine II. But Polyzois, who is stated by the Reviewer to be the only modern except Coray who has distinguished himself by a knowledge of Hellenic, if he be the Polyzois Lampanitziotēs of Yanina, who has published a number of editions in Romaic, was neither more nor less than an itinerant vender of books; with the contents of which he had no concern beyond his name on the title-page, placed there to secure his property in the publication; and he was, moreover, a man utterly destitute of scholastic acquirements. As the name, however, is not uncommon, some other Polyzois may have edited the Epistles of Aristænetus.

* In Gail's pamphlet against Coray, he talks of "throwing the insolent Hellenist out of the windows." On this a French critic exclaims, "Ah, my God! throw an Hellenist out of the window! what sacrilege!" It certainly would be a serious business for those authors who dwell in the attics: but I have quoted the passage merely to prove the similarity of style among the controversialists of all polished countries; London or Edinburgh could hardly parallel this Parisian ebullition.

It is to be regretted that the system of continental blockade has closed the few channels through which the Greeks received their publications, particularly Venice and Trieste. Even the common grammars for children are become too dear for the lower orders. Amongst their original works the Geography of Meletius, Archbishop of Athens, and a multitude of theological quartos and poetical pamphlets, are to be met with; their grammars and lexicons of two, three, and four languages are numerous and excellent. Their poetry is in rhyme. The most singular piece I have lately seen is a satire in dialogue between a Russian, English, and French traveller, and the Waywode of Wallachia (or Blackbey, as they term him), an archbishop, a merchant, and Cogia Bachi (or primate), in succession; to all of whom under the Turks the writer attributes their present degeneracy. Their songs are sometimes pretty and pathetic, but their tunes generally displeasing to the ear of a Frank; the best is the famous "*Δεῦτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων*," by the unfortunate Riga. But from a catalogue of more than sixty authors, now before me, only fifteen can be found who have touched on any theme except theology.

I am intrusted with a commission by a Greek of Athens named Marmarotouri to make arrangements, if possible, for printing in London a translation of Barthelemi's *Anacharsis* in Romaic, as he has no other opportunity, unless he despatches the MS. to Vienna by the Black Sea and Danube.

The Reviewer mentions a school established at Hecatonesi, and suppressed at the instigation of Sebastiani: he means Cidonies, or, in Turkish, Haivali; a town on the continent, where that institution for a hundred students and three professors still exists. It is true that this establishment was disturbed by the Porte, under the ridiculous pretext that the Greeks were constructing a fortress instead of a college: but on investigation, and the payment of some purses to the Divan, it has been permitted to continue. The principal professor, named Ueniamin (i. e. Benjamin), is stated to be a man of talent, but a freethinker. He was born in Lesbos, studied in Italy, and is master of Hellenic, Latin, and some Frank languages; besides a smattering of the sciences.

Though it is not my intention to enter further on this topic

than may allude to the article in question, I cannot but observe that the Reviewer's lamentation over the fall of the Greeks appears singular, when he closes it with these words: "*The change is to be attributed to their misfortunes rather than to any 'physical degradation.'*" It may be true that the Greeks are not physically degenerated, and that Constantinople contained on the day when it changed masters as many men of six feet and upwards as in the hour of prosperity; but ancient history and modern politics instruct us that something more than physical perfection is necessary to preserve a state in vigor and independence; and the Greeks, in particular, are a melancholy example of the near connection between moral degradation and national decay.

The Reviewer mentions a plan "*we believe*" by Potemkin for the purification of the Romaic; and I have endeavored in vain to procure any tidings or traces of its existence. There was an academy in St. Petersburg for the Greeks; but it was suppressed by Paul, and has not been revived by his successor.

There is a slip of the pen, and it can only be a slip of the pen, in p. 58, No. 31, of the Edinburgh Review, where these words occur: — "We are told that when the capital of the East yielded to *Solyman*" — it may be presumed that this last word will, in a future edition, be altered to Mahomet II.* The "ladies of Con-

* In a former number of the Edinburgh Review, 1808, it is observed: "Lord Byron passed some of his early years in Scotland, where he might have learned that *pibroch* does not mean a *bagpipe*, any more than *duet* means a *fiddle*." Query, — Was it in Scotland that the young gentlemen of the Edinburgh Review *learned* that *Solyman* means *Mahomet II.* any more than *criticism* means *infallibility*? — but thus it is,

"Cædimus inque vicem præbemus crura sagittis."

The mistake seemed so completely a lapse of the pen (from the great *similarity* of the two words, and the *total absence of error* from the former pages of the literary leviathan) that I should have passed it over as in the text, had I not perceived in the Edinburgh Review much facetious exultation on all such detections, particularly a recent one, where words and syllables are subjects of disquisition and transposition; and the above-mentioned parallel passage in my own case irresistibly propelled me to hint how much easier it is to be critical than correct. The *gentlemen*, having enjoyed many a *triumph* on such victories, will hardly begrudge me a slight *ovation* for the present.

stantinople," it seems, at that period spoke a dialect, "which would not have disgraced the lips of an Athenian." I do not know how that might be, but am sorry to say the ladies in general, and the Athenians in particular, are much altered; being far from choice either in their dialect or expressions, as the whole Attic race are barbarous to a proverb:—

“ὦ Ἀθήνα, πρώτη χώρα,
Τί γαῖδάρους τρέφεις τώρα.”

In Gibbon, vol. x. p. 161, is the following sentence:—“The vulgar dialect of the city was gross and barbarous, though the compositions of the church and palace sometimes affected to copy the purity of the Attic models.” Whatever may be asserted on the subject, it is difficult to conceive that the “ladies of Constantinople,” in the reign of the last Cæsar, spoke a purer dialect than Anna Comnena wrote three centuries before: and those royal pages are not esteemed the best models of composition, although the princess *γλῶτταν εἶχεν ἈΚΡΙΒῶΣ Ἀττικίζουσαν*. In the Fanal, and in Yanina, the best Greek is spoken: in the latter there is a flourishing school under the direction of Psalida.

There is now in Athens a pupil of Psalida's, who is making a tour of observation through Greece: he is intelligent, and better educated than a fellow-commoner of most colleges. I mention this as a proof that the spirit of inquiry is not dormant among the Greeks.

The Reviewer mentions Mr. Wright, the author of the beautiful poem “*Horæ Ionicæ*,” as qualified to give details of these nominal Romans and degenerate Greeks; and also of their language: but Mr. Wright, though a good poet and an able man, has made a mistake where he states the Albanian dialect of the Romaic to approximate nearest to the Hellenic: for the Albanians speak a Romaic as notoriously corrupt as the Scotch of Aberdeenshire, or the Italian of Naples. Yanina, (where, next to the Fanal, the Greek is purest,) although the capital of Ali Pacha's dominions, is not in Albania but Epirus; and beyond Delvinachi in Albania Proper up to Argyrocastro and Tepaleen (beyond which I did not advance) they speak worse Greek than even the Athenians. I was attended for a year and a half by

two of these singular mountaineers, whose mother tongue is Illyric, and I never heard them or their countrymen (whom I have seen, not only at home, but to the amount of twenty thousand in the army of Veli Pacha) praised for their Greek, but often laughed at for their provincial barbarisms.

I have in my possession about twenty-five letters, amongst which some from the Bey of Corinth, written to me by Notaras, the Cogia Bachi, and others by the dragoman of the Caimacam of the Morea (which last governs in Veli Pacha's absence) are said to be favorable specimens of their epistolary style. I also received some at Constantinople from private persons, written in a most hyperbolical style, but in the true antique character.

The Reviewer proceeds, after some remarks on the tongue in its past and present state, to a paradox (page 59,) on the great mischief the knowledge of his own language has done to Coray, who, it seems, is less likely to understand the ancient Greek, because he is perfect master of the modern! This observation follows a paragraph, recommending, in explicit terms, the study of the Romaic, as "a powerful auxiliary," not only to the traveller and foreign merchant, but also to the classical scholar; in short, to everybody except the only person who can be thoroughly acquainted with its uses; and by a parity of reasoning, our old language is conjectured to be probably more attainable by "foreigners" than by ourselves! Now, I am inclined to think, that a Dutch Tyro in our tongue (albeit himself of Saxon blood) would be sadly perplexed with "Sir Tristrem," or any other given "Auchinleck MS." with or without a grammar or glossary; and to most apprehensions it seems evident, that none but a native can acquire a competent, far less complete, knowledge of our obsolete idioms. We may give the critic credit for his ingenuity, but no more believe him than we do Smollett's Lismahago, who maintains that the purest English is spoken in Edinburgh. That Coray may err is very possible; but if he does, the fault is in the man rather than in his mother tongue, which is, as it ought to be, of the greatest aid to the native student. — Here the Reviewer proceeds to business on Strabo's translators, and here I close my remarks.

Sir W. Drummond, Mr. Hamilton, Lord Aberdeen, Dr. Clarke, Captain Leake, Mr. Gell, Mr. Walpole, and many others now in

England, have all the requisites to furnish details of this fallen people. The few observations I have offered I should have left where I made them, had not the article in question, and above all the spot where I read it, induced me to advert to those pages, which the advantage of my present situation enabled me to clear, or at least to make the attempt.

I have endeavored to waive the personal feelings which rise in despite of me in touching upon any part of the *Edinburgh Review*; not from a wish to conciliate the favor of its writers, or to cancel the remembrance of a syllable I have formerly published, but simply from a sense of the impropriety of mixing up private resentments with a disquisition of the present kind, and more particularly at this distance of time and place.

Amongst an enslaved people, obliged to have recourse to foreign presses even for their books of religion, it is less to be wondered at that we find so few publications on general subjects than that we find any at all. The whole number of the Greeks, scattered up and down the Turkish empire and elsewhere, may amount, at most, to three millions; and yet, for so scanty a number, it is impossible to discover any nation with so great a proportion of books and their authors as the Greeks of the present century. "Ay, but" say the generous advocates of oppression, who, while they assert the ignorance of the Greeks, wish to prevent them from dispelling it, "ay, but these are mostly, if not all ecclesiastical tracts, and consequently good for nothing." Well, and pray what else can they write about? It is pleasant enough to hear a Frank, particularly an Englishman, who may abuse the government of his own country; or a Frenchman, who may abuse every government except his own, and who may range at will over every philosophical, religious, scientific, or moral subject, sneering at the Greek legends. A Greek must not write on politics, and cannot touch on science for want of instruction; if he doubts he is excommunicated and damned; therefore his countrymen are not poisoned with modern philosophy; and as to morals, thanks to the Turks! there are no such things. What then is left him, if he has a turn for scribbling? Religion and holy biography; and it is natural enough that those who have so

little in this life should look to the next. It is no great wonder, then, that in a catalogue now before me of fifty-five Greek writers, many of whom were lately living, not above fifteen should have touched on any thing but religion. The catalogue alluded to is contained in the twenty-sixth chapter of the fourth volume of Meletius's Ecclesiastical History.

ADDITIONAL NOTE,

ON THE TURKS.

The difficulties of travelling in Turkey have been much exaggerated, or rather have considerably diminished of late years. The Mussulmans have been beaten into a kind of sullen civility, very comfortable to voyagers.

It is hazardous to say much on the subject of Turks and Turkey; since it is possible to live amongst them twenty years without acquiring information, at least from themselves. As far as my own slight experience carried me, I have no complaint to make; but am indebted for many civilities (I might almost say for friendship), and much hospitality, to Ali Pacha, his son Veli Pacha, of the Morea, and several others of high rank in the provinces. Suleyman Aga, late Governor of Athens, and now of Thebes, was a *bon vivant*, and as social a being as ever sat cross-legged at a tray or a table. During the carnival, when our English party were masquerading, both himself and his successor were more happy to "receive masks" than any dowager in Grosvenor-square.

On one occasion of his supping at the convent, his friend and visitor, the Cadi of Thebes, was carried from table perfectly qualified for any club in Christendom; while the worthy Waywode himself triumphed in his fall.

In all money transactions with the Moslems, I ever found the strictest honor, the highest disinterestedness. In transacting business with them, there are none of those dirty peculations, under the name of interest, difference of exchange, commission,

etc. etc. uniformly found in applying to a Greek consul to cash bills, even on the first houses in Pera.

With regard to presents, an established custom in the East, you will rarely find yourself a loser; as one worth acceptance is generally returned by another of similar value — a horse, or a shawl.

In the capital and at court the citizens and courtiers are formed in the same school with those of Christianity; but there does not exist a more honorable, friendly, and high-spirited character than the true Turkish provincial Aga, or Moslem country gentleman. It is not meant here to designate the governors of towns, but those Agas who, by a kind of feudal tenure, possess lands and houses, of more or less extent, in Greece and Asia Minor.

The lower orders are in as tolerable discipline as the rabble in countries with greater pretensions to civilization. A Moslem, in walking the streets of our country towns, would be more incommoded in England than a Frank in a similar situation in Turkey. Regimentals are the best travelling dress.

The best accounts of the religion and different sects of Islamism, may be found in D'Ohsson's French; of their manners, etc. perhaps in Thornton's English. The Ottomans, with all their defects, are not a people to be despised. Equal, at least, to the Spaniards, they are superior to the Portuguese. If it be difficult to pronounce what they are, we can at least say what they are *not*: they are *not* treacherous, they are *not* cowardly, they do *not* burn heretics, they are *not* assassins, nor has an enemy advanced to *their* capital. They are faithful to their sultan till he becomes unfit to govern, and devout to their God without an inquisition. Were they driven from St. Sophia to-morrow, and the French or Russians enthroned in their stead, it would become a question whether Europe would gain by the exchange. England would certainly be the loser.

With regard to that ignorance of which they are so generally, and sometimes justly accused, it may be doubted, always excepting France and England, in what useful points of knowledge they are excelled by other nations. Is it in the common arts of life? In their manufactures? Is a Turkish sabre inferior

to a Toledo? or is a Turk worse clothed or lodged or fed and taught, than a Spaniard? Are their Pachas worse educated than a Grandee? or an Effendi than a Knight of St. Jago? I think not.

I remember Mahmout, the grandson of Ali Pacha, asking whether my fellow-traveller and myself were in the upper or lower House of Parliament. Now, this question from a boy of ten years old proved that his education had not been neglected. It may be doubted if an English boy at that age knows the difference of the Divan from a College of Dervises; but I am very sure a Spaniard does not. How little Mahmout, surrounded, as he had been, entirely by his Turkish tutors, had learned that there was such a thing as a Parliament, it were useless to conjecture, unless we suppose that his instructors did not confine his studies to the Koran.

In all the mosques there are schools established, which are very regularly attended; and the poor are taught without the church of Turkey being put into peril. I believe the system is not yet printed (though there is such a thing as a Turkish press, and books printed on the late military institution of the Nizam Gedidd); nor have I heard whether the Mufti and the Mollas have subscribed, or the Caimacam and the Tefterdar taken the alarm, for fear the ingenuous youth of the turban should be taught not to "pray to God their way." The Greeks also—a kind of Eastern Irish papists—have a college of their own at Maynooth—no, at Haivali; where the heterodox receive much the same kind of countenance from the Ottoman as the Catholic college from the English legislature. Who shall then affirm, that the Turks are ignorant bigots, when they thus evince the exact proportion of Christian charity which is tolerated in the most prosperous and orthodox of all possible kingdoms? But though they allow all this, they will not suffer the Greeks to participate in their privileges: no, let them fight their battles, and pay their haratch (taxes), be drubbed in this world, and damned in the next. And shall we then emancipate our Irish Helots? Mahomet forbid! We should then be bad Mussulmans, and worse Christians: at present we unite the best of both—jesuitical faith, and something not much inferior to Turkish toleration.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO THE THIRD

“ Afin que cette application vous forçât de penser à autre chose ; il n'y a en vérité de remède que celui-là et le temps.” — *Lettre du Roi de Prusse à D'Alembert, Sept. 7, 1776.*

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO THE THIRD.

I.

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!
ADA! * sole daughter of my house and heart?
When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,
And then we parted, — not as now we part,
But with a hope. —

Awaking with a start,
'The waters heave around me; and on high
The winds lift up their voices: I depart,
Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by,
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad
mine eye.†

* [In a letter, dated Verona, November 6, 1816, Byron says —
"By the way, *Ada's* name (which I found in our pedigree, under
king John's reign), is the same with that of the sister of Char-
lemagne, as I redde, the other day, in a book treating of the
Rhine."]

† [Byron quitted England, for the second and last time, on
the 25th of April, 1816, attended by William Fletcher and Rob-
ert Rushton, the "yeoman" and "page" of Canto I.; his phy-
sician, Dr. Polidori; and a Swiss valet.]

II.

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome, to their roar!
Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!
Though the strained mast should quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,
Still must I on; for I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath
prevail.

III.

In my youth's summer I did sing of One,
The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind;
Again I seize the theme, then but begun,
And bear it with me, as the rushing wind
Bears the cloud onwards: in that Tale I find
The furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears,
Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,
O'er which all heavily the journeying years
Plod the last sands of life, — where not a flower ap-
pears.

IV.

Since my young days of passion — joy, or pain,
Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string,
And both may jar: it may be, that in vain
I would essay as I have sung to sing.
Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling —
So that it wean me from the weary dream

Of selfish grief or gladness — so it fling
Forgetfulness around me — it shall seem
To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful theme.

V.

He, who grown aged in this world of woe,
In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of life,
So that no wonder waits him ; nor below
Can love, or sorrow, fame, ambition, strife,
Cut to his heart again with the keen knife
Of silent, sharp endurance : he can tell
Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves, yet rife
With airy images, and shapes which dwell [cell.
Still unimpaired, though old, in the soul's haunted

VI.

'Tis to create, and in creating live
A being more intense, that we endow
With form our fancy, gaining as we give
The life we image, even as I do now.
What am I? Nothing : but not so art thou,
Soul of my thought ! with whom I traverse earth,
Invisible but gazing, as I glow
Mixed with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,
And feeling still with thee in my crushed feelings
dearth.

VII.

Yet must I think less wildly : — I *have* thought
Too long and darkly, till my brain became,
In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame :

And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,
My springs of life were poisoned. 'Tis too late!
Yet am I changed; though still enough the same
In strength to bear what time can not abate,
And feed on bitter fruits without accusing Fate.

VIII.

Something too much of this: — but now 'tis past,
And the spell closes with its silent seal.
Long absent HAROLD reappears at last;
He of the breast which fain no more would feel,
Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but ne'er
 heal;
Yet Time, who changes all, had altered him
In soul and aspect as in age: * years steal
Fire from the mind as vigor from the limb;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

* [The first and second cantos of 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage' produced, on their appearance in 1812, an effect upon the public, at least equal to any work which has appeared within this or the last century, and placed at once upon Lord Byron's head the garland for which other men of genius have toiled long, and which they have gained late. He was placed preëminent among the literary men of his country by general acclamation. It was amidst such feelings of admiration that he entered the public stage. Every thing in his manner, person, and conversation, tended to maintain the charm which his genius had flung around him; and those admitted to his conversation, far from finding that the inspired poet sunk into ordinary mortality, felt themselves attached to him, not only by many noble qualities, but by the interest of a mysterious, undefined, and almost painful curiosity. A countenance exquisitely modelled to the expression of feeling and passion, and exhibiting the remarkable

IX.

His had been quaffed too quickly, and he found
The dregs were wormwood; but he filled again,
And from a purer fount, on holier ground,
And deemed its spring perpetual; but in vain!
Still round him clung invisibly a chain
Which galled for ever, fettering though unseen,
And heavy though it clanked not; worn with pain,
Which pined although it spoke not, and grew keen,
Entering with every step he took through many a
scene.

X.

Secure in guarded coldness, he had mixed
Again in fancied safety with his kind,
And deemed his spirit now so firmly fixed
And sheathed with an invulnerable mind,

contrast of very dark hair and eyebrows, with light and expressive eyes, presented to the physiognomist the most interesting subject for the exercise of his art. The predominating expression was that of deep and habitual thought, which gave way to the most rapid play of features when he engaged in interesting discussion; so that a brother poet compared them to the sculpture of a beautiful alabaster vase, only seen to perfection when lighted up from within. The flashes of mirth, gaiety, indignation, or satirical dislike, which frequently animated Lord Byron's countenance, might, during an evening's conversation, be mistaken, by a stranger, for the habitual expression, so easily and so happily was it formed for them all; but those who had an opportunity of studying his features for a length of time, and upon various occasions, both of rest and emotion, will agree that their proper language was that of melancholy. Sometimes shades of this gloom interrupted even his gayest and most happy moments. — SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

That, if no joy, no sorrow lurked behind ;
And he, as one, might 'midst the many stand
Unheeded, searching through the crowd to find
Fit speculation ; such as in strange land
He found in wonder-works of God and Nature's
hand.

XI.

But who can view the ripened rose, nor seek
To wear it ? who can curiously behold
The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,
Nor feel the heart can never all grow old ?
Who can contemplate Fame through clouds un-
fold
The star which rises o'er her steep, nor climb ?
Harold, once more within the vortex, rolled
On with the giddy circle, chasing Time,
Yet with a nobler aim than in his youth's fond
prime.

XII.

But soon he knew himself the most unfit
Of men to herd with Man ; with whom he held
Little in common ; untaught to submit
His thoughts to others, though his soul was
quelled
In youth by his own thoughts ; still uncompelled,
He would not yield dominion of his mind
To spirits against whom his own rebelled ;
Proud though in desolation ; which could find
A life within itself, to breathe without mankind.

XIII.

Where rose the mountains, there to him were
friends ;
Where rolled the ocean, thereon was his home ;
Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,
He had the passion and the power to roam ;
The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
Were unto him companionship ; they spake
A mutual language, clearer than the tome
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
For Nature's pages glassed by sunbeams on the
lake.

XIV.

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars,
Till he had peopled them with beings bright
As their own beams ; and earth, and earth-born
jars,
And human frailties were forgotten quite :
Could he have kept his spirit to that flight
He had been happy ; but this clay will sink
Its spark immortal, envying it the light
To which it mounts, as if to break the link
That keeps us from yon heaven which woos us to its
brink.

XV.

But in Man's dwellings he became a thing
Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,
Drooped as a wild-born falcon with clipt wing,
To whom the boundless air alone were home :

Then came his fit again, which to o'ercome,
As eagerly the barred-up bird will beat
His breast and beak against his wiry dome
Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the heat
Of his impeded soul would through his bosom eat.

XVI.

Self-exiled Harold * wanders forth again,
With nought of hope left, but with less of gloom :
The very knowledge that he lived in vain,
That all was over on this side the tomb,
Had made Despair a smilingness assume, [wreck
Which, though 't were wild, — as on the plundered
When mariners would madly meet their doom
With draughts intemperate on the sinking deck, —
Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forebore to
check.†

* ["In the third canto of *Childe Harold*," says Sir Egerton Brydges, "there is much inequality. The thoughts and images are sometimes labored; but still they are a very great improvement upon the first two cantos. Lord Byron here speaks in his own language and character, not in the tone of others;— he is describing, not inventing; therefore he has not, and cannot have, the freedom with which fiction is composed. Sometimes he has a conciseness which is very powerful, but almost abrupt. From trusting himself alone, and working out his own deep-buried thoughts, he now, perhaps, fell into a habit of laboring, even where there was no occasion to labor. In the first sixteen stanzas there is yet a mighty but groaning burst of dark and appalling strength. It was unquestionably the unexaggerated picture of a most tempestuous and sombre, but magnificent soul!"]

† [These stanzas, — in which the author, adopting more distinctly the character of *Childe Harold* than in the original poem,

XVII.

Stop! — for thy tread is on an Empire's dust!
An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!
Is the spot marked with no colossal bust?
Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
None; but the moral's truth tells simpler so,
As the ground was before, thus let it be; —
How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!
And is this all the world has gained by thee,
'Thou first and last of fields! king-making Victory?

XVIII.

And Harôld stands upon this place of skulls,
The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo;
How in an hour the power which gave annuls
Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too!

assigns the cause why he has resumed his Pilgrim's staff when it was hoped he had sat down for life a denizen of his native country, — abound with much moral interest and poetical beauty. The commentary through which the meaning of this melancholy tale is rendered obvious, is still in vivid remembrance; for the errors of those who excel their fellows in gifts and accomplishments are not soon forgotten. Those scenes, ever most painful to the bosom, were rendered yet more so by public discussion; and it is at least possible that amongst those who exclaimed most loudly on this unhappy occasion, were some in whose eyes literary superiority exaggerated Lord Byron's offence. The scene may be described in a few words: — the wise condemned — the good regretted — the multitude, idly or maliciously inquisitive, rushed from place to place, gathering gossip, which they mangled and exaggerated while they repeated it; and impudence, ever ready to hitch itself into notoriety, *hooked on*, as Falstaff enjoins Bardolph, blustered, bullied, and talked of "pleading a cause," and "taking a side." — SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

In "pride of place" * here last the eagle flew,
 Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain, †
 Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through;
 Ambition's life and labors all were vain;
 He wears the shattered links of the world's broken
 chain.

XIX.

Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit
 And foam in fetters; — but is Earth more free?
 Did nations combat to make *One* submit;
 Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty?
 What! shall reviving Thralldom again be
 The patched-up idol of enlightened days?
 Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall we
 Pay the Wolf homage? proffering lowly gaze
 And servile knees to thrones? No; *prove* before ye
 praise!

* "Pride of place" is a term of falconry, and means the highest pitch of flight. See *Macbeth*, etc.

"A falcon towering in his pride of place," etc.

† [In the original draught of this stanza (which, as well as the preceding one, was written after a visit to the field of Waterloo), the lines stood —

"Here his last flight the haughty eagle flew,
 Then tore with bloody beak the fatal plain."

On seeing these lines, Mr. Reinagle sketched an eagle, grasping the earth with his *talons*. The circumstance being mentioned to Byron, he wrote thus to a friend at Brussels, — "Reinagle is a better poet and a better ornithologist than I am: eagles, and all birds of prey, attack with their talons, and not with their beaks; and I have altered the line thus: —

'Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain.'

This is, I think, a better line, besides its poetical justice."]

XX.

If not, o'er one fallen despot boast no more!
 In vain fair cheeks were furrowed with hot tears
 For Europe's flowers long rooted up before
 The trampler of her vineyards; in vain years
 Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,
 Have all been borne, and broken by the accord
 Of roused-up millions: all that most endears
 Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes a sword
 Such as Harmodius * drew on Athens' tyrant lord.

XXI.

There was a sound of revelry by night,†
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;

* See the famous song on Harmodius and Aristogiton. The best English translation is in Bland's Anthology, by Mr. (since Lord Chief Justice) Denman, —

“With myrtle my sword will I wreath,” etc.

† [There can be no more remarkable proof of the greatness of Lord Byron's genius, than the spirit and interest he has contrived to communicate to his picture of the often-drawn and difficult scene of the breaking up from Brussels before the great Battle. It is a trite remark, that poets generally fail in the representation of great events, where the interest is recent, and the particulars are consequently clearly and commonly known. It required some courage to venture on a theme beset with so many dangers, and deformed with the wrecks of so many former adventurers. See, however, with what easy strength he enters upon it, and with how much grace he gradually finds his way back to his own peculiar vein of sentiment and diction!—
 JEFFREY.]

A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell; *
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising
knell!

XXII.

Did ye not hear it? — No; 't was but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet —
But, hark! — that heavy sound breaks in once more
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is — it is — the cannon's opening
roar!

XXIII.

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;

* On the night previous to the action, it is said that a ball was given at Brussels. — [It is commonly, but erroneously asserted that Wellington was surprised by the French army while at a ball. The Duke had received intelligence of Napoleon's decisive operations, and it was intended to put off the ball; but, on reflection, thinking it important that the people of Brussels should be kept in ignorance, the Duke not only desired that the ball should proceed, but the general officers received his commands to appear at it — each taking care to leave as quietly as possible at ten o'clock, and join his respective division.]

And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,*
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.†

XXIV.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

XXV.

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum

* [The Duke of Brunswick fell at Quatre Bras. His father received his death-wound at Jena.]

† [This stanza is very grand, even from its total unadornment. It is only a versification of the common narratives: but here may well be applied a position of Johnson, that 'where truth is sufficient to fill the mind, fiction is worse than useless.' -- SIR E. BRYDGES.]

Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips — "The foe! They
 come! they come!"

XXVI.

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
 Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring which instils
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,
 And Evan's, Donald's* fame rings in each clans-
 man's ears!

XXVII.

And Ardennes† waves above them her green
 leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave, — alas!

* Sir Evan Cameron, and his descendant Donald, the "gentle Lochiel" of the "forty-five."

† The wood of Soignies is supposed to be a remnant of the forest of Ardennes, famous in Boiardo's Orlando, and immortal in Shakspeare's "As you like it." It is also celebrated in Tacitus as being the spot of successful defence by the Germans against the Roman encroachments. I have ventured to adopt the name connected with nobler associations than those of mere slaughter. — [*Shakspeare's Forest of Arden was in Warwickshire England.*]

Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and
low.

XXVIII.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms, — the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, — friend, foe, — in one red burial
blent!*

XXIX.

Their praise is hymned by loftier harps than mine;
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
Partly because they blend me with his line,
And partly that I did his sire some wrong,†

* [Childe Harold, though he shuns to celebrate the victory of Waterloo, gives us here a most beautiful description of the evening which preceded the battle of Quatre Bras, the alarm which called out the troops, and the hurry and confusion which preceded their march. I am not sure that any verses in our language surpass, in vigor and in feeling, this most beautiful description. — SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

† [See note to English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, *ante*, Vol. ii. p. 50.]

And partly that bright names will hallow song;
And his was of the bravest, and when showered
The death-bolts deadliest the thinned files along,
Even where the thickest of war's tempest lowered,
They reached no nobler breast than thine, young,
gallant Howard!

XXX.

There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,
And mine were nothing, had I such to give;
But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
Which living waves where thou didst cease to live,
And saw around me the wide field revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turned from all she brought to those she could not
bring.*

* My guide from Mont St. Jean over the field seemed intelligent and accurate. The place where Major Howard fell was not far from two tall and solitary trees (there was a third cut down, or shivered in the battle), which stand a few yards from each other at a pathway's side. Beneath these he died and was buried. The body has since been removed to England. A small hollow for the present marks where it lay, but will probably soon be effaced; the plough has been upon it, and the grain is. — After pointing out the different spots where Picton and other gallant men had perished; the guide said, "Here Major Howard lay: I was near him when wounded." I told him my relationship, and he seemed then still more anxious to point out the particular spot and circumstances. The place is one of the most marked in the field, from the peculiarity of the two trees above mentioned. I went on horseback twice over the field, comparing it with my

XXXI.

I turned to thee, to thousands, of whom each
And one as all a ghastly gap did make
In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach
Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake ;
The Archangel's trump, not Glory's, must awake
Those whom they thirst for ; though the sound of
Fame
May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake
The fever of vain longing, and the name
So honored but assumes a stronger, bitterer claim.

XXXII.

They mourn, but smile at length ; and, smiling,
The tree will wither long before it fall ; [mourn :
The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn ;
The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
In massy hoariness ; the ruined wall
Stands when its wind-worn battlements are gone ;
The bars survive the captive they enthrall ;
The day drags through though storms keep out
the sun ;
And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on :

recollection of similar scenes. As a plain, Waterloo seems marked out for the scene of some great action, though this may be mere imagination : I have viewed with attention those of Platea, Troy, Mantinea, Leuctra, Chæronea, and Marathon ; and the field around Mont St. Jean and Hougoumont appears to want little but a better cause, and that undefinable but impressive halo which the lapse of ages throws around a celebrated spot, to vie in interest with any or all of these, except, perhaps, the last mentioned.

XXXIII.

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass
 In every fragment multiplies ; and makes
 A thousand images of one that was,
 The same, and still the more, the more it breaks ;
 And thus the heart will do which not forsakes,
 Living in shattered guise, and still, and cold,
 And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow aches,
 Yet withers on till all without is old,
 Showing no visible sign, for such things are untold.*

XXXIV.

There is a very life in our despair,
 Vitality of poison, — a quick root
 Which feeds these deadly branches ; for it were
 As nothing did we die ; but Life will suit
 Itself to Sorrow's most detested fruit,
 Like to the apples † on the Dead Sea's shore,
 All ashes to the taste : Did man compute
 Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er
 Such hours 'gainst years of life, — say, would he
 name threescore ?

* [“ There is a richness and energy in this passage, which is peculiar to Lord Byron, among all modern poets, — a throng of glowing images, poured forth at once, with a facility and profusion which must appear mere wastefulness to more economical writers ; and a certain negligence and harshness of diction which can belong only to an author who is oppressed with the exuberance and rapidity of his conceptions.” — JEFFREY.]

† The (fabled) apples on the brink of the lake Asphaltites were said to be fair without, and, within, ashes. Vide Tacitus *Histor. lib. v. 7.*

XXXV.

The Psalmist numbered out the years of man :
They are enough ; and if thy tale be *true*,
Thou, who didst grudge him even that fleeting
span,
More than enough, thou fatal Waterloo !
Millions of tongues record thee, and anew
Their children's lips shall echo them, and say —
“ Here, where the sword united nations drew,
Our countrymen were warring on that day ! ”
And this is much, and all which will not pass away.

XXXVI.

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst of men,
Whose spirit antithetically mixt
One moment of the mightiest, and again
On little objects with like firmness fixt,
Extreme in all things ! hadst thou been betwixt,
Thy throne had still been thine, or never been ;
For daring made thy rise as fall : thou seek'st
Even now to re-assume the imperial mien,
And shake again the world, the Thunderer of the
scene !

XXXVII.

Conquerer and captive of the earth art thou !
She trembles at thee still, and thy wild name
Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds than *now*
That thou art nothing, save the jest of Fame,
Who wooed thee once, thy vassal, and became
The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou wert

A god unto thyself; nor less the same
To the astounded kingdoms all inert,
Who deemed thee for a time whate'er thou didst assert.

XXXVIII.

Oh, more or less than man — in high or low,
Battling with nations, flying from the field;
Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool, now
More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield:
An empire thou couldst crush, command, rebuild,
But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,
However deeply in men's spirits skilled,
Look through thine own, nor curb the lust of war,
Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the loftiest star.

XXXIX.

Yet well thy soul hath brooked the turning tide
With that untaught innate philosophy,
Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,
Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,
To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast smiled
With a sedate and all-enduring eye; —
When Fortune fled her spoiled and favorite child,
He stood unbowed beneath the ills upon him piled.

· XL.

Sager than in thy fortunes; for in them
Ambition steeled thee on too far to show
That just habitual scorn, which could contemn
Men and their thoughts; 'twas wise to feel, not so

To wear it ever on thy lip and brow,
And spurn the instruments thou wert to use
Till they were turned unto thine overthrow ;
'Tis but a worthless world to win or lose ;
So hath it proved to thee, and all such lot who choose

XLI.

If, like a tower upon a headlong rock,
Thou hadst been made to stand or fall alone,
Such scorn of man had helped to brave the shock ;
But men's thoughts were the steps which paved
thy throne,
Their admiration thy best weapon shone ;
The part of Philip's son was thine, not then
(Unless aside thy purple had been thrown)
Like stern Diogenes to mock at men ;
For sceptred cynics earth were far too wide a den.*

* The great error of Napoleon, "if we have writ our annals true," was a continued obtrusion on mankind of his want of all community of feeling for or with them; perhaps more offensive to human vanity than the active cruelty of more trembling and suspicious tyranny. Such were his speeches to public assemblies as well as individuals; and the single expression which he is said to have used on returning to Paris after the Russian winter had destroyed his army, rubbing his hands over a fire, "This is pleasanter than Moscow," would probably alienate more favor from his cause than the destruction and reverses which led to the remark. [Far from being deficient in that necessary branch of the politician's art which soothes the passions and conciliates the prejudices of those whom they wish to employ as instruments, Bonaparte possessed it in exquisite perfection. He seldom missed finding the very man that was fittest for his immediate purpose; and he had, in a peculiar degree, the art of moulding him to it. It was not, then, because he despised the

XLII.

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,
And *there* hath been thy bane ; there is a fire
And motion of the soul which will not dwell
In its own narrow being, but aspire
Beyond the fitting medium of desire ;
And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore,
Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire
Of aught but rest ; a fever at the core,
Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

XLIII.

This makes the madmen who have made men mad
By their contagion ; Conquerors and Kings,
Founders of sects and systems, to whom add
Sophists, Bards, Statesmen, all unquiet things
Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs,
And are themselves the fools to those they fool ;
Envied, yet how unenviable ! what stings
Are theirs ! One breast laid open were a school
Which would unteach mankind the lust to shine or
rule :

XLIV.

Their breath is agitation, and their life
A storm whereon they ride, to sink at last,

means necessary to gain his end, that he finally fell short of attaining it, but because, confiding in his stars, his fortune, and his strength, the ends which he proposed were unattainable even by the gigantic means which he possessed. — SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife,
That should their days, surviving perils past,
Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast
With sorrow and supineness, and so die ;
Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste
With its own flickering, or a sword laid by,
Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

XLV.

He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow ;
He who surpasses or subdues mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,
And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits
led.*

* [This is certainly splendidly written, but we trust it is not true. From Macedonia's madman to the Swede — from Nimrod to Bonaparte, — the hunters of men have pursued their sport with as much gaiety, and as little remorse, as the hunters of other animals ; and have lived as cheerily in their days of action, and as comfortably in their repose, as the followers of better pursuits. It would be strange, therefore, if the other active, but more innocent spirits, whom Lord Byron has here placed in the same predicament, and who share all their sources of enjoyment, without the guilt and the hardness which they cannot fail of contracting, should be more miserable or more unfriended than those splendid curses of their kind ; and it would be passing strange, and pitiful, if the most precious gifts of Providence should produce only unhappiness, and mankind regard with hostility their greatest benefactors. — JEFFREY.]

XLVI.

Away with these! true Wisdom's world will be
Within its own creation, or in thine,
Maternal Nature! for who teems like thee,
Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine?
There Harold gazes on a work divine,
A blending of all beauties; streams and dells,
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, vine,
And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells
From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly
dwells.

XLVII.

And there they stand, as stands a lofty mind,
Worn, but unstooping to the baser crowd,
All tenantless, save to the crannying wind,
Or holding dark communion with the cloud.
There was a day when they were young and
proud,
Banners on high, and battles passed below;
But they who fought are in a bloody shroud,
And those which waved are shredless dust ere
now,
And the bleak battlements shall bear no future
blow.

XLVIII.

Beneath these battlements, within those walls,
Power dwelt amidst her passions; in proud state
Each robber chief upheld his armed halls,
Doing his evil will, nor less elate

Than mightier heroes of a longer date.
What want these outlaws * conquerors should have
But History's purchased page to call them great?
A wider space, an ornamented grave?
'Their hopes were not less warm, their souls were full
as brave.

XLIX.

In their baronial feuds and single fields,
What deeds of prowess unrecorded died!
And Love, which lent a blazon to their shields,
With emblems well devised by amorous pride,
Through all the mail of iron hearts would glide;
But still their flame was fierceness, and drew on
Keen contest and destruction near allied,
And many a tower for some fair mischief won,
Saw the discolored Rhine beneath its ruin run.

L.

But Thou, exulting and abounding river!
Making their waves a blessing as they flow
Through banks whose beauty would endure for ever
Could man but leave thy bright creation so,
Nor its fair promise from the surface mow
With the sharp scythe of conflict, — then to see
'Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know
Earth paved like Heaven; and to seem such to me,
Even now what wants thy stream? — that it should
Lethe be.

* "What wants that knave that a king should have?" was King James's question on meeting Johnny Armstrong and his followers in full accoutrements. — See the Ballad.

LI.

A thousand battles have assailed thy banks,
But these and half their fame have passed away,
And Slaughter heaped on high his weltering ranks;
Their very graves are gone, and what are they?
Thy tide washed down the blood of yesterday,
And all was stainless, and on thy clear stream
Glassed with its dancing light the sunny ray;
But o'er the blackened memory's blighting dream
Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping as they
seem.

LII.

Thus Harold inly said, and passed along,
Yet not insensible to all which here
Awoke the jocund birds to early song
In glens which might have made even exile dear:
Though on his brow were graven lines austere,
And tranquil sternness which had ta'en the place
Of feelings fierier far but less severe,
Joy was not always absent from his face,
But o'er it in such scenes would steal with transient
trace.

LIII.

Nor was all love shut from him, though his days
Of passion had consumed themselves to dust.
It is in vain that we would coldly gaze
On such as smile upon us; the heart must
Leap kindly back to kindness, though disgust
Hath weaned it from all worldlings: thus he felt,

For there was soft remembrance, and sweet trust
 In one fond breast, to which his own would melt,
 And in its tenderer hour on that his bosom dwelt.

LIV.

And he had learned to love, — I know not why,
 For this in such as him seems strange of mood, —
 The helpless looks of blooming infancy,
 Even in its earliest nurture; what subdued,
 To change like this, a mind so far imbued
 With scorn of man, it little boots to know;
 But thus it was; and though in solitude
 Small power the nipped affections have to grow,
 In him this glowed when all beside had ceased to glow.

LV.

And there was one soft breast, as hath been said,
 Which unto his was bound by stronger ties
 Than the church links withal; and, though unwed,
That love was pure, and, far above disguise,
 Had stood the test of mortal enmities
 Still undivided, and cemented more
 By peril, dreaded most in female eyes;
 But this was firm, and from a foreign shore [pour!
 Well to that heart might his these absent greetings

1.

The castled crag of Drachenfels *
 Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,

* The castle of Drachenfels stands on the highest summit of
 "the Seven Mountains," over the Rhine banks: it is in ruins,

Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine,
Have strewed a scene, which I should see
With double joy wert *thou* with me.

2.

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,
And hands which offer early flowers,
Walk smiling o'er this paradise ;
Above, the frequent feudal towers
Through green leaves lift their walls of gray,
And many a rock which steeply lowers,
And noble arch in proud decay,
Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers ;
But one thing want these banks of Rhine, —
Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine !

3.

I send the lilies given to me ;
Though long before thy hand they touch,

and connected with some singular traditions: it is the first in view on the road from Bonn, but on the opposite side of the river; on this bank, nearly facing it, are the remains of another, called the Jew's Castle, and a large cross commemorative of the murder of a chief by his brother. The number of castles and cities along the course of the Rhine on both sides is very great, and their situations remarkably beautiful. [These verses addressed to his sister, were written on the banks of the Rhine, in May.]

I know that they must withered be,
But yet reject them not as such ;
For I have cherished them as dear,
Because they yet may meet thine eye,
And guide thy soul to mine even here,
When thou behold'st them drooping nigh,
And know'st them gathered by the Rhine,
And offered from my heart to thine !

4.

The river nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground,
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round :
The haughtiest breast its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here ;
Nor could on earth a spot be found
To nature and to me so dear,
Could thy dear eyes in following mine
Still sweeten more these banks of Rhine !

LVI.

By Coblentz, on a rise of gentle ground,
There is a small and simple pyramid,
Crowning the summit of the verdant mound ;
Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid,
Our enemy's — but let not that forbid
Honor to Marceau ! o'er whose early tomb . [lid,
Tears, big tears, gushed from the rough soldier's
Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,
Falling for France, whose rights he battled to resume.

LVII.

Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career,—
 His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes ;
 And fitly may the stranger lingering here
 Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose ;
 For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,
 The few in number, who had not o'erstept
 The charter to chastise which she bestows
 On such as wield her weapons ; he had kept
 The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him
 wept.*

LVIII.

Here Ehrenbreitstein,† with her shattered wall
 Black with the miner's blast, upon her height

* The monument of the young and lamented General Marceau (killed by a rifle-ball at Alterkirchen, on the last day of the fourth year of the French republic) still remains as described. The inscriptions on his monument are rather too long, and not required: his name was enough; France adored, and her enemies admired; both wept over him. His funeral was attended by the generals and detachments from both armies. In the same grave General Hoche is interred, a gallant man also in every sense of the word; but though he distinguished himself greatly in battle, *he* had not the good fortune to die there: his death was attended by suspicions of poison. A separate monument (not over his body, which is buried by Marceau's) is raised for him near Andernach, opposite to which one of his most memorable exploits was performed, in throwing a bridge to an island on the Rhine. The shape and style are different from that of Marceau's, and the inscription more simple and pleasing:—"The Army of the Sambre and Meuse to its Commander-in-Chief Hoche." This is all, and as it should be. Hoche was esteemed among the first of France's earlier generals, before Bonaparte monopolized her triumphs. He was the destined commander of the invading army of Ireland.

† Ehrenbreitstein, *i. e.* "the broad stone of honor." one of the

Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball
Rebounding idly on her strength did light :
A tower of victory ! from whence the flight
Of baffled foes was watched along the plain :
But Peace destroyed what War could never blight,
And laid those proud roofs bare to Summer's rain—
On which the iron shower for years had poured in vain.

LIX.

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine ! How long delighted
The stranger fain would linger on his way !
Thine is a scene alike where souls united
Or lonely Contemplation thus might stray ;
And could the ceaseless vultures cease to prey
On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,
Where Nature, nor too sombre nor too gay,
Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere,
Is to the mellow Earth as Autumn to the year.

LX.

Adieu to thee again ! a vain adieu !
There can be no farewell to scene like thine ;

strongest fortresses in Europe, was dismantled and blown up by the French at the truce of Leoben. It had been, and could only be, reduced by famine or treachery. It yielded to the former, aided by surprise. After having seen the fortifications of Gibraltar and Malta, it did not much strike by comparison ; but the situation is commanding. General Marceau besieged it in vain for some time, and I slept in a room where I was shown a window at which he is said to have been standing observing the progress of the siege by moonlight, when a ball struck immediately below it.

The mind is colored by thy every hue ;
And if reluctantly the eyes resign
Their cherished gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine ! *
'T is with the thankful glance of parting praise ;
More mighty spots may rise — more glaring shine,
But none unite in one attaching maze
The brilliant, fair, and soft, — the glories of old days,

LXI.

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls between,
The wild rocks shaped as they had turrets been
In mockery of man's art ; and these withal
A race of faces happy as the scene,
Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,
Still springing o'er thy banks, though Empires near
 them fall.

LXII.

But these recede. Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls

* [On taking Hockheim, the Austrians, in one part of the engagement, got to the brow of the hill, whence they had their first view of the Rhine. They instantly halted — not a gun was fired — not a voice heard : but they stood gazing on the river with those feelings which the events of the last fifteen years at once called up. Prince Schwartzenberg rode up to know the cause of this sudden stop ; then they gave three cheers, rushed after the enemy, and drove them into the water.]

Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche — the thunderbolt of snow !
All that expands the spirit, yet appalls,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain
man below.

LXIII

But ere these matchless heights I dare to scan,
There is a spot should not be passed in vain, —
Morat ! the proud, the patriot field ! where man
May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,
Nor blush for those who conquered on that
plain ;
Here Burgundy bequeathed his tombless host,
A bony heap, through ages to remain,
Themselves their monument ; — the Stygian coast
Unsepulchred they roamed, and shrieked each wan-
dering ghost.*

* The chapel is destroyed, and the pyramid of bones diminished to a small number by the Burgundian legion in the service of France ; who anxiously effaced this record of their ancestors' less successful invasions. A few still remain, notwithstanding the pains taken by the Burgundians for ages (all who passed that way removing a bone to their own country), and the less justifiable larcenies of the Swiss postilions, who carried them off to sell for knife-handles ; a purpose for which the whiteness imbibed by the bleaching of years had rendered them in great request. Of these relics I ventured to bring away as much as may have made a quarter of a hero, for which the sole excuse is, that if I had not, the next passer by might have perverted them to worse uses than the careful preservation which I intend for them.

LXIV.

While Waterloo with Cannæ's carnage vies,
Morat and Marathon twin names shall stand ;
They were true Glory's stainless victories,
Won by the unambitious heart and hand
Of a proud, brotherly, and civic band,
All unbought champions in no princely cause
Of vice-entailed Corruption ; they no land
Doomed to bewail the blasphemy of laws
Making kings' rights divine, by some Draconic clause.

LXV.

By a lone wall a lonelier column rears
A gray and grief-worn aspect of old days ;
'Tis the last remnant of the wreck of years,
And looks as with the wild-bewildered gaze
Of one to stone converted by amaze,
Yet still with consciousness ; and there it stands
Making a marvel that it not decays,
When the coeval pride of human hands,
Levelled Aventicum,* hath strewed her subject lands.

LXVI.

And there — oh ! sweet and sacred be the name ! —
Julia — the daughter, the devoted — gave
Her youth to Heaven ; her heart, beneath a claim
Nearest to Heaven's, broke o'er a father's grave.
Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and hers would crave
The life she lived in ; but the judge was just,

* Aventicum, near Morat, was the Roman capital of Helvetia, where Avenches now stands.

And then she died on him she could not save.
 Their tomb was simple, and without a bust,
 And held within their urn one mind, one heart, one
 dust.*

LXVII.

But these are deeds which should not pass away,
 And names that must not wither, though the earth
 Forgets her empires with a just decay, [birth;
 The enslavers and the enslaved, their death and
 The high, the mountain-majesty of worth
 Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe,
 And from its immortality look forth
 In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow,†
 Imperishably pure beyond all things below.

* Julia Alpinula, a young Aventian priestess, died soon after a vain endeavor to save her father, condemned to death as a traitor by Aulus Cæcina. Her epitaph was discovered many years ago; — it is thus: — “Julia Alpinula: Hic jaceo. Infelicitis patris infelix proles. Deæ Aventiæ Sacerdos. Exorare patris necem non potui: Male mori in fatis illi erat. Vixi annos XXIII.” — I know of no human composition so affecting as this, nor a history of deeper interest. These are the names and actions which ought not to perish, and to which we turn with a true and healthy tenderness, from the wretched and glittering detail of a confused mass of conquests and battles, with which the mind is roused for a time to a false and feverish sympathy, from whence it recurs at length with all the nausea consequent on such intoxication. [This inscription is a forgery. See *Quar. Rev.* vol. 68, p. 61, 62.]

† This is written in the eye of Mont Blanc (June 3d, 1816), which even at this distance dazzles mine. — (July 20th.) I this day observed for some time the distant reflection of Mont Blanc and Mont Argentière in the calm of the lake, which I was crossing in my boat; the distance of these mountains from their mirror is sixty miles.

LXVIII.

Lake Lemman woos me with its crystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depth yields of their far height and hue :
There is too much of man here, to look through
With a fit mind the might which I behold ;
But soon in me shall Loneliness renew
Thoughts hid, but not less cherished than of old,
Ere mingling with the herd had penned me in their
fold.

LXIX.

To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind :
All are not fit with them to stir and toil,
Nor is it discontent to keep the mind
Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil
In the hot throng, where we become the spoil
Of our infection, till too late and long
We may deplore and struggle with the coil,
In wretched interchange of wrong for wrong
Midst a contentious world, striving where none are
strong.

LXX.

There, in a moment, we may plunge our years
In fatal penitence, and in the blight
Of our own soul turn all our blood to tears,
And color things to come with hues of Night ;
The race of life becomes a hopeless flight
To those that walk in darkness : on the sea,
The boldest steer but where their ports invite,

But there are wanderers o'er Eternity
Whose bark drives on and on, and anchored ne'er
shall be.

LXXI.

Is it not better, then, to be alone,
And love Earth only for its earthly sake?
By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,*
Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,
Which feeds it as a mother who doth make
A fair but froward infant her own care,
Kissing its cries away as these awake;—
Is it not better thus our lives to wear,
Than join the crushing crowd, doomed to inflict or
bear?

LXXII.

I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling,† but the hum
Of human cities torture: I can see

* The color of the Rhone at Geneva is blue, to a depth of tint which I have never seen equalled in water, salt or fresh, except in the Mediterranean and Archipelago.

† [“ Mr. Hobhouse and myself are just returned from a journey of lakes and mountains. We have been to the Grindelwald, and the Jungfrau, and stood on the summit of the Wengen Alp; and seen torrents of 900 feet in fall, and glaciers of all dimensions; we have heard shepherds' pipes, and avalanches, and looked on the clouds foaming up from the valleys below us like the spray of the ocean of hell. Chamouni, and that which it inherits, we saw a month ago; but, though Mont Blanc is higher, it is not

Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be
A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,
Classed among creatures, when the soul can flee,
And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain
Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in vain.

LXXIII.

And thus I am absorbed, and this is life ;
I look upon the peopled desert past,
As on a place of agony and strife,
Where, for some sin, to sorrow I was cast,
To act and suffer, but remount at last
With a fresh pinion ; which I feel to spring,
Though young, yet waxing vigorous, as the blast
Which it would cope with, on delighted wing,
Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round our being
cling.

LXXIV.

And when, at length, the mind shall be all free
From what it hates in this degraded form,
Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be
Existent happier in the fly and worm, —
When elements to elements conform,
And dust is as it should be, shall I not

equal in wildness to the Jungfrau, the Eighers, the Shreckhorn, and the Rose Glaciers. Besides this, I have been over all the Bernese Alps and their lakes, and think many of the scenes (some of which were not those usually frequented by the English) finer than Chamouni. I have been to Clarens again, and crossed the mountains behind it." — *Byron's Letters*, Sept. 1816.]

Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more warm ?
The bodiless thought ? the Spirit of each spot ?
Of which, even now, I share at times the immortal
lot ?

LXXV.

Are not the mountains, waves, and skies, a part
Of me and of my soul, as I of them ?
Is not the love of these deep in my heart
With a pure passion ? should I not contemn
All objects, if compared with these ? and stem
A tide of suffering, rather than forego
Such feelings for the hard and worldly phlegm
Of those whose eyes are only turned below,
Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts which dare
not glow ?

LXXVI.

But this is not my theme ; and I return
To that which is immediate, and require
Those who find contemplation in the urn,
To look on One, whose dust was once all fire,
A native of the land where I respire
The clear air for a while — a passing guest,
Where he became a being, — whose desire
Was to be glorious ; 't was a foolish quest,
The which to gain and keep, he sacrificed all rest.

LXXVII.

Here the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau,*
The apostle of affliction, he who threw

* [“I have traversed all Rousseau’s ground with the ‘Héloïse’
before me, and am struck to a degree that I cannot express with

Enchantment over passion, and from woe
 Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first drew [knew
 The breath which made him wretched; yet he
 How to make madness beautiful, and cast
 O'er erring deeds and thoughts a heavenly hue *
 Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as they past
 The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feelingly and
 fast.

the force and accuracy of his descriptions, and the beauty of their reality. Meillerie, Clarens, and Vevay, and the Château de Chillon, are places of which I shall say little; because all I could say must fall short of the impressions they stamp." — *Byron's Letters.*]

* ["It is evident that the impassioned parts of Rousseau's romance had made a deep impression upon the feelings of the noble poet. The enthusiasm expressed by Lord Byron is no small tribute to the power possessed by Jean Jacques over the passions: and, to say truth, we needed some such evidence; for, though almost ashamed to avow the truth,—still, like the barber of Midas, we must speak or die,—we have never been able to feel the interest or discover the merit of this far-famed performance. That there is much eloquence in the letters we readily admit: there lay Rousseau's strength. But his lovers, the celebrated St. Preux and Julie, have from the earliest moment we have heard the tale (which we well remember), down to the present hour, totally failed to interest us. There might be some constitutional hardness of heart; but like Lance's pebble-hearted cur, Crab, we remained dry-eyed while all wept around us. And still, on resuming the volume, even now, we can see little in the loves of these two tiresome pedants to interest our feelings for either of them. To state our opinion in language † much better than our own, we are unfortunate enough to regard this far-famed history of philosophical gallantry as an 'unfashioned, indelicate, sour, gloomy, ferocious medley of pedantry and lewdness; of metaphysical speculations, blended with the coarsest sensuality.' " — SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

† See Burke's Reflections.

LXXVIII.

His love was passion's essence — as a tree
On fire by lightning ; with ethereal flame
Kindled he was, and blasted ; for to be
Thus, and enamoured, were in him the same.
But his was not the love of living dame,
Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,
But of ideal beauty, which became
In him existence, and o'erflowing teems
Along his burning page, distempered though it seems.

LXXIX.

This breathed itself to life in Julie, *this*
Invested her with all that's wild and sweet ;
This hallowed, too, the memorable kiss *
Which every morn his fevered lip would greet,
From hers, who but with friendship his would meet ;
But to that gentle touch, through brain and breast
Flashed the thrilled spirit's love-devouring heat ;
In that absorbing sigh perchance more blest
Than vulgar minds may be with all they seek possess.†

* This refers to the account in his "Confessions" of passion for the Comtesse d'Houdetot (the mistress of St. Lambert), and his long walk every morning, for the sake of the single kiss which was the common salutation of French acquaintance. Rousseau's description of his feelings on this occasion may be considered as the most passionate, yet not impure, description and expression of love that ever kindled into words ; which, after all, must be felt, from their very force, to be inadequate to the delineation : a painting can give no sufficient idea of the ocean.

† ["Lord Byron's character of Rousseau is drawn with great force, great power of discrimination, and great eloquence. I

LXXX.

His life was one long war with self-sought foes,
 Or friends by him self-banished; for his mind
 Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and chose,
 For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind
 'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and blind.
 But he was phrensied, — wherefore, who may
 know?

Since cause might be which skill could never find;
 But he was phrensied by disease or woe, [show.
 To that worst pitch of all, which wears a reasoning

LXXXI.

For then he was inspired, and from him came,
 As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,
 Those oracles which set the world in flame,
 Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no more:
 Did he not this for France? which lay before
 Bowed to the inborn tyranny of years?
 Broken and trembling to the yoke she bore,
 Till by the voice of him and his compeers
 Roused up to too much wrath, which follows o'er-
 grown fears?

know not that he says any thing which has not been said before,
 — but what he says issues, apparently, from the recesses of his
 own mind. It is a little labored, which, possibly, may be caused
 by the form of the stanza into which it was necessary to throw
 it; but it cannot be doubted that the poet felt a sympathy for the
 enthusiastic tenderness of Rousseau's genius, which he could
 not have recognized with such extreme fervor, except from a
 consciousness of having at least occasionally experienced simi-
 lar emotions." — SIR E. BRYDGES.]

LXXXII.

They made themselves a fearful monument!
The wreck of old opinions — things which grew,
Breathed from the birth of time: the veil they rent,
And what behind it lay all earth shall view.
But good with ill they also overthrew,
Leaving but ruins, wherewith to rebuild
Upon the same foundation, and renew [filled,
Dungeons and thrones, which the same hour re-
As heretofore, because ambition was self-willed.

LXXXIII.

But this will not endure, nor be endured!
Mankind have felt their strength, and made it felt.
They might have used it better, but, allured
By their new vigor, sternly have they dealt
On one another; pity ceased to melt
With her once natural charities. But they,
Who in oppression's darkness caved had dwelt,
They were not eagles, nourished with the day;
What marvel then, at times, if they mistook their
prey?

LXXXIV.

What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?
The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear
That which disfigures it; and they who war
With their own hopes, and have been vanquished,
bear

Silence, but not submission: in his lair
Fixed Passion holds his breath, until the hour

Which shall atone for years ; none need despair :
It came, it cometh, and will come, — the power
To punish or forgive — in *one* we shall be slower.

LXXXV.

Clear, placid Leman ! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction ; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so
moved.

LXXXVI.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darkened Jura, whose cap heights appear
Precipitously steep ; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood ; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol
more ;

LXXXVII.

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill ;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.

There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy, for the starlight dew
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.*

LXXXVIII.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven,
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires,— 't is to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named them-
selves a star.

LXXXIX.

All heaven and earth are still— though not in
sleep,
But breathless, as we grow when feeling most;
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too deep:—
All heaven and earth are still: From the high host

* [During Byron's stay in Switzerland, he took up his residence at the Campagne-Diodati, in the village of Coligny. It stands at the top of a rapidly descending vineyard; the windows commanding, one way, a noble view of the lake and of Geneva; the other, up the lake. Every evening, the poet embarked on the lake; and to the feelings created by these excursions we owe these delightful stanzas.]

Of stars, to the lulled lake and mountain-coast,
All is concentrated in a life intense,
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
But hath a part of being, and a sense
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

XC.

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude, where we are *least* alone ;
A truth, which through our being then doth melt
And purifies from self: it is a tone,
The soul and source of music, which makes known
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm,
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,
Binding all things with beauty ; — 't would disarm
The spectre Death, had he substantial power to
harm.

XCI.

Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places and the peak
Of earth-o'ergazing mountains,* and thus take
A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek

* It is to be recollected, that the most beautiful and impressive doctrines of the divine Founder of Christianity were delivered, not in the *Temple*, but on the *Mount*. To waive the question of devotion, and turn to human eloquence, — the most effectual and splendid specimens were not pronounced within walls. Demosthenes addressed the public and popular assemblies. Cicero spoke in the forum. That this added to their effect on the mind of both orator and hearers, may be conceived from the difference between what we read of the emotions then

The Spirit in whose honor shrines are weak,
Upreared of human hands. Come, and compare
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
With Nature's realms of worship, earth and air,
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy prayer!

and there produced, and those we ourselves experience in the perusal in the closet. It is one thing to read the Iliad at Si-gæum and on the tumuli, or by the springs with Mount Ida, above, and the plain and rivers and Archipelago around you, and another to trim your taper over it in a snug library — *this* I know. Were the early and rapid progress of what is called Methodism to be attributed to any cause beyond the enthusiasm excited by its vehement faith, and doctrines (the truth or error of which I presume neither to canvass nor to question), I should venture to ascribe it to the practice of preaching in the *fields*, and the unstudied and extemporaneous éffusions of its teachers. The Mussulmans, whose erroneous devotion (at least in the lower orders) is most sincere, and therefore impressive, are accustomed to repeat their prescribed orisons and prayers, wherever they may be, at the stated hours — of course, frequently in the open air, kneeling upon a light mat (which they carry for the purpose of a bed or cushion as required): the ceremony lasts some minutes, during which they are totally absorbed, and only living in their supplication: nothing can disturb them. On me the simple and entire sincerity of these men, and the spirit which appeared to be within and upon them, made a far greater impression than any general rite which was ever performed in places of worship, of which I have seen those of almost every persuasion under the sun; including most of our own sectaries, and the Greek, the Catholic, the Armenian, the Lutheran, the Jewish, and the Mahometan. Many of the negroes, of whom there are numbers in the Turkish empire, are idolaters, and have free exercise of their belief and its rites: some of these I had a distant view of at Patras; and, from what I could make out of them, they appeared to be of a truly Pagan description, and not very agreeable to a spectator.

XCII.

The sky is changed! — and such a change! Oh
night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

XCIII.

And this is in the night: — Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight, —
A portion of the tempest and of thee! *
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black, — and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's
birth.†

* The thunder-storm to which these lines refer occurred on the 13th of June, 1816, at midnight. I have seen, among the Acroceraunian mountains of Chimari, several more terrible, but none more beautiful.

† [“ This is one of the most beautiful passages of the poem. The ‘ fierce and far delight ’ of a thunder-storm is here described in verse almost as vivid as its lightnings. The live thunder ‘ leaping among the rattling crags ’ — the voice of mountains, as if shouting to each other — the plashing of the big rain — the

XCIV.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted! [thwarted,
Though in their souls, which thus each other
Love was the very root of the fond rage
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed;
Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years all winters, — war within themselves to wage.

XCV.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his way,
The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand:
For here, not one, but many, make their play,
And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,
Flashing and cast around: of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills hath forked
His lightnings, — as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as desolation worked,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein lurked.

gleaming of the wide lake, lighted like a phosphoric sea — present a picture of sublime terror, yet of enjoyment, often attempted, but never so well, certainly never better brought out in poetry." — SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

XCVI.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, lightnings ! ye !
With night, and clouds, and thunder, and a soul
To make these felt and feeling, well may be
Things that have made me watchful ; the far roll
Of your departing voices, is the knoll
Of what in me is sleepless, — if I rest.*
But where of ye, oh tempests ! is the goal ?
Are ye like those within the human breast ?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some high nest ?

XCVII.

Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me, — could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or
weak,

* [The Journal of his Swiss tour, which Byron kept for his sister, closes with the following mournful passage: — “In the weather, for this tour, of thirteen days, I have been very fortunate — fortunate in a companion” (Mr. Hobhouse) — “fortunate in our prospects, and exempt from even the little petty accidents and delays which often render journeys in a less wild country disappointing. I was disposed to be pleased. I am a lover of nature, and an admirer of beauty. I can bear fatigue, and welcome privation, and have seen some of the noblest views in the world. But in all this, — the recollection of bitterness, and more especially of recent and more home desolation, which must accompany me through life, has preyed upon me here; and neither the music of the shepherd, the crashing of the avalanche, nor the torrent, the mountain, the glacier, the forest, nor the cloud, have for one moment lightened the weight upon my heart, nor enabled me to lose my own wretched identity, in the majesty, and the power, and the glory, around, above, and beneath me.”]

All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe — into *one* word,
And that one word were Lightning, I would speak;
But as it is, I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

XCVIII.

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,
With breath all incense, and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the clouds away with playful scorn,
And living as if earth contained no tomb, —
And glowing into day: we may resume
The march of our existence: and thus I,
Still on thy shores, fair Leman! may find room
And food for meditation, nor pass by
Much, that may give us pause, if pondered fittingly.

XCIX.

Clarens! sweet Clarens,* birthplace of deep Love,
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought,
Thy trees take root in Love; the snows above
The very Glaciers have his colors caught,

* [Stanzas xcix. to cxv. are exquisite. They have every thing which makes a poetical picture of local and particular scenery perfect. They exhibit a miraculous brilliancy and force of fancy; but the very fidelity causes a little constraint and labor of language. The poet seems to have been so engrossed by the attention to give vigor and fire to the imagery, that he both neglected and disdained to render himself more harmonious by diffuser words, which, while they might have improved the effect upon the ear, might have weakened the impression upon the mind. This mastery over new matter — this supply of

And sunset into rose-hues sees them wrought
 By rays which sleep there lovingly: the rocks,
 The permanent crags, tell here of Love, who
 sought

In them a refuge from the worldly shocks,
 Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos,
 then mocks.

C.

Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod, —
 Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne
 To which the steps are mountains; where the god
 Is a pervading life and light, — so shown
 Not on those summits solely, nor alone
 In the still cave and forest; o'er the flower
 His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown
 His soft and summer breath, whose tender power
 Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate
 hour.*

powers equal not only to an untouched subject, but that subject one of peculiar and unequalled grandeur and beauty — was sufficient to occupy the strongest poetical faculties, young as the author was, without adding to it all the practical skill of the artist. The stanzas, too, on Voltaire and Gibbon are discriminative, sagacious, and just. They are among the proofs of that very great variety of talent which this Canto of Lord Byron exhibits. — SIR E. BRYDGES.]

* Rousseau's *Héloïse*, Lettre 17, part. 4, note. "Ces montagnes sont si hautes qu'une demi-heure après le soleil couche, leurs sommets sont éclairés de ses rayons; dont le rouge forme sur ces cimes blanches *une belle couleur de rose*, qu'on apperçoit de fort loin." — This applies more particularly to the heights over Meillerie. — "J'allai à Vevay loger à la Clef, et pendant deux

CI.

All things are here of *him* ; from the black pines,
Which are his shade on high, and the loud roar
Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines
Which slope his green path downward to the shore.

jours que j'y restai sans voir personne, je pris pour cette ville un amour qui m'a suivi dans tous mes voyages, et qui m'y a fait établir enfin les héros de mon roman. Je dirois volontiers à ceux qui ont du goût et qui sont sensibles: Allez à Vevay — visitez le pays, examinez les sites, promenez-vous sur le lac, et dites si la Nature n'a pas fait ce beau pays pour une Julie, pour une Claire, et pour un St. Preux; mais ne les y cherchez pas." — *Les Confessions*, livre iv. p. 306. Lyons, ed. 1796. — In July, 1816, I made a voyage round the Lake of Geneva; and, as far as my own observations have led me in a not uninterested nor inattentive survey of all the scenes most celebrated by Rousseau in his "Héloïse," I can safely say, that in this there is no exaggeration. It would be difficult to see Clarens (with the scenes around it, Vevay, Chillon, Boveret, St. Gingo, Meillerie, Eivan, and the entrances of the Rhone) without being forcibly struck with its peculiar adaptation to the persons and events with which it has been peopled. But this is not all: the feeling with which all around Clarens, and the opposite rocks of Meillerie, is invested, is of a still higher and more comprehensive order than the mere sympathy with individual passion; it is a sense of the existence of love in its most extended and sublime capacity, and of our own participation of its good and of its glory: it is the great principle of the universe, which is there more condensed, but not less manifested; and of which, though knowing ourselves a part, we lose our individuality, and mingle in the beauty of the whole. — If Rousseau had never written, nor lived, the same associations would not less have belonged to such scenes. He has added to the interest of his works by their adoption; he has shown his sense of their beauty by the selection; but they have done that for him which no human being could do for them. — I had the fortune (good or evil as it might be) to sail from Meil-

Where the bowed waters meet him, and adore,
Kissing his feet with murmurs ; and the wood,
The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,
But light leaves, young as joy, stands where it stood,
Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude.

lerie (where we landed for some time) to St. Gingo during a lake storm, which added to the magnificence of all around, although occasionally accompanied by danger to the boat, which was small and overloaded. It was over this very part of the lake that Rousseau has driven the boat of St. Preux and Madame Wolmar to Meillerie for shelter during a tempest. On gaining the shore at St. Gingo, I found that the wind had been sufficiently strong to blow down some fine old chestnut trees on the lower part of the mountains. On the opposite height of Clarens is a château. The hills are covered with vineyards, and interspersed with some small but beautiful woods; one of these was named the "Bosquet de Julie;" and it is remarkable that, though long ago cut down by the brutal selfishness of the monks of St. Bernard (to whom the land appertained), that the ground might be inclosed into a vineyard for the miserable drones of an execrable superstition, the inhabitants of Clarens still point out the spot where its trees stood, calling it by the name which consecrated and survived them. Rousseau has not been particularly fortunate in the preservation of the "local habitations" he has given to "airy nothings." The Prior of Great St. Bernard has cut down some of his woods for the sake of a few casks of wine, and Bonaparte has levelled part of the rocks of Meillerie in improving the road to the Simplon. The road is an excellent one, but I cannot quite agree with the remark which I heard made, that "*La route vaut mieux que les souvenirs.*" [During the squall off Meillerie, of which Byron here makes mention, the danger of the party was considerable. At Ouchy, near Lausanne, he was detained two days, in a small inn, by the weather; and here it was that he wrote, in that short interval, the "Prisoner of Chillon;" "adding," says Moore, "one more deathless association to the already immortalized localities of the Lake."]

CII.

A populous solitude of bees and birds,
And fairy-formed and many-colored things,
Who worship him with notes more sweet than
words,
And innocently open their glad wings,
Fearless and full of life: the gush of springs,
And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend
Of stirring branches, and the bud which brings
The swiftest thought of beauty, here extend,
Mingling, and made by Love, unto one mighty end.

CIII.

He who hath loved not, here would learn that lore,
And make his heart a spirit; he who knows
That tender mystery, will love the more,
For this is Love's recess, where vain men's woes,
And the world's waste, have driven him far from
those,
For 't is his nature to advance or die;
He stands not still, but or decays, or grows
Into a boundless blessing, which may vie
With the immortal lights, in its eternity!

CIV.

'T was not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,
Peopling it with affections; but he found
It was the scene which passion must allot
To the mind's purified beings; 't was the ground
Where early Love his Psyche's zone unbound,
And hallowed it with loveliness: 't is lone,

And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,
And sense, and sight of sweetness ; here the Rhone
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have reared a
throne.

CV.

Lausanne ! and Ferney ! ye have been the abodes
Of names which unto you bequeathed a name ; *
Mortals, who sought and found, by dangerous roads
A path to perpetuity of fame :
They were gigantic minds, and their steep aim
Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile [flame
Thoughts which should call down thunder, and the
Of Heaven, again assailed, if Heaven the while
On man and man's research could deign do more
than smile.

CVI.

The one was fire and fickleness, a child,
Most mutable in wishes, but in mind,
A wit as various, — gay, grave, sage, or wild, —
Historian, bard, philosopher, combined ;
He multiplied himself among mankind,
The Proteus of their talents : But his own
Breathed most in ridicule, — which, as the wind,
Blew where it listed, laying all things prone, —
Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake a throne

CVII.

The other, deep and slow, exhausting thought,
And hiving wisdom with each studious year,

* Voltaire and Gibbon.

In meditation dwelt, with learning wrought,
And shaped his weapon with an edge severe,
Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer;
The lord of irony, — that master-spell,
Which stung his foes to wrath, which grew from
fear,
And doomed him to the zealot's ready Hell,
Which answers to all doubts so eloquently well.

CVIII.

Yet, peace be with their ashes, — for by them,
If merited, the penalty is paid;
It is not ours to judge, — far less condemn;
The hour must come when such things shall be
made
Known unto all, — or hope and dread allayed
By slumber, on one pillow, — in the dust,
Which, thus much we are sure, must lie decayed;
And when it shall revive, as is our trust,
'T will be to be forgiven, or suffer what is just.

CIX.

But let me quit man's works, again to read
His Maker's, spread around me, and suspend
This page, which from my reveries I feed,
Until it seems prolonging without end;
The clouds above me to the white Alps tend,
And I must pierce them, and survey whate'er
May be permitted, as my steps I bend
To their most great and growing region, where
The earth to her embrace compels the powers of
air.

CX.

Italia! too, Italia! looking on thee,
Full flashes on the soul the light of ages,
Since the fierce Carthaginian almost won thee,
To the last halo of the chiefs and sages
Who glorify thy consecrated pages;
Thou wert the throne and grave of empires; still
The fount at which the panting mind assuages
Her thirst of knowledge, quaffing there her fill,
Flows from the eternal source of Rome's imperial hill.

CXI.

Thus far have I proceeded in a theme
Renewed with no kind auspices: — to feel
We are not what we have been, and to deem
We are not what we should be, — and to steel
The heart against itself; and to conceal,
With a proud caution, love, or hate, or aught, —
Passion or feeling, purpose, grief, or zeal, —
Which is the tyrant spirit of our thought,
Is a stern task of soul: — No matter, — it is taught.

CXII.

And for these words, thus woven into song,
It may be that they are a harmless wile, —
The coloring of the scenes which fleet along,
Which I would seize, in passing, to beguile
My breast, or that of others, for a while.
Fame is the thirst of youth, — but I am not
So young as to regard men's frown or smile,
As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot;
I stood and stand alone, — remembered or forgot.

CXIII.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me ;
 I have not flattered its rank breath, nor bowed
 To its idolatries a patient knee, —
 Nor coined my cheek to smiles, — nor cried aloud
 In worship of an echo ; in the crowd
 They could not deem me one of such ; I stood
 Among them, but not of them ; in a shroud
 Of thoughts which were not their thoughts, and
 still could,
 Had I not filed * my mind, which thus itself subdued.

CXIV.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me, —
 But let us part fair foes ; I do believe,
 Though I have found them not, that there may be
 Words which are things, — hopes which will not
 deceive,
 And virtues which are merciful, nor weave
 Snares for the failing : I would also deem
 O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve ; †
 That two, or one, are almost what they seem, —
 That goodness is no name, and happiness no dream. ‡

*

——— “If it be thus,

For Banquo's issue have I *filed* my mind.” — MACBETH.

† It is said by Rochefoucault, that “there is always something in the misfortunes of men's best friends not displeasing to them.”

‡ [“It is not the temper and talents of the poet, but the use to which he puts them, on which his happiness or misery is grounded. A powerful and unbridled imagination is the author and architect of its own disappointments. Its fascinations, its

CXV.

My daughter! with thy name this song begun —
My daughter! with thy name thus much shall end —
I see thee not, — I hear thee not, — but none
Can be so wrapt in thee; thou art the friend

exaggerated pictures of good and evil, and the mental distress to which they give rise, are the natural and necessary evils attending on that quick susceptibility of feeling and fancy incident to the poetical temperament. But the Giver of all talents, while he has qualified them each with its separate and peculiar alloy, has endowed the owner with the power of purifying and refining them. But, as if to moderate the arrogance of genius, it is justly and wisely made requisite, that he must regulate and tame the fire of his fancy, and descend from the heights to which she exalts him, in order to obtain ease of mind and tranquillity. The materials of happiness, that is, of such degree of happiness as is consistent with our present state, lie around us in profusion. But the man of talents must stoop to gather them, otherwise they would be beyond the reach of the mass of society, for whose benefit, as well as for his, Providence has created them. There is no royal and no poetical path to contentment and heart's-ease: that by which they are attained is open to all classes of mankind, and lies within the most limited range of intellect. To narrow our wishes and desires within the scope of our powers of attainment; to consider our misfortunes, however peculiar in their character, as our inevitable share in the patrimony of Adam; to bridle those irritable feelings, which ungoverned are sure to become governors; to shun that intensity of galling and self-wounding reflection which our poet has so forcibly described in his own burning language: —

————— ' I have thought
Too long and darkly, till my brain became,
In its own eddy, boiling and o'erwrought,
A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame ' —

—to stoop, in short, to the realities of life; repent if we have offended, and pardon if we have been trespassed against; to look

To whom the shadows of far years extend:
 Albeit my brow thou never should'st behold,
 My voice shall with thy future visions blend
 And reach into thy heart, — when mine is cold, —
 A token and a tone, even from thy father's mould.

CXVI.

To aid thy mind's development, — to watch
 Thy dawn of little joys, — to sit and see
 Almost thy very growth, — to view thee catch
 Knowledge of objects, — wonders yet to thee!
 To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,
 And print on thy soft cheek a parent's kiss, —
 This, it should seem, was not reserved for me;
 Yet this was in my nature: — as it is,
 I know not what is there, yet something like to this.

CXVII.

Yet, though dull Hate as duty should be taught,
 I know that thou wilt love me; though my name
 Should be shut from thee, as a spell still fraught
 With desolation, — and a broken claim:
 Though the grave closed between us, — 't were the
 same,

I know that thou wilt love me; though to drain

on the world less as our foe than as a doubtful and capricious
 friend, whose applause we ought as far as possible to deserve,
 but neither to court nor contemn — such seem the most obvious
 and certain means of keeping or regaining mental tranquillity.

————— 'Semita certe

Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.' — SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

My blood from out thy being were an aim,
 And an attainment, — all would be in vain, —
 Still thou would'st love me, still that more than life
 retain.

CXVIII.

The child of love, — though born in bitterness
 And nurtured in convulsion. Of thy sire
 These were the elements, — and thine no less.
 As yet such are around thee, — but thy fire
 Shall be more tempered, and thy hope far higher.
 Sweet be thy cradled slumbers! O'er the sea,
 And from the mountains where I now respire,
 Fain would I waft such blessing upon thee,
 As, with a sigh, I deem thou might'st have been to
 me!

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

Visto ho Toscana, Lombardia, Romagna,
Quel Monte che divide, e quel che serra
Italia, e un mare e l' altro, che la bagna.

Ariosto, Satira iii.

Venice, January 2, 1818.

TO

JOHN HOBHOUSE, ESQ. A.M. F.R.S. ETC. ETC.

MY DEAR HOBHOUSE,

AFTER an interval of eight years between the composition of the first and last cantos of *Childe Harold*, the conclusion of the poem is about to be submitted to the public. In parting with so old a friend, it is not extraordinary that I should recur to one still older and better, — to one who has beheld the birth and death of the other, and to whom I am far more indebted for the social advantages of an enlightened friendship, than — though not ungrateful — I can, or could be, to *Childe Harold*, for any public favor reflected through the poem on the poet, — to one, whom I have known long, and accompanied far, whom I have found wakeful over my sickness and kind in my sorrow, glad in my prosperity and firm in my adversity, true in counsel and trusty in peril, — to a friend often tried and never found wanting; — to yourself.

In so doing, I recur from fiction to truth; and in dedicating to you in its complete, or at least concluded

state, a poetical work which is the longest, the most thoughtful and comprehensive of my compositions, I wish to do honor to myself by the record of many years' intimacy with a man of learning, of talent, of steadiness, and of honor. It is not for minds like ours to give or to receive flattery; yet the praises of sincerity have ever been permitted to the voice of friendship; and it is not for you, nor even for others, but to relieve a heart which has not elsewhere, or lately, been so much accustomed to the encounter of good-will as to withstand the shock firmly, that I thus attempt to commemorate your good qualities, or rather the advantages which I have derived from their exertion. Even the recurrence of the date of this letter, the anniversary of the most unfortunate day of my past existence,* but which cannot poison my future while I retain the resource of your friendship, and of my own faculties, will henceforth have a more agreeable recollection for both, inasmuch as it will remind us of this my attempt to thank you for an indefatigable regard, such as few men have experienced, and no one could experience without thinking better of his species and of himself.

It has been our fortune to traverse together, at various periods, the countries of chivalry, history, and fable — Spain, Greece, Asia Minor, and Italy; and what Athens and Constantinople were to us a few years ago, Venice and Rome have been more recently. The poem also, or the pilgrim, or both, have accompanied me from first to last; and perhaps

* His marriage.

it may be a pardonable vanity which induces me to reflect with complacency on a composition which in some degree connects me with the spot where it was produced, and the objects it would fain describe ; and however unworthy it may be deemed of those magical and memorable abodes, however short it may fall of our distant conceptions and immediate impressions, yet as a mark of respect for what is venerable, and of feeling for what is glorious, it has been to me a source of pleasure in the production, and I part with it with a kind of regret, which I hardly suspected that events could have left me for imaginary objects.

With regard to the conduct of the last canto, there will be found less of the pilgrim than in any of the preceding, and that little slightly, if at all, separated from the author speaking in his own person. The fact is, that I had become weary of drawing a line which every one seemed determined not to perceive : like the Chinese in Goldsmith's " Citizen of the World," whom nobody would believe to be a Chinese, it was in vain that I asserted, and imagined that I had drawn, a distinction between the author and the pilgrim ; and the very anxiety to preserve this difference, and disappointment at finding it unavailing, so far crushed my efforts in the composition, that I determined to abandon it altogether — and have done so. The opinions which have been, or may be, formed on that subject, are *now* a matter of indifference ; the work is to depend on itself and not on the writer ; and the author, who has no resources

in his own mind beyond the reputation, transient or permanent, which is to arise from his literary efforts, deserves the fate of authors.

In the course of the following canto it was my intention, either in the text or in the notes, to have touched upon the present state of Italian literature, and perhaps of manners. But the text, within the limits I proposed, I soon found hardly sufficient for the labyrinth of external objects, and the consequent reflections; and for the whole of the notes, excepting a few of the shortest, I am indebted to yourself, and these were necessarily limited to the elucidation of the text.

It is also a delicate, and no very grateful task, to dissert upon the literature and manners of a nation so dissimilar; and requires an attention and impartiality which would induce us — though perhaps no inattentive observers, nor ignorant of the language or customs of the people amongst whom we have recently abode — to distrust, or at least defer our judgment, and more narrowly examine our information. The state of literary, as well as political party, appears to run, or to *have* run, so high, that for a stranger to steer impartially between them is next to impossible. It may be enough, then, at least for my purpose, to quote from their own beautiful language — “Mi pare che in un paese tutto poetico, che vante la lingua la più nobile ed insieme la più dolce, tutte le vie diverse si possono tentare, e che sinche la patria di Alfieri e di Monti non ha perduto l’an-

tico valore, in tutte essa dovrebbe essere la prima." Italy has great names still — Canova, Monti, Ugo Foscolo, Pindemonte, Visconti, Morelli, Cicognara, Albrizzi, Mezzophanti, Mai, Mustoxidi, Aglietti, and Vacca, will secure to the present generation an honorable place in most of the departments of Art, Science, and Belles Lettres ; and in some the very highest — Europe — the World — has but one Canova.

It has been somewhere said by Alfieri, that "La pianta uomo nasce più robusta in Italia che in qualunque altra terra — e che gli stessi atroci delitti che vi si commettono ne sono una prova." Without subscribing to the latter part of his proposition, a dangerous doctrine, the truth of which may be disputed on better grounds, namely that the Italians are in no respect more ferocious than their neighbors, that man must be wilfully blind, or ignorantly heedless, who is not struck with the extraordinary capacity of this people, or, if such a word be admissible, their *capabilities*, the facility of their acquisitions, the rapidity of their conceptions, the fire of their genius, their sense of beauty, and, amidst all the disadvantages of repeated revolutions, the desolation of battles, and the despair of ages, their still unquenched "longing after immortality," — the immortality of independence. And when we ourselves, in riding round the walls of Rome, heard the simple lament of the laborers' chorus, "Roma! Roma! Roma! Roma non è più come era prima," it was difficult not to contrast this melancholy dirge with the bacchanal

roar of the songs of exultation still yelled from the London taverns, over the carnage of Mont St. Jean, and the betrayal of Genoa, of Italy, of France, and of the world, by men whose conduct you yourself have exposed in a work worthy of the better days of our history. For me, —

“ Non movero mai corda
Ove la turba di sue ciance assorda.”

What Italy has gained by the late transfer of nations, it were useless for Englishmen to inquire, till it becomes ascertained that England has acquired something more than a permanent army and a suspended Habeas Corpus; it is enough for them to look at home. For what they have done abroad, and especially in the South, “*Verily they will have their reward,*” and at no very distant period.

Wishing you, my dear Hobhouse, a safe and agreeable return to that country whose real welfare can be dearer to none than to yourself, I dedicate to you this poem in its completed state; and repeat once more how truly I am ever,

Your obliged

And affectionate friend,

BYRON.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

I.

I STOOD in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs ; *
A palace and a prison on each hand :
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand :
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles, [isles !
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred

II.

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean, †
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers :

* See " Historical Notes " at the end of this Canto, No. I.

† Sabellicus, describing the appearance of Venice, has made use of the above image, which would not be poetical were it not true. — " Quo fit ut qui superne urbem contempletur, turritarum telluris imaginem medio Oceano figuratam se putet inspicere."

And such she was; — her daughters had their
dowers
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deemed their dignity in-
creased.

III.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,*
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:
Those days are gone — but Beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade — but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

IV.

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
Above the dogeless city's vanished sway;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn away —
The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

* See "Historical Notes," at the end of this Canto, No. II.

V.

The beings of the mind are not of clay ;
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray
And more beloved existence : that which Fate
Prohibits to dull life, in this our state
Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied,
First exiles, then replaces what we hate ;
Watering the heart whose early flowers have died,
And with a fresher growth replenishing the void.

VI.

Such is the refuge of our youth and age,
The first from Hope, the last from Vacancy ;
And this worn feeling peoples many a page,
And, may be, that which grows beneath mine eye.
Yet there are things whose strong reality
Outshines our fairy-land ; in shape and hues
More beautiful than our fantastic sky,
And the strange constellations which the Muse
O'er her wild universe is skilful to diffuse :

VII.

I saw or dreamed of such, — but let them go, —
They came like truth, and disappeared like dreams
And whatsoe'er they were — are now but so :
I could replace them if I would ; still teems
My mind with many a form which aptly seems
Such as I sought for, and at moments found ;
Let these too go — for waking Reason deems
Such overweening phantasies unsound,
And other voices speak, and other sights surround.

VIII.

I've taught me other tongues — and in strange eyes
Have made me not a stranger; to the mind
Which is itself, no changes bring surprise;
Nor is it harsh to make, nor hard to find
A country with — ay, or without mankind;
Yet was I born where men are proud to be,
Not without cause; and should I leave behind
The inviolate island of the sage and free,
And seek me out a home by a remoter sea,

IX.

Perhaps I loved it well: and should I lay
My ashes in a soil which is not mine,
My spirit shall resume it — if we may
Unbodied choose a sanctuary. I twine
My hopes of being remembered in my line
With my land's language: if too fond and far
These aspirations in their scope incline, —
If my fame should be, as my fortunes are,
Of hasty growth and blight, and dull Oblivion bar

X.

My name from out the temple where the dead
Are honored by the nations — let it be —
And light the laurels on a loftier head!
And be the Spartan's epitaph on me —
"Sparta hath many a worthier son than he." *
Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need;

* The answer of the mother of Brasidas, the Lacedæmonian general, to the strangers who praised the memory of her son.

The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree
I planted, — they have torn me, — and I bleed :
I should have known what fruit would spring from
such a seed.

XI.

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord ;
And, annual marriage now no more renewed,
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,
Neglected garment of her widowhood !
St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood *
Stand, but in mockery of his withered power,
Over the proud Place where an Emperor sued,
And monarchs gazed and envied in the hour
When Venice was a queen with an unequalled dower.

XII.

The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian reigns —*
An Emperor tramples where an Emperor knelt ;
Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and chains
Clank over sceptred cities ; nations melt
From power's high pinnacle, when they have felt
The sunshine for a while, and downward go
Like lawine loosened from the mountain's belt ;
Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo ! *
Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe.

XIII.

Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
Their gilded collars glittering in the sun ;

* See "Historical Notes," Nos. III. IV. V.

But is not Doria's menace come to pass? *
 Are they not *bridled*? — Venice, lost and won,
 Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,
 Sinks, like a sea-weed, into whence she rose!
 Better be whelmed beneath the waves, and shun,
 Even in destruction's depth, her foreign foes,
 From whom submission wrings an infamous repose.

XIV.

In youth she was all glory, — a new Tyre, —
 Her very by-word sprung from victory,
 The "Planter of the Lion," † which through fire
 And blood she bore o'er subject earth and sea;
 Though making many slaves, herself still free,
 And Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite;
 Witness Troy's rival, Candia! Vouch it, ye
 Immortal waves that saw Lepanto's fight!
 For ye are names no time nor tyranny can blight.

XV.

Statues of glass — all shivered — the long file
 Of her dead Doges are declined to dust;
 But where they dwelt, the vast and sumptuous
 pile
 Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid trust;
 Their sceptre broken, and their sword in rust,
 Have yielded to the stranger: empty halls,

* See "Historical Notes," No. VI.

† That is, the Lion of St. Mark, the standard of the republic, which is the origin of the word Pantaloon — Piantaleone, Pantaleon, Pantaloon.

Thin streets, and foreign aspects, such as must
Too oft remind her who and what enthralls,*
Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice' lovely walls.

XVI.

When Athen's armies fell at Syracuse,
And fettered thousands bore the yoke of war,
Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse,†
Her voice their only ransom from afar:
See! as they chant the tragic hymn, the car
Of the o'ermastered victor stops, the reins
Fall from his hands — his idle scimitar
Starts from its belt — he rends his captive's chains,
And bids him thank the bard for freedom and his
 strains.

XVII.

Thus, Venice, if no stronger claim were thine,
Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot,
Thy choral memory of the Bard divine,
Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the knot
Which ties thee to thy tyrants; and thy lot
Is shameful to the nations, — most of all,
Albion! to thee: the Ocean queen should not
Abandon Ocean's children; in the fall
Of Venice think of thine, despite thy watery wall.

XVIII.

I loved her from my boyhood — she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart,

* See "Historical Notes," at the end of this Canto, No. VII

† The story is told in Plutarch's Life of Nicias.

Rising like water-columns from the sea,
 Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;
 And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakspeare's art,*
 Had stamped her image in me, and even so,
 Although I found her thus, we did not part,
 Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,
 Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show.

XIX.

I can repeople with the past — and of
 The present there is still for eye and thought,
 And meditation chastened down, enough;
 And more, it may be, than I hoped or sought;
 And of the happiest moments which were wrought
 Within the web of my existence, some
 From thee, fair Venice! have their colors caught:
 There are some feelings Time cannot benumb,
 Nor Torture shake, or mine would now be cold and
 dumb.

XX.

But from their nature will the tannen grow †
 Loftiest on loftiest and least sheltered rocks,
 Rooted in barrenness, where nought below
 Of soil supports them 'gainst the Alpine shocks

* Venice Preserved; Mysteries of Udolpho; the Ghost Seer, or Armenian; the Merchant of Venice; Othello.

† *Tannen* is the plural of *tanne*, a species of fir peculiar to the Alps, which only thrives in very rocky parts, where scarcely soil sufficient for its nourishment can be found. On these spots it grows to a greater height than any other mountain tree.

Of eddying storms ; yet springs the trunk, and mocks
The howling tempest, till its height and frame
Are worthy of the mountains from whose blocks
Of bleak, gray granite, into life it came,
And grew a giant tree ;— the mind may grow the same

XXI.

Existence may be borne, and the deep root
Of life and sufferance make its firm abode
In bare and desolated bosoms : mute
The camel labors with the heaviest load,
And the wolf dies in silence, — not bestowed
In vain should such example be ; if they,
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler clay
May temper it to bear, — it is but for a day

XXII.

All suffering doth destroy, or is destroyed,
Even by the sufferer ; and, in each event,
Ends : — Some, with hope replenished and re-
 buoyed,
Return to whence they came — with like intent,
And weave their web again ; some, bowed and bent,
Wax gray and ghastly, withering ere their time,
And perish with the reed on which they leant ;
Some seek devotion, toil, war, good or crime,
According as their souls were formed to sink or climb :

XXIII.

But ever and anon of griefs subdued
There comes a token like a scorpion's sting,

XXVI.

The commonwealth of kings, the men of Rome!
And even since, and now, fair Italy!
Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all Art yields, and Nature* can decree;
Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility;
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
With an immaculate charm which can not be defaced.

XXVII.

The moon is up, and yet it is not night —
Sunset divides the sky with her — a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains; Heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colors seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
Where the Day joins the past Eternity;
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air — an island of the
blest! †

* [The whole of this canto is rich in description of Nature. The love of Nature now appears as a distinct passion in Byron's mind. It is a love that does not rest in beholding, nor is satisfied with describing, what is before him. It has a power and being, blending itself with the poet's very life. Though Byron had, with his real eyes, perhaps, seen more of Nature than ever was before permitted to any great poet, yet he never before seemed to open his whole heart to her genial impulses. But in this he is changed; and in this and the fourth Cantos of *Childe Harold*, he will stand a comparison with the best descriptive poets, in this age of descriptive poetry. — PROFESSOR WILSON.]

† The above description may seem fantastical or exaggerated

XXVIII.

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rhætian hill,
As Day and Night contending were, until
Nature reclaimed her order:—gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glassed within
it glows,

XXIX.

Filled with the face of heaven, which, from afar
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse:
And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new color as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till —'t is gone — and all is gray.

XXX.

There is a tomb in Arqua;—reared in air,
Pillared in their sarcophagus, repose
The bones of Laura's lover: here repair
Many familiar with his well-sung woes,

to those who have never seen an Oriental or an Italian sky, yet
it is but a literal and hardly sufficient delineation of an August
evening (the eighteenth), as contemplated in one of many rides
along the banks of the Brenta, near La Mira.

The pilgrims of his genius. He arose
 To raise a language, and his land reclaim
 From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes :
 Watering the tree which bears his lady's name *
 With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.

XXXI.

They keep his dust in Arqua, where he died ; *
 The mountain-village where his latter days
 Went down the vale of years ; and 'tis their
 pride —
 An honest pride — and let it be their praise,
 To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
 His mansion and his sepulchre ; both plain
 And venerably simple, such as raise
 A feeling more accordant with his strain
 Than if a pyramid formed his monumental fane.

XXXII.

And the soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt †
 Is one of that complexion which seems made
 For those who their mortality have felt,
 And sought a refuge from their hopes decayed

* See "Historical Notes," Nos. VIII. and IX.

† ["Half way up
 He built his house, whence as by stealth he caught
 Among the hills, a glimpse of busy life
 That soothed, not stirred."

"I have built, among the Euganean hills, a small house, decent and proper ; in which I hope to pass the rest of my days, thinking always of my dead or absent friends." Among those still living was Boccaccio, who is thus mentioned by him in his will : — "To Don Giovanni of Certaldo, for a winter gown at his

In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade,
Which shows a distant prospect far away
Of busy cities, now in vain displayed,
For they can lure no further ; and the ray
Of a bright sun can make sufficient holiday,

XXXIII.

Developing the mountains, leaves, and flowers,
And shining in the brawling brook, where-by,
Clear as its current, glide the sauntering hours
With a calm languor, which, though to the eye
Idlesse it seem, hath its morality.
If from society we learn to live,
'Tis solitude should teach us how to die ;
It hath no flatterers ; vanity can give
No hollow aid ; alone — man with his God must strive :

XXXIV.

Or, it may be, with demons, who impair *
The strength of better thoughts, and seek their prey

evening studies, I leave fifty golden florins ; truly, little enough for so great a man." When the Venetians overran the country, Petrarch prepared for flight. "Write your Name over your door," said one of his friends, "and you will be safe." "I am not sure of that," replied Petrarch, and fled with his books to Padua. His books he left to the republic of Venice, laying, as it were, a foundation for the library of St. Mark ; but they exist no longer. His legacy to Francis Carrara, a Madonna painted by Giotto, is still preserved in the Cathedral of Padua. — ROGERS.]

* The struggle is to the full as likely to be with demons as with our better thoughts. Satan chose the wilderness for the temptation of our Saviour. And our unsullied John Locke preferred the presence of a child to complete solitude.

In melancholy bosoms, such as were
Of moody texture from their earliest day,
And loved to dwell in darkness and dismay,
Deeming themselves predestined to a doom
Which is not of the pangs that pass away ;
Making the sun like blood, the earth a tomb,
The tomb a hell, and hell itself a murkier gloom.

XXXV.

Ferrara ! * in thy wide and grass-grown streets,
Whose symmetry was not for solitude,
There seems as 't were a curse upon the seats
Of former sovereigns, and the antique brood
Of Este, which for many an age made good
Its strength within thy walls, and was of yore
Patron or tyrant, as the changing mood
Of petty power impelled, of those who wore
The wreath which Dante's brow alone had worn
before.

XXXVI.

And Tasso is their glory and their shame.
Hark to his strain ! and then survey his cell !
And see how dearly earned Torquato's fame,
And where Alfonso bade his poet dwell :
The miserable despot could not quell
The insulted mind he sought to quench, and blend
With the surrounding maniacs, in the hell
Where he had plunged it. Glory without end
Scattered the clouds away — and on that name attend

* [In April, 1817, Byron visited Ferrara, went over the castle, cell, etc., and wrote, a few days after, the Lament of Tasso.]

XXXVII.

The tears and praises of all time; while thine
Would rot in its oblivion — in the sink
Of worthless dust, which from thy boasted line
Is shaken into nothing; but the link
Thou formest in his fortunes bids us think
Of thy poor malice, naming thee with scorn —
Alfonso! how thy ducal pageants shrink
From thee! if in another station born,
Scarce fit to be the slave of him thou mad'st to mourn.

XXXVIII.

Thou! formed to eat, and be despised, and die,
Even as the beasts that perish, save that thou
Hadst a more splendid trough and wider sty:
He! with a glory round his furrowed brow,
Which emanated then, and dazzles now,
In face of all his foes, the Cruscan quire,
And Boileau, whose rash envy could allow *
No strain which shamed his country's creaking
lyre,
That whetstone of the teeth — monotony in wire!

XXXIX.

Peace to Torquato's injured shade! 't was his
In life and death to be the mark where Wrong
Aimed with her poisoned arrows; but to miss.
Oh, victor unsurpassed in modern song!
Each year brings forth its millions; but how long
The tide of generations shall roll on,

* See "Historical Notes," at the end of this canto, No. X.

And not the whole combined and countless throng
Compose a mind like thine? though all in one
Condensed their scattered rays, they would not form
a sun.

XL.

Great as thou art, yet paralleled by those,
Thy countrymen, before thee born to shine,
The Bards of Hell and Chivalry: first rose
The Tuscan father's comedy divine;
Then, not unequal to the Florentine,
The southern Scott,* the minstrel who called forth
A new creation with his magic line,
And, like the Ariosto of the North,
Sang ladye-love and war, romance and knightly
worth.

* ["Scott," says Byron, in his MS. Diary, for 1821, "is certainly the most wonderful writer of the day. His novels are a new literature in themselves, and his poetry as good as any — if not better (only on an erroneous system), — and only ceased to be so popular, because the vulgar were tired of hearing 'Aristides called the Just,' and Scott the best, and ostracized him. I know no reading to which I fall with such alacrity as a work of his. I love him, too, for his manliness of character, for the extreme pleasantness of his conversation, and his good nature towards myself, personally. May he prosper! for he deserves it." In a letter, written to Sir Walter, from Pisa, in 1822, he says — "I owe to you far more than the usual obligation for the courtesies of literature and common friendship; for you went out of your way, in 1817, to do me a service, when it required not merely kindness, but courage, to do so; to have been recorded by you in such a manner, would have been a proud memorial at any time, but at such a time, when 'All the world and his wife,' as the proverb goes, were trying to trample upon me, was something still higher to my self-esteem. Had it been a common

XLI.

The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust *
 The iron crown of laurel's mimicked leaves ;
 Nor was the ominous element unjust,
 For the true laurel-wreath which Glory weaves
 Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves,*
 And the false semblance but disgraced his brow ;
 Yet still, if fondly Superstition grieves,
 Know, that the lightning sanctifies below *
 Whate'er it strikes ; — yon head is doubly sacred now.

XLII.

Italia ! oh Italia ! thou who hast
 The fatal gift of beauty, which became
 A funeral dower of present woes and past,
 On thy sweet brow is sorrow ploughed by shame,
 And annals graved in characters of flame.
 Oh, God ! that thou wert in thy nakedness
 Less lovely or more powerful, and couldst claim
 Thy right, and awe the robbers back, who press
 To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of thy distress ;

XLIII.

Then might'st thou more appall ; or, less desired,
 Be homely and be peaceful, undeplord
 For thy destructive charms ; then, still untired,
 Would not be seen the armed torrents poured

criticism, however eloquent or panegyric, I should have felt pleased and grateful, but not to the extent which the extraordinary good-heartedness of the whole proceeding must induce in any mind capable of such sensations."]

* See "Historical Notes," at the end of this canto, Nos. XI. XII. XIII.

Down the deep Alps; nor would the hostile horde
Of many-nationed spoilers from the Po
Quaff blood and water; nor the stranger's sword
Be thy sad weapon of defence, and so,
Victor or vanquished, thou the slave of friend or foe.*

XLIV.

Wandering in youth, I traced the path of him,†
The Roman friend of Rome's least-mortal mind,
The friend of Tully: as my bark did skim
The bright blue waters with a fanning wind,
Came Megara before me, and behind
Ægina lay, Piræus on the right,
And Corinth on the left; I lay reclined
Along the prow, and saw all these unite
In ruin, even as he had seen the desolate sight;

* The two stanzas xlii. and xliii. are, with the exception of a line or two, a translation of the famous sonnet of Filicaja:—
"Italia, Italia, O tu cui feo la sorte!"

† The celebrated letter of Servius Sulpicius to Cicero, on the death of his daughter, describes as it then was, and now is, a path which I often traced in Greece, both by sea and land, in different journeys and voyages. "On my return from Asia, as I was sailing from Ægina towards Megara, I began to contemplate the prospect of the countries around me: Ægina was behind, Megara before me; Piræus on the right, Corinth on the left: all which towns, once famous and flourishing, now lie overturned and buried in their ruins. Upon this sight, I could not but think presently within myself, Alas! how do we poor mortals fret and vex ourselves if any of our friends happen to die or be killed, whose life is yet so short, when the carcasses of so many noble cities lie here exposed before me in one view." — See Middleton's Cicero, vol. ii. p. 371.

XLV.

For Time hath not rebuilt them, but upreared
Barbaric dwellings on their shattered site, [deared
Which only make more mourned and more en-
The few last rays of their far-scattered light,
And the crushed relics of their vanished might.
The Roman saw these tombs in his own age,
These sepulchres of cities, which excite
Sad wonder, and his yet surviving page
The moral lesson bears, drawn from such pilgrimage.

XLVI.

That page is now before me, and on mine
His country's ruin added to the mass
Of perished states he mourned in their decline,
And I in desolation : all that *was*
Of then destruction *is* ; and now, alas !
Rome — Rome imperial, bows her to the storm,
In the same dust and blackness, and we pass
The skeleton of her Titanic form,*
Wrecks of another world, whose ashes still are warm.

XLVII.

Yet, Italy ! through every other land
Thy wrongs should ring, and shall, from side to
side ;

* It is Poggio, who, looking from the Capitoline hill upon ruined Rome, breaks forth into the exclamation, " Ut nunc omni decore nudata, prostrata jacet, instar gigantei cadaveris corrupti atque undique exesi."

Mother of Arts! as once of arms; thy hand
Was then our guardian, and is still our guide;
Parent of our Religion! whom the wide
Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven!
Europe, repentant of her parricide,
Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward driven,
Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven.

XLVIII.

But Arno wins us to the fair white walls,
Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps
A softer feeling for her fairy halls.
Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps
Her corn, and wine, and oil, and Plenty leaps
To laughing life, with her redundant horn.
Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps
Was modern Luxury of Commerce born,
And buried Learning rose, redeemed to a new morn.

XLIX.

There, too, the Goddess loves in stone, and fills *
The air around with beauty; we inhale
The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instils
Part of its immortality; the veil
Of heaven is half undrawn; within the pale
We stand, and in that form and face behold
What mind can make, when Nature's self would
And to the fond idolaters of old [fail;
Envy the innate flash which such a soul could mould:

* See "Historical Notes," at the end of this canto, No. XIV.

L.

We gaze and turn away, and know not where,
 Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart *
 Reels with its fulness; there — for ever there —
 Chained to the chariot of triumphal Art,
 We stand as captives, and would not depart.
 Away! — there need no words, nor terms precise,
 The paltry jargon of the marble mart,
 Where Pedantry gulls Folly — we have eyes:
 Blood — pulse — and breast, confirm the Dardan
 Shepherd's prize.

LI.

Appearedst thou not to Paris in this guise?
 Or to more deeply blest Anchises? or,
 In all thy perfect goddess-ship, when lies
 Before thee thy own vanquished Lord of War?
 And gazing in thy face as toward a star,
 Laid on thy lap, his eyes to thee upturn,
 Feeding on thy sweet cheek! † while thy lips are
 With lava kisses melting while they burn,
 Showered on his eyelids, brow, and mouth, as from an
 urn! ‡

* [In 1817, Byron visited Florence, on his way to Rome. "I remained," he says, "*but a day*: however, I went to the two galleries, from which one returns *drunk with beauty*. The Venus is more for admiration than love; but there are sculpture and painting, which, for the first time, at all gave me an idea of what people mean by their cant about those two most artificial of arts.]

†

Ὁφθαλμοὺς ἐστιᾶν.

"Atque oculos pascit uterque suos." — OVID. *Amor.* lib. ii.

‡ [The delight with which the pilgrim contemplates the ancient

LII.

Glowing, and circumfused in speechless love,
Their full divinity inadequate
That feeling to express, or to improve,
The gods become as mortals, and man's fate
Has moments like their brightest; but the
weight
Of earth recoils upon us; — let it go!

Greek statues at Florence, and afterwards at Rome, is such as might have been expected from any great poet, whose youthful mind had, like his, been imbued with those classical ideas and associations which afford so many sources of pleasure, through every period of life. He has gazed upon these masterpieces of art with a more susceptible, and, in spite of his disavowal, with a more learned eye, than can be traced in the effusions of any poet who had previously expressed, in any formal manner, his admiration of their beauty. It may appear fanciful to say so; — but we think the genius of Byron is, more than that of any other modern poet, akin to that peculiar genius which seems to have been diffused among all the poets and artists of ancient Greece; and in whose spirit, above all its other wonders, the great specimens of sculpture seem to have been conceived and executed. His creations, whether of beauty or of strength, are all single creations. He requires no grouping to give effect to his favorites, or to tell his story. His heroines are solitary symbols of loveliness, which require no foil; his heroes stand alone as upon marble pedestals, displaying the naked power of passion, or the wrapped up and reposing energy of grief. The artist who would illustrate, as it is called, the works of any of our other poets, must borrow the mimic splendors of the pencil. He who would transfer into another vehicle the spirit of Byron, must pour the liquid metal, or hew the stubborn rock. What he loses in ease, he will gain in power. He might draw from Medora, Gulnare, Lara, or Manfred, subjects for relievos, worthy of enthusiasm almost as great as Harold has himself displayed on the contemplation of the loveliest and the sternest relics of the inimitable genius of the Greeks. — PROFESSOR WILSON.]

We can recall such visions, and create, [grow
From what has been, or might be, things which
Into thy statue's form, and look like gods below

LIII.

I leave to learned fingers, and wise hands,
The artist and his ape,* to teach and tell
How well his connoisseurship understands
The graceful bend, and the voluptuous swell:
Let these describe the undescribable: [stream
I would not their vile breath should crisp the
Wherein that image shall for ever dwell;
The unruffled mirror of the loveliest dream
That ever left the sky on the deep soul to beam.

LIV.

In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie †
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is
Even in itself an immortality, [this,
Though there were nothing save the past, and
The particle of those sublimities
Which have relapsed to chaos:— here repose
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his, †
The starry Galileo, with his woes; [rose. †
Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it

* [Only a week before the poet visited the Florence gallery, he wrote thus to a friend:— "I know nothing of painting. Depend upon it, of all the arts, it is the most artificial and unnatural, and that by which the nonsense of mankind is most imposed upon. I never yet saw the picture or the statue which came a league within my conception or expectation; but I have seen many mountains, and seas, and rivers, and views, and two or three women, who went as far beyond it." — *Byron's Letters*.]

† See "Historical Notes," at the end of this canto, Nos. XV.

LV.

These are four minds, which, like the elements,
Might furnish forth creation : — Italy ! [rents
Time, which hath wronged thee with ten thousand
Of thine imperial garment, shall deny,
And hath denied, to every other sky,
Spirits which soar from ruin : — thy decay
Is still impregnate with divinity,
Which gilds it with revivifying ray ;
Such as the great of yore, Canova is to-day.

LVI.

But where repose the all Etruscan three —
Dante, and Petrarch, and, scarce less than they,
The Bard of Prose, creative spirit ! he
Of the Hundred Tales of love — where did they lay
Their bones, distinguished from our common clay
In death as life ? Are they resolved to dust,
And have their country's marbles nought to say ?
Could not her quarries furnish forth one bust ?
Did they not to her breast their filial earth intrust ?

XVI. XVII. — [“The church of Santa Croce contains much illustrious nothing. The tombs of Machiavelli, Michael Angelo, Galileo, and Alfieri, make it the Westminster Abbey of Italy. I did not admire any of these tombs — beyond their contents. That of Alfieri is heavy ; and all of them seem to me overloaded. What is necessary but a bust and name ? and perhaps a date ? the last for the unchronological, of whom I am one. But all your allegory and eulogy is infernal, and worse than the long wigs of English numskulls upon Roman bodies, in the statuary of the reigns of Charles the Second, William, and Anne.” — *Byron's Letters*, 1817.]

LVII.

Ungrateful Florence ! Dante sleeps afar,*
 Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore ; *
 Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,
 Proscribed the bard whose name for evermore
 Their children's children would in vain adore
 With the remorse of ages ; and the crown *
 Which Petrarch's laureate brow supremely wore,
 Upon a far and foreign soil had grown, [own.
 His life, his fame, his grave, though rifled — not thine

LVIII.

Boccaccio to his parent earth bequeathed *
 His dust, — and lies it not her Great among,
 With many a sweet and solemn requiem breathed
 O'er him who formed the 'Tuscan's siren tongue ?
 'That music in itself, whose sounds are song,
 The poetry of speech ? No ; — even his tomb
 Uptorn, must bear the hyæna bigot's wrong,
 No more amidst the meaner dead find room,
 Nor claim a passing sigh, because it told for *whom* !

LIX.

And Santa Croce wants their mighty dust ;
 Yet for this want more noted, as of yore
 The Cæsar's pageant, shorn of Brutus' bust,
 Did but of Rome's best Son remind her more :
 Happier Ravenna ! on thy hoary shore,
 Fortress of falling empire ! honored sleeps

* See "Historical Notes," at the end of this canto, Nos. XVIII.
 XIX. XX. and XXI.

The immortal exile ; — Arqua, too, her store
Of tuneful relics proudly claims and keeps,
While Florence vainly begs her banished dead and
weeps.

LX.

What is her pyramid of precious stones ? *
Of porphyry, jasper, agate, and all hues
Of gem and marble, to incrust the bones
Of merchant-dukes ? the momentary dew
Which, sparkling to the twilight stars, infuse
Freshness in the green turf that wraps the dead,
Whose names are mausoleums of the Muse,
Are gently prest with far more reverent tread
Than ever paced the slab which paves the princely
head.

LXI.

There be more things to greet the heart and eyes
In Arno's dome of Art's most princely shrine,
Where Sculpture with her rainbow sister vies ;
There be more marvels yet — but not for mine ;
For I have been accustomed to entwine
My thoughts with Nature rather in the fields,
Than Art in galleries : though a work divine
Calls for my spirit's homage, yet it yields
Less than it feels, because the weapon which it wields

LXII.

Is of another temper, and I roam
By Thrasimene's lake, in the defiles

* See " Historical Notes," at the end of this canto, No XXII.

Fatal to Roman rashness, more at home ;
For there the Carthaginian's warlike wiles
Come back before me, as his skill beguiles
The host between the mountains and the shore,
Where Courage falls in her despairing files,
And torrents, swollen to rivers with their gore,
Reek through the sultry plain, with legions scattered
o'er,

LXIII.

Like to a forest felled by mountain winds ;
And such the storm of battle on this day,
And such the frenzy, whose convulsion blinds
To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray,
An earthquake reeled unheededly away ! *
None felt stern Nature rocking at his feet,
And yawning forth a grave for those who lay
Upon their bucklers for a winding-sheet ;
Such is the absorbing hate when warring nations
meet !

LXIV.

The Earth to them was as a rolling bark
Which bore them to Eternity ; they saw
The Ocean round, but had no time to mark
The motions of their vessel ; Nature's law,
In them suspended, recked not of the awe
Which reigns when mountains tremble, and the
birds

* See "Historical Notes," at the end of this canto, No. XXIII. — [An earthquake which shook all Italy occurred during the battle, and was unfelt by any of the combatants]

Plunge in the clouds for refuge and withdraw
From their down-toppling nests; and bellowing
herds [no words.
Stumble o'er heaving plains, and man's dread hath

LXV.

Far other scene is Thrasimene now ;
Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain
Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough ;
Her aged trees rise thick as once the slain
Lay where their roots are ; but a brook hath ta'en —
A little rill of scanty stream and bed —
A name of blood from that day's sanguine rain ;
And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead [red.
Made the earth wet, and turned the unwilling waters

LXVI.

But thou, Clitumnus ! in thy sweetest wave *
Of the most living crystal that was e'er
The haunt of river nymph, to gaze and lave
Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost rear
Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white steer
Grazes ; the purest God of gentle waters !
And most serene of aspect, and most clear ;
Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters —
A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters !

* No book of travels has omitted to expatiate on the temple of the Clitumnus, between Foligno and Spoleto; and no site, or scenery, even in Italy, is more worthy a description. For an account of the dilapidation of this temple, the reader is referred to "Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*," p. 35.

LXVII.

And on thy happy shore a Temple still,
Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,
Upon a mild declivity of hill,
Its memory of thee ; beneath it sweeps
Thy current's calmness ; oft from out it leaps
The finny darter with the glittering scales,
Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps ;
While, chance, some scattered water-lily sails
Down where the shallower wave still tells its bub-
bling tales.

LXVIII.

Pass not unblest the Genius of the place !
If through the air a zephyr more serene
Win to the brow, 't is his ; and if ye trace
Along his margin a more eloquent green,
If on the heart the freshness of the scene
Sprinkle its coolness, and from the dry dust
Of weary life a moment lave it clean
With Nature's baptism, — 't is to him ye must
Pay orisons for this suspension of disgust.*

* [“Perhaps there are no verses in our language of happier descriptive power than the two stanzas which characterize the Clitumnus. In general poets find it so difficult to leave an interesting subject, that they injure the distinctness of the description by loading it so as to embarrass, rather than excite, the fancy of the reader; or else, to avoid that fault, they confine themselves to cold and abstract generalities. Byron has, in these stanzas, admirably steered his course betwixt these extremes: while they present the outlines of a picture as pure and as brilliant as those of Claude Lorraine, the task of filling up the more minute particulars is judiciously left to the imagination of the

I.XIX.

The roar of waters! — from the headlong height
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
The fall of waters! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

LXX.

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald: — how profound
The gulf! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and
rent
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful
vent

reader; and it must be dull indeed if it does not supply what the poet has left unsaid, or but generally and briefly intimated. While the eye glances over the lines, we seem to feel the refreshing coolness of the scene — we hear the bubbling tale of the more rapid streams, and see the slender proportions of the rural temple reflected in the crystal depth of the calm pool. — SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LXXI.

To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
 More like the fountain of an infant sea
 Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
 Of a new world, than only thus to be
 Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly, [back !
 With many windings, through the vale :— Look
 Lo ! where it comes like an eternity,
 As if to sweep down all things in its track,
 Charming the eye with dread, — a matchless cata-
 ract,*

LXXII.

Horribly beautiful ! but on the verge,
 From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
 An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,†
 Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn
 Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
 By the distracted waters, bears serene
 Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn :
 Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,
 Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.

* I saw the " Cascata del marmore " of Terni twice, at different periods; once from the summit of the precipice, and again from the valley below. The lower view is far to be preferred, if the traveller has time for one only; but in any point of view, either from above or below, it is worth all the cascades and torrents of Switzerland put together: the Staubach, Reichenbach, Pisse Vache, fall of Arpenaz, etc., are rills in comparative appearance. Of the fall of Schaffhausen I cannot speak, not yet having seen it.

† Of the time, place, and qualities of this kind of iris, the

LXXIII.

Once more upon the woody Apennine,
 The infant Alps, which — had I not before
 Gazed on their mightier parents, where the pine
 Sits on more shaggy summits, and where roar *
 The thundering lauwine — might be worshipped
 more ;
 But I have seen the soaring Jungfrau rear
 Her never-trodden snow, and seen the hoar
 Glaciers of bleak Mont Blanc both far and near,
 And in Chimari heard the thunder-hills of fear,

LXXIV.

Th' Acroceraunian mountains of old name ;
 And on Parnassus seen the eagles fly
 Like spirits of the spot, as 'twere for fame,
 For still they soared unutterably high :

reader will see a short account, in a note to *Manfred*. The fall looks so much like "the hell of waters," that Addison thought the descent alluded to by the gulf in which Alecto plunged into the infernal regions. It is singular enough, that two of the finest cascades in Europe should be artificial — this of the Velino, and the one at Tivoli. The traveller is strongly recommended to trace the Velino, at least as high as the little lake, called *Pie' di Lup*. The Reatine territory was the Italian Tempe,† and the ancient naturalist, amongst other beautiful varieties, remarked the daily rainbows of the lake Velinus.‡ A scholar of great name has devoted a treatise to this district alone.§

* In the greater part of Switzerland, the avalanches are known by the name of lauwine[n].

† Cicer. Epist. ad Attic. xv. lib. iv.

‡ Plin. Hist. Nat. lib. ii. cap. lxii.

§ Ald. Manut. de Reatina Urbe Agroque, ap. Sallengre, Thesaur. tom. i. p. 773.

I've looked on Ida with a Trojan's eye;
Athos, Olympus, Ætna, Atlas, made
These hills seem things of lesser dignity,
All, save the lone Soracte's height, displayed
Not *now* in snow, which asks the lyric Roman's aid

LXXV.

For our remembrance, and from out the plain
Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break,
And on the curl hangs pausing: not in vain
May he, who will, his recollections rake
And quote in classic raptures, and awake
The hills with Latian echoes; I abhorred
Too much, to conquer for the poet's sake,
The drilled dull lesson, forced down word by
word *

In my repugnant youth, with pleasure to record

* These stanzas may probably remind the reader of Ensign Northerton's remarks: "D—n Homo," etc.; but the reasons for our dislike are not exactly the same. I wish to express, that we become tired of the task before we can comprehend the beauty; that we learn by rote before we can get by heart; that the freshness is worn away, and the future pleasure and advantage deadened and destroyed, by the didactic anticipation, at an age when we can neither feel nor understand the power of compositions which it requires an acquaintance with life, as well as Latin and Greek, to relish, or to reason upon. For the same reason, we never can be aware of the fulness of some of the finest passages of Shakspeare ("To be, or not to be," for instance), from the habit of having them hammered into us at eight years old, as an exercise, not of mind, but of memory: so that when we are old enough to enjoy them, the taste is gone, and the appetite palled. In some parts of the continent, young persons are taught from more common authors, and do not read

LXXVI.

Aught that recalls the daily drug which turned
My sickening memory; and, though Time hath
taught
My mind to meditate what then it learned,
Yet such the fixed inveteracy wrought
By the impatience of my early thought,
That, with the freshness wearing out before
My mind could relish what it might have sought,
If free to choose, I cannot now restore
Its health; but what it then detested, still abhor.

LXXVII.

Then farewell, Horace; whom I hated so,
Not for thy faults, but mine; it is a curse
To understand, not feel thy lyric flow,
To comprehend, but never love thy verse;

the best classics till their maturity. I certainly do not speak on this point from any pique or aversion towards the place of my education. I was not a slow, though an idle boy; and I believe no one could, or can be, more attached to Harrow than I have always been, and with reason; — a part of the time passed there was the happiest of my life; and my preceptor, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Drury, was the best and worthiest friend I ever possessed, whose warnings I have remembered but too well, though too late, when I have erred, — and whose counsels I have but followed when I have done well or wisely. If ever this imperfect record of my feelings towards him should reach his eyes, let it remind him of one who never thinks of him but with gratitude and veneration — of one who would more gladly boast of having been his pupil, if, by more closely following his injunctions, he could reflect any honor upon his instructor.

Although no deeper Moralist rehearse
Our little life, nor Bard prescribe his art,
Nor livelier Satirist the conscience pierce,
Awakening without wounding the touched heart,
Yet fare thee well — upon Soracte's ridge we part.

LXXVIII.

Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance? Come and
see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye!
Whose agonies are evils of a day —
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

LXXIX.

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,*
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago;

* ["I have been some days in Rome the Wonderful. I am delighted with Rome. As a whole — ancient and modern, — it beats Greece, Constantinople, every thing — at least that I have ever seen. But I can't describe, because my first impressions are always strong and confused, and my memory *selects* and reduces them to order, like distance in the landscape, and blends them better, although they may be less distinct. I have been on horseback most of the day, all days since my arrival. I have

The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now ; *
 The very sepulchres lie tenantless
 Of their heroic dwellers : dost thou flow,
 Old Tiber ! through a marble wilderness ?
 Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress.

LXXX.

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and
 Fire,
 Have dealt upon the seven-hilled city's pride ;
 She saw her glories star by star expire,
 And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
 Where the car climbed the capitol ; far and wide
 Temple and tower went down, nor left a site : —
 Chaos of ruins ! who shall trace the void,
 O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
 And say, "here was, or is," where all is doubly
 night ?

LXXXI.

The double night of ages, and of her,
 Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap
 All round us ; we but feel our way to err :
 The ocean hath his chart, the stars their map,

been to Albano, its lakes, and to the top of the Alban Mount, and to Frascati, Aricia, etc. As for the Coliseum, Pantheon, St. Peter's, the Vatican, Palatine, etc. etc. — they are quite inconceivable, and must be *seen*." — *Byron's Letters*, May, 1817.]

* For a comment on this and the two following stanzas, the reader may consult "Historical Illustrations," p. 46.

And Knowledge spreads them on her ample lap;
But Rome is as the desert, where we steer
Stumbling o'er recollections; now we clap
Our hands, and cry "Eureka!" it is clear —
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

LXXXII.

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!
The trebly hundred triumphs! * and the day
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page! — but these shall be
Her resurrection; all beside — decay.
Alas, for Earth, for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was
free!

LXXXIII.

Oh thou, whose chariot rolled on Fortune's wheel,
Triumphant Sylla! Thou, who didst subdue
Thy country's foes ere thou wouldst pause to feel
The wrath of thy own wrongs, or reap the due
Of hoarded vengeance till thine eagles flew
O'er prostrate Asia; — thou, who with thy frown
Annihilated senates — Roman, too,
With all thy vices, for thou didst lay down
With an atoning smile a more than earthly crown —

* Orosius gives 320 for the number of triumphs. He is followed by Panvinius; and Panvinius by Mr. Gibbon and the modern writers.

LXXXIV.

The dictatorial wreath,* — couldst thou divine
To what would one day dwindle that which made
Thee more than mortal? and that so supine
By aught than Romans Rome should thus be laid?
She who was named Eternal, and arrayed
Her warriors but to conquer — she who veiled
Earth with her haughty shadow, and displayed,
Until the o'er-canopied horizon failed,
Her rushing wings — Oh! she who was Almighty
hailed!

LXXXV.

Sylla was first of victors; but our own
The sagest of usurpers, Cromwell; he
Too swept off senates while he hewed the throne
Down to a block — immortal rebel! See
What crimes it cost to be a moment free
And famous through all ages! but beneath
His fate the moral lurks of destiny;
His day of double victory and death [breath.†
Beheld him win two realms, and, happier, yield his

* Certainly, were it not for these two traits in the life of Sylla, alluded to in this stanza, we should regard him as a monster unredeemed by any admirable quality. The *atonement* of his voluntary resignation of empire may perhaps be accepted by us, as it seems to have satisfied the Romans, who if they had not respected must have destroyed him. There could be no mean, no division of opinion; they must have all thought, like Eucrates, that what had appeared ambition was a love of glory, and that what had been mistaken for pride was a real *grandeur* of soul.

† On the 3d of September Cromwell gained the victory of

LXXXVI.

The third of the same moon whose former course
Had all but crowned him, on the selfsame day
Deposed him gently from his throne of force,
And laid him with the earth's preceding clay.
And showed not Fortune thus how fame and sway,
And all we deem delightful, and consume
Our souls to compass through each arduous way,
Are in her eyes less happy than the tomb?
Were they but so in man's, how different were his
doom!

LXXXVII.

And thou, dread statue! yet existent in *
The austerest form of naked majesty,
Thou who beheldest, 'mid the assassins' din,
At thy bathed base the bloody Cæsar lie,
Folding his robe in dying dignity,
An offering to thine altar from the queen
Of gods and men, great Nemesis! did he die,
And thou, too, perish, Pompey? have ye been
Victors of countless kings, or puppets of a scene?

LXXXVIII.

And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome,*
She-wolf! whose brazen-imaged dugs impart
The milk of conquest yet within the dome
Where, as a monument of antique art,

Dunbar: a year afterwards he obtained "his crowning mercy" of Worcester; and a few years after, on the same day, which he had ever esteemed the most fortunate for him, died.

* See "Historical Notes," Nos. XXIV. XXV.

Thou standest : — Mother of the mighty heart,
Which the great founder sucked from thy wild teat,
Scorched by the Roman Jove's ethereal dart,
And thy limbs black with lightning — dost thou yet
Guard thine immortal cubs, nor thy fond charge
forget ?

LXXXIX.

Thou dost ; — but all thy foster-babes are dead —
The men of iron ; and the world hath reared
Cities from out their sepulchres : men bled
In imitation of the things they feared,
And fought and conquered, and the same course
steered,
At apish distance ; but as yet none have,
Nor could, the same supremacy have neared,
Save one vain man, who is not in the grave,
But, vanquished by himself, to his own slaves a slave —

XC.

The fool of false dominion — and a kind
Of bastard Cæsar, following him of old
With steps unequal ; for the Roman's mind
Was modelled in a less terrestrial mould,*
With passions fiercer, yet a judgment cold,
And an immortal instinct which redeemed
The frailties of a heart so soft, yet bold,
Alcides with the distaff now he seemed
At Cleopatra's feet, — and now himself he beamed,

* See " Historical Notes," at the end of this canto, No. XXVI

XCI.

And came — and saw — and conquered ! But the
man
Who would have tamed his eagles down to flee,
Like a trained falcon, in the Gallic van,
Which he, in sooth, long led to victory,
With a deaf heart which never seemed to be
A listener to itself, was strangely framed ;
With but one weakest weakness — vanity,
Coquettish in ambition — still he aimed —
At what ? can he avouch — or answer what he
claimed,

XCII.

And would be all or nothing — nor could wait
For the sure grave to level him ; few years
Had fixed him with the Cæsars in his fate,
On whom we tread : For *this* the conqueror rears
The arch of triumph ! and for this the tears
And blood of earth flow on as they have flowed,
An universal deluge, which appears
Without an ark for wretched man's abode,
And ebbs but to reflow ! — Renew thy rainbow, God !

XCIII.

What from this barren being do we reap ?
Our senses narrow, and our reason frail,
Life short, and truth a gem which loves the deep,
And all things weighed in custom's falsest scale ;
Opinion an omnipotence, — whose veil
Mantles the earth with darkness, until right

And wrong are accidents, and men grow pale
Lest their own judgments should become too
 bright,
And their free thoughts be crimes, and earth have
 too much light.

XCIV.

And thus they plod in sluggish misery,
Rotting from sire to son, and age to age,
Proud of their trampled nature, and so die,
Bequeathing their hereditary rage
To the new race of inborn slaves, who wage
War for their chains, and rather than be free,
Bleed gladiator-like, and still engage
Within the same arena where they see
Their fellows fall before, like leaves of the same tree.

XCV.

I speak not of men's creeds — they rest between
Man and his Maker — but of things allowed,
Averred, and known, — and daily, hourly seen —
The yoke that is upon us doubly bowed,
And the intent of tyranny avowed,
The edict of Earth's rulers, who are grown
The apes of him who humbled once the proud,
And shook them from their slumbers on the throne;
Too glorious, were this all his mighty arm had done.

XCVI.

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquered be,
And freedom find no champion and no child

Such as Columbia saw arise when she
Sprung forth a Pallas, armed and undefiled?
Or must such minds be nourished in the wild,
Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the roar
Of cataracts, where nursing Nature smiled
On infant Washington? Has Earth no more
Such seeds within her breast, or Europe no such
shore?

XCVII.

But France got drunk with blood to vomit crime,
And fatal have her Saturnalia been
To Freedom's cause, in every age and clime ;
Because the deadly days which we have seen,
And vile Ambition, that built up between
Man and his hopes an adamantine wall.
And the base pageant last upon the scene,
Are grown the pretext for the eternal thrall
Which nips life's tree, and dooms man's worst — his
second fall.

XCVIII.

Yet, Freedom ! yet thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like the thunder-storm *against* the wind ;
Thy trumpet voice, though broken now and dying,
The loudest still the tempest leaves behind ;
Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the rind,
Chopped by the axe, looks rough and little worth,
But the sap lasts, and still the seed we find
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the North ;
So shall a better spring less bitter fruit bring forth.

XCIX.

There is a stern round tower of other days,*
Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone,
And with two thousand years of ivy grown,
The garland of eternity, where wave
The green leaves over all by time o'erthrown; —
What was this tower of strength? within its cave
What treasure lay so locked, so hid? — A woman's
grave.

C.

But who was she, the lady of the dead,
Tombed in a palace? Was she chaste and fair?
Worthy a king's — or more — a Roman's bed?
What race of chiefs and heroes did she bear?
What daughter of her beauties was the heir?
How lived — how loved — how died she? Was
she not
So honored — and conspicuously there,
Where meaner relics must not dare to rot,
Placed to commemorate a more than mortal lot?

CI.

Was she as those who love their lords, or they
Who love the lords of others? such have been
Even in the olden time, Rome's annals say.
Was she a matron of Cornelia's mien,

* Alluding to the tomb of Cecilia Metella, called Capo di Bove. See "Historical Illustrations," p. 200.

Or the light air of Egypt's graceful queen,
Profuse of joy — or 'gainst it did she war,
Inveterate in virtue? Did she lean
To the soft side of the heart, or wisely bar
Love from amongst her griefs? — for such the affec-
tions are.

CII.

Perchance she died in youth: it may be, bowed
With woes far heavier than the ponderous tomb
That weighed upon her gentle dust, a cloud
Might gather o'er her beauty, and a gloom
In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom
Heaven gives its favorites — early death; yet
shed
A sunset charm around her, and illumine
With hectic light, the Hesperus of the dead,
Of her consuming cheek the autumnal leaf-like red.

CIII.

Perchance she died in age — surviving all,
Charms, kindred, children — with the silver gray
On her long tresses, which might yet recall,
It may be, still a something of the day
When they were braided, and her proud array
And lovely form were envied, praised, and eyed
By Rome — but whither would Conjecture stray?
Thus much alone we know — Metella died,
The wealthiest Roman's wife: Behold his love or
pride!

CIV.

I know not why — but standing thus by thee
It seems as if I had thine inmate known,
Thou tomb ! and other days come back on me
With recollected music, though the tone
Is changed and solemn, like the cloudy groan
Of dying thunder on the distant wind ;
Yet could I seat me by this ivied stone
Till I had bodied forth the heated mind
Forms from the floating wreck which Ruin leaves
behind ;

CV.

And from the planks, far shattered o'er the rocks,
Built me a little bark of hope, once more
To battle with the ocean and the shocks
Of the loud breakers, and the ceaseless roar
Which rushes on the solitary shore
Where all lies foundered that was ever dear :
But could I gather from the wave-worn store
Enough for my rude boat, where should I steer ?
There woos no home, nor hope, nor life, save what is
here.

CVI.

Then let the winds howl on ! their harmony
Shall henceforth be my music, and the night
The sound shall temper with the owlets' cry,
As I now hear them, in the fading light
Dim o'er the bird of darkness' native site,
Answering each other on the Palatine,

With their large eyes, all glistening gray and
 bright,
 And sailing pinions. — Upon such a shrine
 What are our petty griefs? — let me not number mine.

CVII.

Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower grown
 Matted and massed together, hillocks heaped
 On what were chambers, arch crushed, column
 strown
 In fragments, choked up vaults, and frescos steeped
 In subterranean damps, where the owl peeped,
 Deeming it midnight: — Temples, baths, or halls?
 Pronounce who can; for all that Learning reaped
 From her research hath been, that these are
 walls —
 Behold the Imperial Mount! 't is thus the mighty
 falls.*

CVIII.

There is the moral of all human tales; †
 'T is but the same rehearsal of the past.

* The Palatine is one mass of ruins, particularly on the side towards the Circus Maximus. The very soil is formed of crumbled brickwork. Nothing has been told, nothing can be told, to satisfy the belief of any but a Roman antiquary. See "Historical Illustrations," p. 206. — [The voice of Marius could not sound more deep and solemn amid the ruined arches of Carthage than the strains of the pilgrim amid the broken shrines and fallen statues of her subduer.] — HEBER.]

† The author of the Life of Cicero, speaking of the opinion entertained of Britain by that orator and his contemporary Romans, has the following eloquent passage: — "From their railleries of

First Freedom and then Glory — when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption, — barbarism at last.
And History, with all her volumes vast,
Hath but *one* page, — 't is better written here,
Where gorgeous Tyranny hath thus amassed
All treasures, all delights, that eye or ear,
Heart, soul could seek, tongue ask — Away with
words! draw near,

CIX.

Admire, exult — despise — laugh, weep, — for
here
There is such matter for all feeling: — Man!
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear,
Ages and realms are crowded in this span,
This mountain, whose obliterated plan
The pyramid of empires pinnacled.

this kind, on the barbarity and misery of our island, one cannot help reflecting on the surprising fate and revolutions of kingdoms; how Rome, once the mistress of the world, the seat of arts, empire, and glory, now lies sunk in sloth, ignorance, and poverty, enslaved to the most cruel as well as to the most contemptible of tyrants, superstition and religious imposture: while this remote country, anciently the jest and contempt of the polite Romans, is become the happy seat of liberty, plenty, and letters; flourishing in all the arts and refinements of civil life; yet running perhaps the same course which Rome itself had run before it, from virtuous industry to wealth; from wealth to luxury; from luxury to an impatience of discipline, and corruption of morals: till, by a total degeneracy and loss of virtue, being grown ripe for destruction, it fall a prey at last to some hardy oppressor, and, with the loss of liberty, losing every thing that is valuable, sinks gradually again into its original barbarism." *

* See History of the Life of M. Tullius Cicero, sect. vi. vol. ii. p. 102.

Of Glory's gewgaws shining in the van
Till the sun's rays with added flame were filled!
Where are its golden roofs! where those who dared
to build?

CX.

Tully was not so eloquent as thou,
Thou nameless column with the buried base!
What are the laurels of the Cæsars' brow?
Crown me with ivy from his dwelling-place.
Whose arch or pillar meets me in the face,
Titus or Trajan's? No — 't is that of Time:
Triumph, arch, pillar, all he doth displace
Scoffing; and apostolic statues climb
To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept sub-
lime,*

CXI.

Buried in air, the deep blue sky of Rome,
And looking to the stars: they had contained
A spirit which with these would find a home,
The last of those who o'er the whole earth reigned,
The Roman globe, for after none sustained,
But yielded back his conquests: — he was more
Than a mere Alexander, and, unstained
With household blood and wine, serenely wore
His sovereign virtues — still we Trajan's name
adore.†

* The column of Trajan is surmounted by St. Peter; that of Aurelius by St. Paul. See "Historical Illustrations," p. 214.

† Trajan was *proverbially* the best of the Roman princes; and

CXII.

Where is the rock of Triumph, the high place
Where Rome embraced her heroes? where the
steep
Tarpeian? fittest goal of Treason's race,
The promontory whence the Traitor's Leap
Cured all ambition. Did the conquerors heap
Their spoils here? Yes; and in yon field below,
A thousand years of silenced factions sleep —
The Forum, where the immortal accents glow,
And still the eloquent air breathes — burns with
Cicero!

CXIII.

The field of freedom, faction, fame, and blood:
Here a proud people's passions were exhaled,
From the first hour of empire in the bud
To that when further worlds to conquer failed;
But long before had Freedom's face been veiled,
And Anarchy assumed her attributes;

it would be easier to find a sovereign uniting exactly the opposite characteristics, than one possessed of all the happy qualities ascribed to this emperor. "When he mounted the throne," says the historian Dion, "he was strong in body, he was vigorous in mind; age had impaired none of his faculties; he was altogether free from envy and from detraction; he honored all the good, and he advanced them; and on this account they could not be the objects of his fear, or of his hate; he never listened to informers; he gave not way to his anger; he abstained equally from unfair exactions and unjust punishments; he had rather be loved as a man than honored as a sovereign; he was affable with his people, respectful to the senate, and universally beloved by both; he inspired none with dread but the enemies of his country."

Till every lawless soldier who assailed
Trode on the trembling senate's slavish mutes,
Or raised the venal voice of baser prostitutes.

CXIV.

Then turn we to her latest tribune's name,
From her ten thousand tyrants turn to thee,
Redeemer of dark centuries of shame —
The friend of Petrarch — hope of Italy —
Rienzi! last of Romans!* While the tree
Of freedom's withered trunk puts forth a leaf,
Even for thy tomb a garland let it be —
The forum's champion, and the people's chief —
Her new-born Numa thou — with reign, alas! too
brief.

CXV.

Egeria! sweet creation of some heart †
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
As thine ideal breast; whate'er thou art
Or wert, — a young Aurora of the air,
The nympholepsy of some fond despair;
Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,
Who found a more than common votary there
Too much adoring; whatsoe'er thy birth,
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly bodied
forth.

CXVI.

The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
With thine Elysian water-drops; the face

* See "Historical Illustrations," p. 248.

† See "Historical Notes," at the end of this canto, No. XXVII.

Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years unwrinkled,
Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place,
Whose green, wild margin now no more erase
Art's works; nor must the delicate waters sleep,
Prisoned in marble, bubbling from the base
Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap
The rill runs o'er, and round, fern, flowers, and ivy,
creep,

CXVII.

Fantastically tangled; the green hills
Are clothed with early blossoms, through the grass
The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the bills
Of summer-birds sing welcome as ye pass;
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their class,
Implore the pausing step, and with their dyes
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass;
The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes,
Kissed by the breath of heaven, seems colored by
its skies.

CXVIII.

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted cover,
Egeria! thy all heavenly bosom beating
For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover;
The purple Midnight veiled that mystic meeting
With her most starry canopy, and seating
Thyself by thine adorer, what befell?
This cave was surely shaped out for the greeting
Of an enamoured Goddess, and the cell
Haunted by holy Love — the earliest oracle!

CXIX.

And didst thou not, thy breast to his replying,
Blend a celestial with a human heart;
And Love, which dies as it was born, in sighing,
Share with immortal transports? could thine art
Make them indeed immortal, and impart
The purity of heaven to earthly joys,
Expel the venom and not blunt the dart —
The dull satiety which all destroys —
And root from out the soul the deadly weed which
 cloys?

CXX.

Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert; whence arise
But weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of haste,
Rank at the core, though tempting to the eyes,
Flowers whose wild odors breathe but agonies,
And trees whose gums are poison; such the plants
Which spring beneath her steps as Passion flies
O'er the world's wilderness, and vainly pants
For some celestial fruit forbidden to our wants.

CXXI.

Oh Love! no habitant of earth thou art —
An unseen seraph, we believe in thee,
A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart,
But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see
The naked eye, thy form, as it should be;
The mind hath made thee, as it peopled heaven,

Even with its own desiring phantasy,
And to a thought such shape and image given,
As haunts the unquenched soul — parched — wearied
— wrung — and riven.

CXXII.

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,
And fevers into false creation : — where,
Where are the forms the sculptor's soul hath
seized?
In him alone. Can Nature show so fair?
Where are the charms and virtues which we dare
Conceive in boyhood and pursue as men,
The unreach'd Paradise of our despair,
Which o'er-informs the pencil and the pen,
And overpowers the page where it would bloom
again?

CXXIII.

Who loves, raves — 'tis youth's frenzy — but the
cure
Is bitterer still ; as charm by charm unwinds
Which robed our idols, and we see too sure
Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out the mind's
Ideal shape of such ; yet still it binds
The fatal spell, and still it draws us on,
Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-sown winds ;
The stubborn heart, its alchemy begun,
Seems ever near the prize — wealthiest when most
undone.

CXXIV.

We wither from our youth, we gasp away —
Sick — sick ; unfound the boon — unslaked the
 thirst,
Though to the last, in verge of our decay,
Some phantom lures, such as we sought at first —
But all too late, — so are we doubly curst.
Love, fame, ambition, avarice — 't is the same,
Each idle — and all ill — and none the worst —
For all are meteors with a different name,
And Death the sable smoke where vanishes the flame.

CXXV.

Few — none — find what they love or could have
 loved,
Though accident, blind contact, and the strong
Necessity of loving, have removed
Antipathies — but to recur, ere long,
Envenomed with irrevocable wrong ;
And Circumstance, that unspiritual god
And miscreator, makes and helps along
Our coming evils with a crutch-like rod,
Whose touch turns Hope to dust, — the dust we all
 have trod.

CXXVI.

Our life is a false nature — 't is not in
The harmony of things, — this hard decree,
This uneradicable taint of sin,
This boundless upas, this all-blasting tree,

Whose root is earth, whose leaves and branches be
The skies which rain their plagues on men like
dew —
Disease, death, bondage — all the woes we see —
And worse, the woes we see not — which throb
through
The immedicable soul, with heart-aches ever new.

CXXVII.

Yet let us ponder boldly — 'tis a base *
Abandonment of reason to resign
Our right of thought — our last and only place
Of refuge; this, at least, shall still be mine:
Though from our birth the faculty divine
Is chained and tortured — cabined, cribbed, con-
fined,

* “At all events,” says the author of the *Academical Questions*, “I trust, whatever may be the fate of my own speculations, that philosophy will regain that estimation which it ought to possess. The free and philosophic spirit of our nation has been the theme of admiration to the world. This was the proud distinction of Englishmen, and the luminous source of all their glory. Shall we then forget the manly and dignified sentiments of our ancestors, to prate in the language of the mother or the nurse about our good old prejudices? This is not the way to defend the cause of truth. It was not thus that our fathers maintained it in the brilliant periods of our history. Prejudice may be trusted to guard the outworks for a short space of time, while reason slumbers in the citadel; but if the latter sink into a lethargy, the former will quickly erect a standard for herself. Philosophy, wisdom, and liberty support each other: he who will not reason is a bigot; he who cannot, is a fool; and he who dares not, is a slave.”

And bred in darkness, lest the truth should shine
Too brightly on the unprepared mind,
The beam pours in, for time and skill will couch the
blind.

CXXVIII.

Arches on arches ! as it were that Rome,
Collecting the chief trophies of her line,
Would build up all her triumphs in one dome,
Her Coliseum stands ; the moonbeams shine
As 't were its natural torches, for divine
Should be the light which streams here, to illumine
This long-explored but still exhaustless mine
Of contemplation ; and the azure gloom
Of an Italian night, where the deep skies assume

CXXIX.

Hues which have words, and speak to ye of heaven,
Floats o'er this vast and wondrous monument,
And shadows forth its glory. There is given
Unto the things of earth, which Time hath bent,
A spirit's feeling, and where he hath leant
His hand, but broke his scythe, there is a power
And magic in the ruined battlement,
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.

CXXX.

Oh Time ! the beautifier of the dead,
Adorner of the ruin, comforter

And only healer when the heart hath bled —
Time! the corrector where our judgments err,
The test of truth, love, — sole philosopher,
For all beside are sophists, from thy thrift,
Which never loses though it doth defer —
Time, the avenger! unto thee I lift
My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave of thee a
gift:

CXXXI.

Amidst this wreck, where thou hast made a shrine
And temple more divinely desolate,
Among thy mightier offerings here are mine,
Ruins of years — though few, yet full of fate: —
If thou hast ever seen me too elate,
Hear me not; but if calmly I have borne
Good, and reserved my pride against the hate
Which shall not overwhelm me, let me not have
worn
This iron in my soul in vain — shall *they* not mourn?

CXXXII.

And thou, who never yet of human wrong
Left the unbalanced scale, great Nemesis! *
Here, where the ancient paid thee homage long —
Thou, who didst call the Furies from the abyss,
And round Orestes bade them howl and hiss
For that unnatural retribution — just,

* See "Historical Notes" at the end of this canto, No. XXVIII

Had it but been from hands less near — in this
Thy former realm, I call thee from the dust !
Dost thou not hear my heart ? — Awake ! thou shalt,
and must.

CXXXIII.

It is not that I may not have incurred
For my ancestral faults or mine the wound
I bleed withal, and, had it been conferred
With a just weapon, it had flowed unbound ;
But now my blood shall not sink in the ground ;
To thee I do devote it — *thou* shalt take
The vengeance, which shall yet be sought and
found,
Which if *I* have not taken for the sake —
But let that pass — I sleep, but thou shalt yet awake.

CXXXIV.

And if my voice break forth, 't is not that now
I shrink from what is suffered : let him speak
Who hath beheld decline upon my brow,
Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak ;
But in this page a record will I seek.
Not in the air shall these my words disperse,
Though I be ashes ; a far hour shall wreak
The deep prophetic fulness of this verse,
And pile on human heads the mountain of my curse !

CXXXV.

That curse shall be Forgiveness. — Have I not —
Hear me, my mother Earth ! behold it, Heaven ! —

Have I not had to wrestle with my lot!
 Have I not suffered things to be forgiven?
 Have I not had my brain seared, my heart riven,
 Hopes sapped, name blighted, Life's life lied away?
 And only not to desperation driven,
 Because not altogether of such clay
 As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.

CXXXVI.

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy
 Have I not seen what human things could do?
 From the loud roar of foaming calumny
 To the small whisper of the as paltry few.
 And subtler venom of the reptile crew,
 The Janus glance of whose significant eye,
 Learning to lie with silence, would *seem* true,
 And without utterance, save the shrug or sigh,
 Deal round to happy fools its speechless obloquy.*

CXXXVII.

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain:
 My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,

* [Between stanzas cxxxv. and cxxxvi. we find in the original MS. the following:—

“If to forgive be heaping coals of fire—
 As God hath spoken—on the heads of foes,
 Mine should be a volcano, and rise higher
 Than, o'er the Titans crushed, Olympus rose,
 Or Athos soars, or blazing Etna glows:—
 True they who stung were creeping things; but what
 Than serpents' teeth inflicts with deadlier throes?
 The Lion may be goaded by the Gnat.—
 Who sucks the slumberer's blood?—The Eagle?—No—the Bat.”

And my frame perish even in conquering pain ;
But there is that within me which shall tire
Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire ;
Something unearthly, which they deem not of,
Like the remembered tone of a mute lyre,
Shall on their softened spirits sink, and move
In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love.

CXXXVIII.

The seal is set. — Now welcome, thou dread power !
Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here
Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour
With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear ;
Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear
Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene
Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear
That we become a part of what has been,
And grow unto the spot, all-seeing but unseen.

CXXXIX.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
In murmured pity, or loud-roared applause,
As man was slaughtered by his fellow man.
And wherefore slaughtered? wherefore, but be-
cause
Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure. — Wherefore not ?
What matters where we fall to fill the maws
Of worms — on battle-plains or listed spot ?
Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.

CXL.

I see before me the Gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand — his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low —
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him — he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the
wretch who won.

CXLI.

He heard it, but he heeded not — his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away:*

* Whether the wonderful statue which suggested this image be a laquearian gladiator, which, in spite of Winkelmann's criticism, has been stoutly maintained; or whether it be a Greek herald, as that great antiquary positively asserted; † or whether it is to be thought a Spartan or barbarian shield-bearer, according to the opinion of his Italian editor; it must assuredly seem *a copy* of that masterpiece of Ctesilaus which represented "a wounded man dying, who perfectly expressed what there remained of life in him." Montfaucon and Maffei thought it the identical statue; but that statue was of bronze. The gladiator was once in the Villa Ludovizi, and was bought by Clement XII. The right arm is an entire restoration of Michael Angelo.

† Either Polifontes, herald of Laius, killed by Œdipus; or Cepreas, herald of Euritheus, killed by the Athenians when he endeavored to drag the Heraclidæ from the altar of mercy, and in whose honor they instituted annual games, continued to the time of Hadrian; or Anthemocritus, the Athenian herald, killed by the Megarenses, who never recovered the impiety. See *Storia delle Arti*, etc. tom. ii. pag. 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, lib. ix. cap. ii.

He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother — he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday — *
All this rushed with his blood — Shall he expire
And unavenged? — Arise! ye Goths, and glut your
 ire!

CXLII.

But here, where Murder breathed her bloody steam;
And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways,
And roared or murmured like a mountain stream
Dashing or winding as its torrent strays;
Here, where the Roman millions' blame or praise
Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,*
My voice sounds much — and fall the stars' faint
 rays
On the arena void—seats crushed—walls bowed—
And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely
 loud.

CXLIII.

A ruin — yet what ruin! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been reared;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
And marvel where the spoil could have appeared.
Hath it indeed been plundered, or but cleared?
Alas! developed, opens the decay,

* See "Historical Notes" at the end of this canto, Nos. XXIX.
XXX.

When the colossal fabric's form is neared :
It will not bear the brightness of the day,
Which streams too much on all years, man, have left
away.

CXLIV.

But when the rising moon begins to climb
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there ;
When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
And the low night-breeze waves along the air
The garland forest, which the gray walls wear,
Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head ;*
When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
Then in this magic circle raise the dead :
Heroes have trod this spot — 'tis on their dust ye
tread.

CXLV.

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand ; †
"When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall ;
"And when Rome falls — the World." From our
own land

Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall

* Suetonius informs us that Julius Cæsar was particularly gratified by that decree of the senate which enabled him to wear a wreath of laurel on all occasions. He was anxious, not to show that he was the conqueror of the world, but to hide that he was bald. A stranger at Rome would hardly have guessed at the motive, nor should we without the help of the historian.

† This is quoted in the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," as a proof that the Coliseum was entire, when seen by the Anglo-Saxon pilgrims at the end of the seventh, or the beginning of the eighth, century. A notice on the Coliseum may be seen in the "Historical Illustrations," p. 263.

In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
 Ancient; and these three mortal things are still
 On their foundations, and unaltered all;
 Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill,
 The World, the same wide den — of thieves, or what
 ye will.

CXLVI.

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime —
 Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,
 From Jove to Jesus — spared and blest by time; *
 Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods
 Arch, empire, each thing round thee, and man plods
 His way through thorns to ashes — glorious dome!
 Shalt thou not last? Time's scythe and tyrant's
 rods
 Shiver upon thee — sanctuary and home
 Of art and piety — Pantheon! — pride of Rome!

CXLVII.

Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts!
 Despoiled yet perfect, with thy circle spreads
 A holiness appealing to all hearts —
 To art a model; and to him who treads

* "Though plundered of all its brass, except the ring which was necessary to preserve the aperture above; though exposed to repeated fires; though sometimes flooded by the river and always open to the rain, no monument of equal antiquity is so well preserved as this rotundo. It passed with little alteration from the Pagan into the present worship; and so convenient were its niches for the Christian altar, that Michael Angelo, ever studious of ancient beauty, introduced their design as a model in the Catholic church." — *Forsyth's Italy*, p. 137.

Rome for the sake of ages, Glory sheds
Her light through thy sole aperture; to those
Who worship, here are altars for their beads;
And they who feel for genius may repose
Their eyes on honored forms, whose busts around
them close.*

CXLVIII.

There is a dungeon, in whose dim drear light †
What do I gaze on? Nothing: Look again!
Two forms are slowly shadowed on my sight —
Two insulated phantoms of the brain:
It is not so; I see them full and plain —
An old man, and a female young and fair,
Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose vein
The blood is nectar: — but what doth she there,
With her unmantled neck, and bosom white and
bare?

* The Pantheon has been made a receptacle for the busts of modern great, or, at least, distinguished, men. The flood of light which once fell through the large orb above on the whole circle of divinities, now shines on a numerous assemblage of mortals, some one or two of whom have been almost deified by the veneration of their countrymen. For a notice of the Pantheon, see "Historical Illustrations," p. 287.

"There is a dungeon, in whose dim drear light
What do I gaze on?" etc.

This and the three next stanzas allude to the story of the Roman daughter, which is recalled to the traveller by the site, or pretended site, of that adventure, now shown at the church of St. Nicholas *in Carcere*. The difficulties attending the full belief of the tale are stated in "Historical Illustrations," p. 295.

CXLIX.

Full swells the deep pure fountain of young life,
Where *on* the heart and *from* the heart we took
Our first and sweetest nurture, when the wife,
Blest into mother, in the innocent look,
Or even the piping cry of lips that brook
No pain and small suspense, a joy perceives
Man knows not, when from out its cradled nook
She sees her little bud put forth its leaves —
What may the fruit be yet? — I know not — Cain was
Eve's.

CL.

But here youth offers to old age the food,
The milk of his own gift: — it is her sire
To whom she renders back the debt of blood
Born with her birth. No; he shall not expire
While in those warm and lovely veins the fire
Of health and holy feeling can provide
Great Nature's Nile, whose deep stream rises
higher
Than Egypt's river: — from that gentle side
Drink, drink and live, old man! Heaven's realm holds
no such tide.

CLI.

The starry fable of the milky way
Has not thy story's purity; it is
A constellation of a sweeter ray,
And sacred Nature triumphs more in this

Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss
Where sparkle distant worlds:— Oh, holiest nurse!
No drop of that clear stream its way shall miss
To thy sire's heart, replenishing its source
With life, as our freed souls rejoin the universe.

CLII.

Turn to the Mole which Hadrian reared on high,*
Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles,
Colossal copyist of deformity,
Whose travelled phantasy from the far Nile's
Enormous model, doomed the artist's toils
To build for giants, and for his vain earth,
His shrunk ashes, raise this dome: How smiles
The gazer's eye with philosophic mirth,
To view the huge design which sprung from such a
birth!

CLIII.

But lo! the dome — the vast and wondrous dome,†
To which Diana's marvel was a cell —
Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's tomb!
I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle —
Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell
The hyæna and the jackal in their shade;
I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell
Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have surveyed
Its sanctuary the while the usurping Moslem prayed;

* The castle of St. Angelo.

† The church of St. Peter's.

CLIV.

But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone — with nothing like to thee —
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook his former city, what could be,
Of earthly structures, in his honor piled,
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty, all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

CLV.

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? it is not lessened; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow.

CLVI.

Thou movest — but increasing with the advance,
Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise,
Deceived by its gigantic elegance;
Vastness which grows — but grows to harmonize —
All musical in its immensities;
Rich marbles — richer painting — shrines where
flame

The lamps of gold — and haughty dome which vies
In air with Earth's chief structures, though their
frame
Sits on the firm-set ground — and this the clouds
must claim.

CLVII.

Thou seest not all ; but piecemeal thou must break,
To separate contemplation, the great whole ;
And as the ocean many bays will make,
That ask the eye — so here condense thy soul
To more immediate objects, and control
Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart
Its eloquent proportions, and unroll
In mighty graduations, part by part,
The glory which at once upon thee did not dart,

CLVIII.

Not by its fault — but thine : Our outward sense
Is but of gradual grasp — and as it is
That what we have of feeling most intense
Outstrips our faint expression ; even so this
Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice
Fools our fond gaze, and greatest of the great
Defies at first our Nature's littleness,
Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate
Our spirits to the size of that they contemplate.

CLIX.

Then pause, and be enlightened ; there is more
In such a survey than the sating gaze

Of wonder pleased, or awe which would adore
The worship of the place, or the mere praise
Of art and its great masters, who could raise
What former time, nor skill, nor thought could
plan ;
The fountain of sublimity displays
Its depth, and thence may draw the mind of man
Its golden sands, and learn what great conceptions
can.

CLX.

Or, turning to the Vatican, go see
Laocoon's torture dignifying pain —
A father's love and mortal's agony
With an immortal's patience blending : — Vain
The struggle ; vain, against the coiling strain
And gripe, and deepening of the dragon's grasp,
The old man's clench ; the long envenomed chain
Rivets the living links, — the enormous asp
Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp.

CLXI.

Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,
The God of life, and poesy, and light —
The Sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight ;
The shaft hath just been shot — the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance ; in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might
And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the Deity.

CLXII.

But in his delicate form — a dream of Love,
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
Longed for a deathless lover from above,
And maddened in that vision — are exprest
All that ideal beauty ever blessed
The mind with in its most unearthly mood,
When each conception was a heavenly guest —
A ray of immortality — and stood,
Starlike, around, until they gathered to a god!

CLXIII.

And if it be Prometheus stole from Heaven
The fire which we endure, it was repaid
By him to whom the energy was given
Which this poetic marble hath arrayed
With an eternal glory — which, if made
By human hands, is not of human thought;
And Time himself hath hallowed it, nor laid
One ringlet in the dust — nor hath it caught
A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with which
't was wrought.

CLXIV.

But where is he, the Pilgrim of my song,
The being who upheld it through the past?
Methinks he cometh late and tarries long.
He is no more — these breathings are his last;
His wanderings done, his visions ebbing fast,
And he himself as nothing: — if he was

Aught but a phantasy, and could be classed
With forms which live and suffer — let that pass —
His shadow fades away into Destruction's mass,

CLXV.

Which gathers shadow, substance, life, and all
That we inherit in its mortal shroud,
And spreads the dim and universal pall [cloud
Through which all things grow phantoms; and the
Between us sinks and all which ever glowed,
Till Glory's self is twilight, and displays
A melancholy halo scarce allowed
To hover on the verge of darkness; rays
Sadder than saddest night, for they distract the gaze,

CLXVI.

And send us prying into the abyss,
To gather what we shall be when the frame
Shall be resolved to something less than this
Its wretched essence; and to dream of fame,
And wipe the dust from off the idle name
We never more shall hear, — but never more,
Oh, happier thought! can we be made the same:
It is enough in sooth that *once* we bore
These fardels of the heart — the heart whose sweat
was gore.

CLXVII.

Hark! forth from the abyss a voice proceeds,
A long low distant murmur of dread sound,
Such as arises when a nation bleeds
With some deep and immedicable wound;

Through storm and darkness yawns the rending
ground,
The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the chief
Seems royal still, though with her head discrowned,
And pale, but lovely, with maternal grief
She clasps a babe, to whom her breast yields no relief.

CLXVIII.

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?
Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
Some less majestic, less beloved head?
In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,
The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
Death hushed that pang for ever: with thee fled
'The present happiness and promised joy
Which filled the imperial isles so full it seemed to
cloy.

CLXIX.

Peasants bring forth in safety. — Can it be,
Oh thou that wert so happy, so adored!
Those who weep not for kings shall weep for thee,
And Freedom's heart, grown heavy, cease to
hoard
Her many griefs for ONE; for she had poured
Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head
Beheld her Iris. — Thou, too, lonely lord,
And desolate consort — vainly wert thou wed!
'The husband of a year! the father of the dead!

CLXX.

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment made :
 Thy bridal's fruit is ashes : in the dust
 The fair-haired Daughter of the Isles is laid,
 The love of millions ! How we did intrust
 Futurity to her ! and, though it must
 Darken above our bones, yet fondly deemed
 Our children should obey her child, and blessed
 Her and her hoped-for seed, whose promise seemed
 Like stars to shepherds' eyes : — 'twas but a meteor
 beamed.

CLXXI.

Woe unto us, not her ; * for she sleeps well :
 The fickle reek of popular breath, the tongue
 Of hollow counsel, the false oracle,
 Which from the birth of monarchy hath rung
 Its knell in princely ears, 'till the o'erstung
 Nations have armed in madness, the strange fate †

* [“ The death of the Princess Charlotte has been a shock even here (Venice), and must have been an earthquake at home. The fate of this poor girl is melancholy in every respect; dying at twenty or so, in childbed — of a boy too, a present princess and future queen, and just as she began to be happy, and to enjoy herself, and the hopes which she inspired. I feel sorry in every respect.” — *Byron's Letters*.]

† Mary died on the scaffold; Elizabeth of a broken heart; Charles V. a hermit; Louis XIV. a bankrupt in means and glory; Cromwell of anxiety; and, “the greatest is behind,” Napoleon lives a prisoner. To these sovereigns a long but superfluous list might be added of names equally illustrious and unhappy.

Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns, and hath flung
Against their blind omnipotence a weight
Within the opposing scale, which crushes soon or
late, —

CLXXII.

These might have been her destiny ; but no,
Our hearts deny it : and so young, so fair,
Good without effort, great without a foe ;
But now a bride and mother — and now *there* !
How many ties did that stern moment tear !
From thy Sire's to his humblest subject's breast
Is linked the electric chain of that despair,
Whose shock was as an earthquake's, and opprest
The land which loved thee so that none could love
thee best.

CLXXIII.

Lo, Nemi ! * navelled in the woody hills
So far, that the uprooting wind which tears
The oak from his foundation, and which spills
The ocean o'er its boundary, and bears
Its foam against the skies, reluctant spares
The oval mirror of thy glassy lake ;
And, calm as cherished hate, its surface wears
A deep cold settled aspect nought can shake,
All coiled into itself and round, as sleeps the snake

* The village of Nemi was near the Arician retreat of Egeria, and, from the shades which embosomed the temple of Diana, has preserved to this day its distinctive appellation of *The Grove*. Nemi is but an evening's ride from the comfortable inn of Albano,

CLXXIV.

And near Albano's scarce divided waves
Shine from a sister valley ; — and afar
The Tiber winds, and the broad ocean laves
The Latian coast where sprang the Epic war,
"Arms and the Man," whose re-ascending star
Rose o'er an empire : — but beneath thy right
Tully reposed from Rome ; — and where yon bar
Of girdling mountains intercepts the sight
The Sabine farm was tilled, the weary bard's de-
light.*

CLXXV.

But I forget. — My Pilgrim's shrine is won,
And he and I must part, — so let it be, —
His task and mine alike are nearly done ;
Yet once more let us look upon the sea ;
The midland ocean breaks on him and me,
And from the Alban Mount we now behold
Our friend of youth, that ocean, which when we
Beheld it last by Calpe's rock unfold
Those waves, we followed on till the dark Euxine
rolled

* The whole declivity of the Alban hill is of unrivalled beauty, and from the convent on the highest point, which has succeeded to the temple of the Latian Jupiter, the prospect embraces all the objects alluded to in this stanza; the Mediterranean; the whole scene of the latter half of the *Æneid*, and the coast from beyond the mouth of the Tiber to the headland of *Circæum* and the Cape of *Terracina*. — See "Historical Notes," at the end of this canto, No. XXXI.

CLXXVI.

Upon the blue Symplegades : long years —
Long, though not very many, since have done
Their work on both ; some suffering and some tears
Have left us nearly where we had begun :
Yet not in vain our mortal race hath run,
We have had our reward — and it is here ;
That we can yet feel gladdened by the sun,
And reap from earth, sea, joy almost as dear
As if there were no man to trouble what is clear.

CLXXVII.

Oh ! that the Desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair Spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her !
Ye Elements ! — in whose ennobling stir
I feel myself exalted — Can ye not
Accord me such a being ? Do I err
In deeming such inhabit many a spot ?
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot

CLXXVIII.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

CLXXIX.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore; — upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

CLXXX.

His steps are not upon thy paths, — thy fields
Are not a spoil for him, — thou dost arise [wields
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth: — there let him lay.

CLXXXI.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

CLXXXII.

'Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee —
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they? *
 Thy waters washed them power while they were
 free,†

And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts: — not so thou,
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play —
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow —
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

CLXXXIII.

'Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed — in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving; — boundless, endless, and sublime —
 The image of Eternity — the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

* ["A man," said Johnson, "who has not been in Italy, is always conscious of an inferiority, from his not having seen what it is expected a man should see. The grand object of all travelling is to see the shores of the Mediterranean. On those shores were the four great empires of the world; the Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman. All our religion, almost all our law, almost all our arts, almost all that sets us above savages, has come to us from the shores of the Mediterranean." — *Boswell's Johnson*.]

† [This line reads thus in Byron's MS. In all editions before that of London, 1853, it was printed —

Thy waters wasted them while they were free.]

CLXXXIV.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! * and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers — they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror — 't was a pleasing fear,

* [This passage would, perhaps, be read without emotion, if we did not know that Lord Byron was here describing his actual feelings and habits, and that this was an unaffected picture of his propensities and amusement even from childhood, — when he listened to the roar, and watched the bursts of the northern ocean on the tempestuous shores of Aberdeenshire. It was a fearful and violent change at the age of ten years to be separated from this congenial solitude, — this independence so suited to his haughty and contemplative spirit, — this rude grandeur of nature, — and thrown among the mere worldly-minded and selfish ferocity, the affected polish and repelling coxcombry, of a great public school. How many thousand times did the moody, sullen, and indignant boy wish himself back to the keen air and boisterous billows that broke lonely upon the simple and soul-invigorating haunts of his childhood. How did he prefer some ghost-story; some tale of second-sight; some relation of Robin Hood's feats; some harrowing narrative of buccaneer-exploits, to all of Horace, and Virgil, and Homer, that was dinned into his repulsive spirit! To the shock of this change is, I suspect, to be traced much of the eccentricity of Lord Byron's future life. This fourth Canto is the fruit of a mind which had stored itself with great care and toil, and had digested with profound reflection and intense vigor what it had learned: the sentiments are not such as lie on the surface, but could only be awakened by long meditation. Whoever reads it, and is not impressed with the many grand virtues as well as gigantic powers of the mind that wrote it, seems to me to afford a proof both of insensibility of heart, and great stupidity of intellect." — SIR E. BRYDGES.]

For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here.

CLXXXV.

My task is done* — my song hath ceased — my
 theme

Has died into an echo; it is fit

The spell should break of this protracted dream.

The torch shall be extinguished which hath lit

My midnight lamp — and what is writ, is writ, —

Would it were worthier! but I am not now

* [It was a thought worthy of the great spirit of Byron, after exhibiting to us his Pilgrim amidst all the most striking scenes of earthly grandeur and earthly decay, — after teaching us, like him, to sicken over the mutability, and vanity, and emptiness of human greatness, to conduct him and us at last to the borders of “the Great Deep.” It is there that we may perceive an image of the awful and unchangeable abyss of eternity, into whose bosom so much has sunk, and all shall one day sink, — of that eternity wherein the scorn and the contempt of man, and the melancholy of great, and the fretting of little minds, shall be at rest for ever. No one, but a true poet of man and of nature, would have dared to frame such a termination for such a Pilgrimage. The image of the wanderer may well be associated, for a time, with the rock of Calpe, the shattered temples of Athens, or the gigantic fragments of Rome; but when we wish to think of this dark personification as of a thing which is, where can we so well imagine him to have his daily haunt as by the roaring of the waves? It was thus that Homer represented Achilles in his moments of ungovernable and inconsolable grief for the loss of Patroclus. It was thus he chose to depict the paternal despair of Chriseus —

“*Βῆ δ' ἀκέων παρὰ θῖνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης.*”

— PROFESSOR WILSON.]

That which I have been — and my visions flit
 Less palpably before me — and the glow
 which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering, faint, and low.

CLXXXVI.

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath been —
 A sound which makes us linger; — yet — farewell!
 Ye! who have traced the Pilgrim to the scene
 Which is his last, if in your memories dwell
 A thought which once was his, if on ye swell
 A single recollection, not in vain
 He wore his sandal-shoon, and scallop-shell;
 Farewell! with *him* alone may rest the pain,
 If such there were — with *you*, the moral of his
 strain!

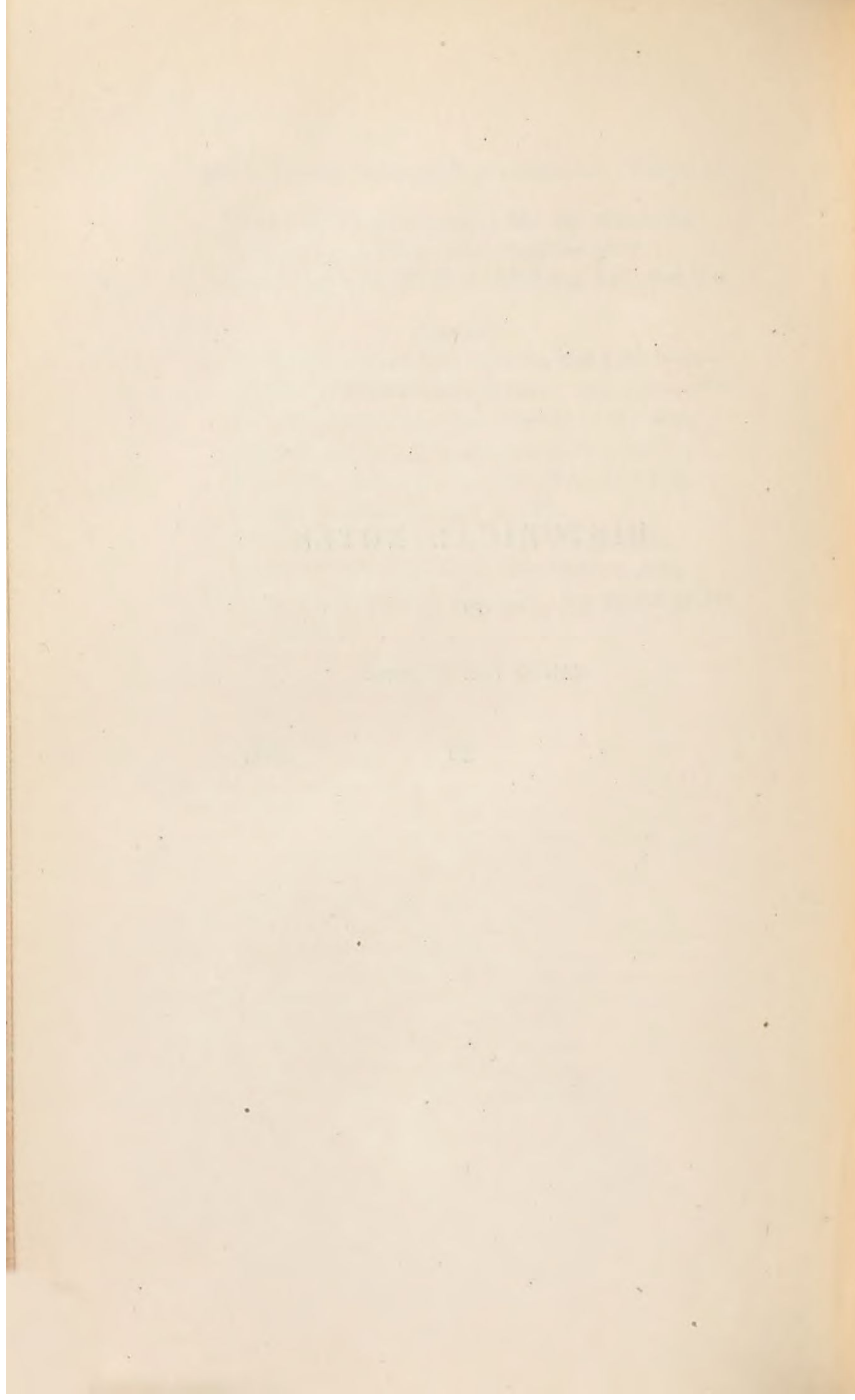
HISTORICAL NOTES

TO

CANTO THE FOURTH.

20

(305)



HISTORICAL NOTES

TO

CANTO THE FOURTH.

I.

STATE DUNGEONS OF VENICE.

*"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand."*

Stanza i. lines 1 and 2.

THE communication between the ducal palace and the prisons of Venice is by a gloomy bridge, or covered gallery, high above the water, and divided by a stone wall into a passage and a cell. The State dungeons, called "pozzi," or wells, were sunk in the thick walls of the palace; and the prisoner when taken out to die was conducted across the gallery to the other side, and being then led back into the other compartment, or cell, upon the bridge, was there strangled. The low portal through which the criminal was taken into this cell is now walled up; but the passage is still open, and is still known by the name of the Bridge of Sighs. The pozzi are under the flooring of the chamber at the foot of the bridge. They were formerly twelve, but on the first arrival of the French, the Venetians hastily blocked or broke up the deeper of these dungeons. You may still, however, descend by a trap-door, and crawl down through holes, half-choked by rubbish, to the depth of two stories below the first range. If you are in want of consolation for the extinction of patrician power, perhaps you may find it there; scarcely a

ray of light glimmers into the narrow gallery which leads to the cells, and the places of confinement themselves are totally dark. A small hole in the wall admitted the damp air of the passages, and served for the introduction of the prisoner's food. A wooden pallet, raised a foot from the ground, was the only furniture. The conductors tell you that a light was not allowed. The cells are about five paces in length, two and a half in width, and seven feet in height. They are directly beneath one another, and respiration is somewhat difficult in the lower holes. Only one prisoner was found when the republicans descended into these hideous recesses, and he is said to have been confined sixteen years. But the inmates of the dungeons beneath had left traces of their repentance, or of their despair, which are still visible, and may, perhaps, owe something to recent ingenuity. Some of the detained appear to have offended against, and others to have belonged to, the sacred body, not only from their signatures, but from the churches and belfries which they have scratched upon the walls. The reader may not object to see a specimen of the records prompted by so terrific a solitude. As nearly as they could be copied by more than one pencil, three of them are as follows:—

1. NON TI FIDAR AD ALCUNO PENSA e TACI
SE FUGIR VUOI DE SPIONI INSIDIE e LACCI
IL PENTIRTI PENTIRTI NULLA GIOVA
MA BEN DI VALOR TUO LA VERA PROVA

1607. ADI 2. GENARO. FUI RE-
TENTO P' LA BESTIEMMA P' AVER DATO
DA MANZAR A UN MORTO
IACOMO . GRITTI . SCRISSE.

2. UN PARLAR POCHO et
NEGARE PRONTO et
UN PENSAR AL FINE PUO DARE LA VITA
A NOI ALTRI MESCHINI

1605.

EGO IOHN BAPTISTE AD
ECCLESIAM CORTELLAR'US.

3. DE CHI MI FIDO GUARDAMI DIO
DE CHI NON MI FIDO MI GUARDARO IO

A TA H A NA
V . LA S . C . K . R .

The copyist has followed, not corrected, the solecisms; some of which are, however, not quite so decided, since the letters were evidently scratched in the dark. It only need be observed, that *bestemmia* and *mangiar* may be read in the first inscription, which was probably written by a prisoner confined for some act of impiety committed at a funeral; that *Cortellarius* is the name of a parish on terra firma, near the sea; and that the last initials evidently are put for *Viva la santa Chiesa Kattolica Romana*.

 II.

SONGS OF THE GONDOLIERS.

“In Venice Tasso’s echoes are no more.”

Stanza lii. line 1.

The well-known song of the gondoliers, of alternate stanzas from Tasso’s Jerusalem, has died with the independence of Venice. Editions of the poem, with the original in one column, and the Venetian variations on the other, as sung by the boatmen, were once common, and are still to be found. The following extract will serve to show the difference between the Tuscan epic and the “Canta alla Barcarola.”

ORIGINAL.

Canto l’ arme pietose, e ’l capitano
 Che ’l gran Sepolcro liberò di Cristo.
 Molto egli oprò col senno, o con la mano;
 Molto soffrì nel glorioso acquisto;
 E in van l’ Inferno a lui s’ oppose, o in vano
 S’ armò d’ Asia, e di Libia il popol misto
 Che il Ciel gli diè favore, e sotto ai santi
 Segni ridusse i suoi compagni erranti.

VENETIAN.

L’ arme pietose de cantar gho voglia,
 E de Goffredo la immortal braura,
 Che al fin l’ ha libera co strassia, e dogia
 Del nostro buon Gesù la Sepoltura.

De mezo mondo unito, e de quel Bogia
 Missier Pluton non l' ha bu mai paura:
 Dio l' ha agiutá, e i compagni sparpagnai
 Tutti 'l gh' i ha messi insieme i di del Dai.

Some of the elder gondoliers will, however, take up and continue a stanza of their once familiar bard.

On the 7th of last January, the author of *Childe Harold*, and another Englishman, the writer of this notice, rowed to the Lido with two singers, one of whom was a carpenter, and the other a gondolier. The former placed himself at the prow, the latter at the stern of the boat. A little after leaving the quay of the Piazzetta, they began to sing, and continued their exercise until we arrived at the island. They gave us, amongst other essays, the death of Clorinda, and the palace of Armida; and did not sing the Venetian, but the Tuscan verses. The carpenter, however, who was the cleverer of the two, and was frequently obliged to prompt his companion, told us that he could *translate* the original. He added, that he could sing almost three hundred stanzas, but had not spirits (*morbin* was the word he used) to learn any more, or to sing what he already knew: a man must have idle time on his hands to acquire, or to repeat, and, said the poor fellow, "look at my clothes and at me; I am starving." This speech was more affecting than his performance, which habit alone can make attractive. The recitative was shrill, screaming, and monotonous; and the gondolier behind assisted his voice by holding his hand to one side of his mouth. The carpenter used a quiet action, which he evidently endeavored to restrain; but was too much interested in his subject altogether to repress. From these men we learnt that singing is not confined to the gondoliers, and that, although the chant is seldom, if ever, voluntary, there are still several amongst the lower classes who are acquainted with a few stanzas.

It does not appear that it is usual for the performers to row and sing at the same time. Although the verses of the Jerusalem are no longer casually heard, there is yet much music upon the Venetian canals; and upon holydays, those strangers who are not near or informed enough to distinguish the words, may fancy that many of the gondolas still resound with the strains of Tasso. The writer of some remarks which appeared in the

"Curiosities of Literature" must excuse his being twice quoted; for, with the exception of some phrases a little too ambitious and extravagant, he has furnished a very exact, as well as agreeable, description: —

"In Venice the gondoliers know by heart long passages from Ariosto and Tasso, and often chant them with a peculiar melody. But this talent seems at present on the decline:—at least, after taking some pains, I could find no more than two persons who delivered to me in this way a passage from Tasso. I must add, that the late Mr. Barry once chanted to me a passage in Tasso in the manner, as he assured me, of the gondoliers.

"There are always two concerned, who alternately sing the strophes. We know the melody eventually by Rousseau, to whose songs it is printed; it has properly no melodious movement, and is a sort of medium between the *canto fermo* and the *canto figurato*; it approaches to the former by recitativical declamation, and to the latter by passages and course, by which one syllable is detained and embellished.

"I entered a gondola by moonlight; one singer placed himself forwards and the other aft, and thus proceeded to St. Georgio. One began the song: when he had ended his strophe, the other took up the lay, and so continued the song alternately. Throughout the whole of it, the same notes invariably returned, but, according to the subject-matter of the strophe, they laid a greater or a smaller stress, sometimes on one, and sometimes on another note, and indeed changed the enunciation of the whole strophe as the object of the poem altered.

"On the whole, however, the sounds were hoarse and screaming: they seemed, in the manner of all rude uncivilized men, to make the excellency of their singing in the force of their voice: one seemed desirous of conquering the other by the strength of his lungs; and so far from receiving delight from this scene (shut up as I was in the box of the gondola), I found myself in a very unpleasant situation.

"My companion, to whom I communicated this circumstance, being very desirous to keep up the credit of his countrymen, assured me that this singing was very delightful when heard at a distance. Accordingly we got out upon the shore, leaving one of the singers in the gondola, while the other went to the

distance of some hundred paces. They now began to sing against one another, and I kept walking up and down between them both, so as always to leave him who was to begin his part. I frequently stood still and hearkened to the one and to the other.

“Here the scene was properly introduced. The strong declamatory, and, as it were, shrieking sound, met the ear from far, and called forth the attention; the quickly succeeding transitions, which necessarily required to be sung in a lower tone, seemed like plaintive strains succeeding the vociferations of emotion or of pain. The other, who listened attentively, immediately began where the former left off, answering him in milder or more vehement notes, according as the purport of the strophe required. The sleepy canals, the lofty buildings, the splendor of the moon, the deep shadows of the few gondolas that moved like spirits hither and thither, increased the striking peculiarity of the scene; and, amidst all these circumstances, it was easy to confess the character of this wonderful harmony.

“It suits perfectly well with an idle, solitary mariner, lying at length in his vessel at rest on one of these canals, waiting for his company, or for a fare, the tiresomeness of which situation is somewhat alleviated by the songs and poetical stories he has in memory. He often raises his voice as loud as he can, which extends itself to a vast distance over the tranquil mirror, and as all is still around, he is, as it were, in a solitude in the midst of a large and populous town. Here is no rattling of carriages, no noise of foot-passengers; a silent gondola glides now and then by him, of which the splashings of the oars are scarcely to be heard.

“At a distance he hears another, perhaps utterly unknown to him. Melody and verse immediately attach the two strangers; he becomes the responsive echo to the former, and exerts himself to be heard as he had heard the other. By a tacit convention they alternate verse for verse: though the song should last the whole night through, they entertain themselves without fatigue: the hearers, who are passing between the two, take part in the amusement.

“This vocal performance sounds best at a great distance, and is then inexpressibly charming, as it only fulfils its design in

the sentiment of remoteness. It is plaintive, but not dismal in its sound, and at times it is scarcely possible to refrain from tears. My companion, who otherwise was not a very delicately organized person, said quite unexpectedly: *E singolare come quel canto intenerisce, e molto più quando lo cantano meglio.*

"I was told that the women of Libo, the long row of islands that divides the Adriatic from the Lagoons,* particularly the women of the extreme districts of Malamocco and Pelestrina, sing in like manner the works of Tasso to these and similar tunes.

"They have the custom, when their husbands are fishing out at sea, to sit along the shore in the evenings and vociferate these songs, and continue to do so with great violence, till each of them can distinguish the responses of her own husband at a distance."†

The love of music and of poetry distinguishes all classes of Venetians, even amongst the tuneful sons of Italy. The city itself can occasionally furnish respectable audiences for two and even three opera-houses at a time; and there are few events in private life that do not call forth a printed and circulated sonnet. Does a physician or a lawyer take his degree, or a clergyman preach his maiden sermon, has a surgeon performed an operation, would a harlequin announce his departure or his benefit, are you to be congratulated on a marriage, or a birth, or a lawsuit, the Muses are invoked to furnish the same number of syllables, and the individual triumphs blaze abroad in virgin white or party-colored placards on half the corners of the capital. The last curtsy of a favorite "*prima donna*" brings down a shower of these poetical tributes from those upper regions, from which, in our theatres, nothing but cupids and snow-storms are accustomed to descend. There is a poetry in the very life of a Venetian, which, in its common course, is varied with those surprises and changes so recommendable in fiction, but so different from the sober monotony of northern existence; amusements

* The writer meant *Lido*, which is not a long row of islands, but a long island: *littus*, the shore.

† *Curiosities of Literature*, vol. ii. p. 156, edit. 1807; and Appendix xxix to Black's *Life of Tasso*

are raised into duties, duties are softened into amusements, and every object being considered as equally making a part of the business of life, is announced and performed with the same earnest indifference and gay assiduity. The Venetian gazette constantly closes its columns with the following triple advertisement:—

Charade.

Exposition of the most Holy Sacrament in the church of
St. —.

Theatres.

St. Moses, opera.

St. Benedict, a comedy of characters

St. Luke, repose.

When it is recollected what the Catholics believe their consecrated wafer to be, we may perhaps think it worthy of a more respectable niche than between poetry and the play-house.

III.

THE LION AND HORSES OF ST. MARK'S.

*“ St. Mark yet sees his lion where he stood
Stand,” —*

Stanza xi. line 5.

The Lion has lost nothing by his journey to the Invalides but the gospel which supported the paw that is now on a level with the other foot. The Horses also are returned to the ill-chosen spot whence they set out, and are, as before, half hidden under the porch window of St. Mark's church. Their history, after a desperate struggle, has been satisfactorily explored. The decisions and doubts of Erizzo and Zanetti, and lastly, of the Count Leopold Cicognara, would have given them a Roman extraction, and a pedigree not more ancient than the reign of Nero. But M. de Schlegel stepped in to teach the Venetians the value of their own treasures, and a Greek vindicated, at

last and forever, the pretension of his countrymen to this noble production.* M. Mustoxidi has not been left without a reply; but, as yet, he has received no answer. It should seem that the horses are irrevocably Chian, and were transferred to Constantinople by Theodosius. Lapidary writing is a favorite play of the Italians, and has conferred reputation on more than one of their literary characters. One of the best specimens of Bodoni's typography is a respectable volume of inscriptions, all written by his friend Pacciaudi. Several were prepared for the recovered horses. It is to be hoped the best was not selected, when the following words were ranged in gold letters above the cathedral porch:—

QUATUOR · EQUORUM · SIGNA · A · VENETIS · BYZANTIO · CAPTA · AD ·
TEMP · D · MAR · A · R · S · MCCIV · POSITA · QUÆ · HOSTILIS · CUPIDITAS · A ·
MDCCIIIC · ABSTULERAT · FRANC · I · IMP · PACIS · ORBI · DATÆ · TROPHÆUM ·
A · MDCCCXV · VICTOR · REDUXIT.

Nothing shall be said of the Latin, but it may be permitted to observe, that the injustice of the Venetians in transporting the horses from Constantinople was at least equal to that of the French in carrying them to Paris, and that it would have been more prudent to have avoided all allusions to either robbery. An apostolic prince should, perhaps, have objected to affixing over the principal entrance of a metropolitan church an inscription having a reference to any other triumphs than those of religion. Nothing less than the pacification of the world can excuse such a solecism.

IV.

SUBMISSION OF BARBAROSSA TO POPE ALEXANDER III.

*“The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian reigns —
An Emperor tramples where an Emperor knelt.”*

Stanza xii. lines 1 and 2.

After many vain efforts on the part of the Italians entirely to throw off the yoke of Frederic Barbarossa, and as fruitless at-

* Su i quattro cavalli della Basilica di S. Marco in Venezia. Lettera di Andrea Mustoxidi Corcirese. Padua, per Bettoni e compag. . . . 1816.

tempts of the Emperor to make himself absolute master throughout the whole of his Cisalpine dominions, the bloody struggles of four and twenty years were happily brought to a close in the city of Venice. The articles of a treaty had been previously agreed upon between Pope Alexander III. and Barbarossa; and the former having received a safe-conduct, had already arrived at Venice from Ferrara, in company with the ambassadors of the King of Sicily and the consuls of the Lombard league. There still remained, however, many points to adjust, and for several days the peace was believed to be impracticable. At this juncture it was suddenly reported that the Emperor had arrived at Chioza, a town fifteen miles from the capital. The Venetians rose tumultuously, and insisted upon immediately conducting him to the city. The Lombards took the alarm, and departed towards Treviso. The Pope himself was apprehensive of some disaster if Frederic should suddenly advance upon him, but was reassured by the prudence and address of Sebastian Ziani, the Doge. Several embassies passed between Chioza and the capital, until, at last, the Emperor, relaxing somewhat of his pretensions, "laid aside his leonine ferocity, and put on the mildness of the lamb." *

On Saturday, the 23d of July, in the year 1177, six Venetian galleys transferred Frederic, in great pomp, from Chioza to the island of Lido, a mile from Venice. Early the next morning the Pope, accompanied by the Sicilian ambassadors, and by the envoys of Lombardy, whom he had recalled from the main land, together with a great concourse of people, repaired from the patriarchal palace to St. Mark's church, and solemnly absolved the Emperor and his partisans from the excommunication pronounced against him. The Chancellor of the Empire, on the part of his master, renounced the anti-popes and their schismatic adherents. Immediately the Doge, with a great suite both of the clergy and laity, got on board the galleys, and waiting on Frederic, rowed him in mighty state from the Lido to the capital. The Emperor descended from the galley at the

* "Quibus auditis, imperator, operante eo, qui corda principum sicut vult et quando vult humiliter inclinât, leonina feritate deposita, ovium mansuetudinem induit." — Romualdi Salernitani Chronicon, apud Script. Rer. Ital. tom. vii. p. 229

quay of the Piazzetta. The Doge, the patriarch, his bishops and clergy, and the people of Venice with their crosses and their standards, marched in solemn procession before him to the Church of St. Mark. Alexander was seated before the vestibule of the basilica, attended by his bishops and cardinals, by the patriarch of Aquileja, by the archbishops and bishops of Lombardy, all of them in state, and clothed in their church robes. Frederic approached — “moved by the Holy Spirit, venerating the Almighty in the person of Alexander, laying aside his imperial dignity, and throwing off his mantle, he prostrated himself at full length at the feet of the Pope. Alexander, with tears in his eyes, raised him benignantlly from the ground, kissed him, blessed him; and immediately the Germans of the train sang, with a loud voice, ‘We praise thee, O Lord.’ The Emperor then taking the Pope by the right hand, led him to the church, and having received his benediction, returned to the ducal palace.” * The ceremony of humiliation was repeated the next day. The Pope himself, at the request of Frederic, said mass at St. Mark’s. The Emperor again laid aside his imperial mantle, and taking a wand in his hand, officiated as *verger*, driving the laity from the choir, and preceding the pontiff to the altar. Alexander, after reciting the gospel, preached to the people. The Emperor put himself close to the pulpit in the attitude of listening; and the pontiff, touched by this mark of his attention (for he knew that Frederic did not understand a word he said), commanded the patriarch of Aquileja to translate the Latin discourse into the German tongue. The creed was then chanted. Frederic made his oblation, and kissed the Pope’s feet, and, mass being over, led him by the hand to his white horse. He held the stirrup, and would have led the horse’s rein to the water side, had not the Pope accepted of the inclination for the performance, and affectionately dismissed him with his benediction. Such is the substance of the account left by the archbishop of Salerno, who was present at the ceremony, and whose story is confirmed by every subsequent narration. It would not be worth so minute a record, were it not the

* Romualdi Salernitani Chronicon, apud Script. Rer. Ital. tom vii. p. 231.

triumph of liberty as well as of superstition. The states of Lombardy owed to it the confirmation of their privileges; and Alexander had reason to thank the Almighty, who had enabled an infirm, unarmed old man to subdue a terrible and potent sovereign.*

V.

HENRY DANDOLO.

*" Oh, for one hour of blind old Dandolo!
Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe."*

Stanza xii. lines 8 and 9.

The reader will recollect the exclamation of the Highlander, *Oh for one hour of Dundee!* Henry Dandolo, when elected Doge, in 1192, was eighty-five years of age. When he commanded the Venetians at the taking of Constantinople, he was consequently ninety-seven years old. At this age he annexed the fourth and a half of the whole empire of Romania,† for so the Roman empire was then called, to the title and to the territories of the Venetian Doge. The three eighths of this empire were preserved in the diplomas until the dukedom of Giovanni Dolfino, who made use of the above designation in the year 1357.‡

* See the above-cited Romuald of Salerno. In a second sermon which Alexander preached, on the first day of August, before the Emperor, he compared Frederic to the prodigal son, and himself to the forgiving father.

† Mr. Gibbon has omitted the important *æ*, and has written Roman instead of Romanⁱ*æ*. Decline and Fall, chap. lxi. note 8. But the title acquired by Dandolo runs thus in the chronicle of his namesake, the Doge Andrew Dandolo. "Ducali titulo addidit, 'Quartæ partis et dimidiæ totius imperii Romanⁱ*æ*.'" And. Dand. Chronicon, cap. iii. pars. xxxvii. ap. Script. Rer. Ital. tom. xii. page 331. And the Romanⁱ*æ* is observed in the subsequent acts of the Doges. Indeed, the continental possessions of the Greek empire in Europe were then generally known by the name of Romania, and that appellation is still seen in the maps of Turkey as applied to Thrace.

‡ See the continuation of Dandolo's Chronicle, *ibid.* page 498. Mr.

Dandolo led the attack on Constantinople in person: two ships, the Paradise and the Pilgrim, were tied together, and a drawbridge or ladder let down from their higher yards to the walls. The Doge was one of the first to rush into the city. Then was completed, said the Venetians, the prophecy of the Erythræan sibyl:—"A gathering together of the powerful shall be made amidst the waves of the Adriatic, under a blind leader; they shall beset the goat—they shall profane Byzantium—they shall blacken her buildings—her spoils shall be dispersed; a new goat shall bleat until they have measured out and run over fifty-four feet, nine inches, and a half."*

Dandolo died on the first day of June, 1205, having reigned thirteen years, six months, and five days, and was buried in the church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople. Strangely enough it must sound, that the name of the rebel apothecary who received the Doge's sword, and annihilated the ancient government, in 1796-7, was Dandolo.

VI.

THE WAR OF CHIOZA.

*"But is not Doria's menace come to pass;
Are they not bridled?"*

Stanza xiii. lines 3 and 4

After the loss of the battle of Pola, and the taking of Chioza on the 16th of August, 1379, by the united armament of the Genoese and Francesco da Carrara, Signor of Padua, the Venetians were reduced to the utmost despair. An embassy was sent to the conquerors with a blank sheet of paper, praying them to

Gibbon appears not to include Dolfino, following Sanudo, who says, "il qual titolo si usò fin al Doge Giovanni Dolfino." See *Vite de' Duchi di Venezia*, ap. *Script. Rer. Ital.* tom. xxii. 530, 641.

* "Fiet potentium in aquis Adriaticis congregatio, cæco præduce, Hircum ambigent, Byzantium profanabunt, ædificia denigrabunt; spolia dispergentur, Hircus novus balabit usque dum LIV pedes et IX pollices, et semis præmensurati, discurrant." — *Chronicon*, *ibid.* pars xxxiv.

prescribe what terms they pleased, and leave to Venice only her independence. The prince of Padua was inclined to listen to these proposals, but the Genoese, who, after the victory at Pola, had shouted, "To Venice, to Venice, and long live St. George!" determined to annihilate their rival; and Peter Doria, their commander-in-chief, returned this answer to the suppliants: "On God's faith, gentlemen of Venice, ye shall have no peace from the Signor of Padua, nor from our commune of Genoa, until we have first put a rein upon those unbridled horses of yours, that are upon the porch of your evangelist St. Mark. When we have bridled them, we shall keep you quiet. And this is the pleasure of us and of our commune. As for these my brothers of Genoa, that you have brought with you to give up to us, I will not have them: take them back; for, in a few days hence, I shall come and let them out of prison myself, both these and all the others." In fact, the Genoese did advance as far as Malamocco, within five miles of the capital; but their own danger and the pride of their enemies gave courage to the Venetians, who made prodigious efforts and many individual sacrifices, all of them carefully recorded by their historians. Vettor Pisani was put at the head of thirty-four galleys. The Genoese broke up from Malamocco, and retired to Chioza in October; but they again threatened Venice, which was reduced to extremities. At this time, the first of January, 1380, arrived Carlo Zeno, who had been cruising on the Genoese coast with fourteen galleys. The Venetians were now strong enough to besiege the Genoese. Doria was killed on the 22d of January by a stone bullet 195 pounds weight, discharged from a bombard called the Trevisan. Chioza was then closely invested: 5,000 auxiliaries, amongst whom were some English condottieri, commanded by one Captain Ceccho, joined the Venetians. The Genoese, in their turn, prayed for conditions, but none were granted, until, at last, they surrendered at discretion; and, on the 24th of June, 1380, the Doge Contarini made his triumphal entry into Chioza. Four thousand prisoners, nineteen galleys, many smaller vessels and barks, with all the ammunition and arms, and outfit of the expedition, fell into the hands of the conquerors, who, had it not been for the inexorable answer of Doria, would have gladly reduced their dominion to

the city of Venice. An account of these transactions is found in a work called the War of Chioza, written by Daniel Chinzano, who was in Venice at the time.*

VII.

VENICE UNDER THE GOVERNMENT OF AUSTRIA.

*"Thin streets, and foreign aspects, such as must
Too oft remind her who and what enthalls."*

Stanza xv. lines 7 and 8.

The population of Venice at the end of the seventeenth century amounted to nearly two hundred thousand souls. At the last census, taken two years ago, it was no more than about one hundred and three thousand; and it diminishes daily. The commerce and the official employments, which were to be the unexhausted source of Venetian grandeur, have both expired.† Most of the patrician mansions are deserted, and would gradually disappear, had not the government, alarmed by the demolition of seventy-two, during the last two years, expressly forbidden this sad resource of poverty. Many remnants of the Venetian nobility are now scattered, and confounded with the wealthier Jews upon the banks of the Brenta, whose Palladian palaces have sunk, or are sinking, in the general decay. Of the "gentiluomo Veneto," the name is still known, and that is all. He is but the shadow of his former self, but he is polite and kind. It surely may be pardoned to him if he is querulous. Whatever may have been the vices of the republic, and although the natural term of its existence may be thought by foreigners to have arrived in the due course of mortality, only one sentiment can

* "Chronica della Guerra di Chioza," etc. Script. Rer. Italic. tom. xv. p. 699 to 804.

† "Nonnullorum è nobilitate immensæ sunt opes, adeo ut vix æstimari possint: id quod tribus è rebus oritur, parsimonia, commercio, atque iis emolumentis, quæ è repub. percipiunt, quæ hanc ob causam diuturna fore creditur." See De Principalibus Italiæ, Tractatus, edit 1631.

be expected from the Venetians themselves. At no time were the subjects of the republic so unanimous in their resolution to rally round the standard of St. Mark, as when it was for the last time unfurled; and the cowardice and the treachery of the few patricians who recommended the fatal neutrality were confined to the persons of the traitors themselves. The present race cannot be thought to regret the loss of their aristocratical forms, and too despotic government; they think only on their vanished independence. They pine away at the remembrance, and on this subject suspend for a moment their gay good humor. Venice may be said, in the words of the Scripture, "to die daily;" and so general and so apparent is the decline, as to become painful to a stranger, not reconciled to the sight of a whole nation expiring as it were before his eyes. So artificial a creation, having lost that principle which called it into life and supported its existence, must fall to pieces at once, and sink more rapidly than it rose. The abhorrence of slavery which drove the Venetians to the sea, has, since their disaster, forced them to the land, where they may be at least overlooked amongst the crowd of dependents, and not present the humiliating spectacle of a whole nation loaded with recent chains. Their liveliness, their affability, and that happy indifference which constitution alone can give (for philosophy aspires to it in vain), have not sunk under circumstances; but many peculiarities of costume and manner have by degrees been lost, and the nobles, with a pride common to all Italians who have been masters, have not been persuaded to parade their insignificance. That splendor which was a proof and a portion of their power, they would not degrade into the trappings of their subjection. They retired from the space which they had occupied in the eyes of their fellow-citizens; their continuance in which would have been a symptom of acquiescence, and an insult to those who suffered by the common misfortune. Those who remained in the degraded capital might be said rather to haunt the scenes of their departed power, than to live in them. The reflection, "who and what enthralls," will hardly bear a comment from one who is, nationally, the friend and the ally of the conqueror. It may, however, be allowed to say thus much, that to those who wish to recover their independence, any masters must be an object of detestation; and it may

be safely foretold that this unprofitable aversion will not have been corrected before Venice shall have sunk into the slime of her choked canals.

VIII.

LAURA.

*"Watering the tree which bears his lady's name
With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame."*

Stanza xxx. lines 8 and 9.

Thanks to the critical acumen of a Scotchman, we now know as little of Laura as ever.* The discoveries of the Abbé de Sade, his triumphs, his sneers, can no longer instruct or amuse.† We must not, however, think that these memoirs are as much a romance as Belisarius or the Incas, although we are told so by Dr. Beattie, a great name, but a little authority.‡ His "labor" has not been in vain, notwithstanding his "love" has, like most other passions, made him ridiculous.§ The hypothesis which overpowered the struggling Italians, and carried along less interested critics in its current, is run out. We have another proof that we can be never sure that the paradox, the most singular, and therefore having the most agreeable and authentic air, will not give place to the reëstablished ancient prejudice.

It seems, then, first, that Laura was born, lived, died, and was

* See An Historical and Critical Essay on the Life and Character of Petrarch; and a Dissertation on an Historical Hypothesis of the Abbé de Sade: the first appeared about the year 1784; the other is inserted in the fourth volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and both have been incorporated into a work, published, under the first title, by Ballantyne, in 1810.

† Mémoires pour la Vie de Pétrarque.

‡ Life of Beattie, by Sir W. Forbes, vol. ii. p. 106.

§ Mr. Gibbon called his Memoirs "a labor of love" (see Decline and Fall, chap. lxx. note 1), and followed him with confidence and delight. The compiler of a very voluminous work must take much criticism upon trust. Mr. Gibbon has done so, though not as readily as some other authors.

buried, not in Avignon, but in the country. The fountains of the Sorga, the thickets of Cabrieres, may resume their pretensions, and the exploded *de la Bastie* again be heard with complacency. The hypothesis of the Abbé had no stronger props than the parchment sonnet and medal found on the skeleton of the wife of Hugo de Sade, and the manuscript note to the Virgil of Petrarch, now in the Ambrosian library. If these proofs were both incontestable, the poetry was written, the medal composed, cast, and deposited within the space of twelve hours: and these deliberate duties were performed round the carcass of one who died of the plague, and was hurried to the grave on the day of her death. These documents, therefore, are too decisive: they prove not the fact, but the forgery. Either the sonnet or the Virgilian note must be a falsification. The Abbé cites both as incontestably true; the consequent deduction is inevitable — they are both evidently false.*

Secondly, Laura was never married, and was a haughty virgin rather than that *tender and prudent* wife who honored Avignon by making that town the theatre of an honest French passion, and played off for one and twenty years her *little machinery* of alternate favors and refusals † upon the first poet of the age. It was, indeed, rather too unfair that a female should be made responsible for eleven children upon the faith of a misinterpreted abbreviation, and the decision of a librarian.‡ It is, however, satisfactory to think that the love of Petrarch was not platonic. The happiness which he prayed to possess but once and for a

* The sonnet had before awakened the suspicions of Mr. Horace Walpole. See his letter to Warton in 1763.

† “Par ce petit manège, cette alternative de faveurs et de rigueurs bien ménagée, une femme tendre et sage amuse, pendant vingt et un ans, le plus grand poëte de son siècle, sans faire la moindre brèche à son honneur.” *Mém. pour la Vie de Pétrarque, Préface aux François.* The Italian editor of the London edition of Petrarch, who has translated Lord Woodhouselee, renders the “femme tendre et sage,” “raffinata civetta.” *Riflessioni intorno a Madonna Laura*, p. 234, vol. iii. ed. 1811.

‡ In a dialogue with St. Augustin, Petrarch has described Laura as having a body exhausted with repeated *ptubs*. The old editors read and printed *perturbationibus*; but M. Capperonier, librarian to the French king in 1762, who saw the MS. in the Paris library, made an attestation

moment was surely not of the mind,* and something so very real as a marriage project, with one who has been idly called a shadowy nymph, may be, perhaps, detected in at least six places of his own sonnets.† The love of Petrarch was neither platonic nor poetical: and if in one passage of his works he calls it “amore veementeissimo ma unico ed onesto,” he confesses, in a letter to a friend, that it was guilty and perverse, that it absorbed him quite, and mastered his heart.‡

In this case, however, he was perhaps alarmed for the culpability of his wishes; for the Abbé de Sade himself, who certainly would not have been scrupulously delicate if he could have proved his descent from Petrarch as well as Laura, is forced into a stout defence of his virtuous grandmother. As far as relates to the poet, we have no security for the innocence, except perhaps in the constancy of his pursuit. He assures us in his epistle to posterity, that, when arrived at his fortieth year, he not only had in horror, but had lost all recollection and image of any “irregularity.” § But the birth of his natural daughter cannot be assigned earlier than his thirty-ninth year; and either the memory or the morality of the poet must have failed him, when he forgot or was guilty of this *slip*. || The weakest argument for the purity of this love has been drawn from the per-

that “on lit et qu'on doit lire, partibus exhaustum.” De Sade joined the names of Messrs. Boudot and Bejot with M. Capperonier, and in the whole discussion on this *ptubs*, showed himself a downright literary rogue. See *Riflessioni*, etc. p. 267. Thomas Aquinas is called in to settle whether Petrarch's mistress was a *chaste* maid or a *continent* wife.

* “Pigmalion, quanto lodar ti dei
Dell' immagine tua, se mille volte
N' avesti quel ch' i' sol una vorrei.”

Sonetto 58, *Quando giunse a Simon l'alto concetto*
Le Rime, etc. par. i. pag. 189, edit. Ven. 1756.

† See *Riflessioni*, etc. p. 291.

‡ “Quella rea e perversa passione che solo tutto mi occupava e mi regnava nel cuore.”

§ “Azion dishonesta” are his words.

|| “A questa confessione così sincera diede forse occasione una nuova caduta ch' ei fece.” Tiraboschi, *Storia*, etc. tom. v. lib. iv. par. ii. pag. 492.

manence of its effects, which survived the object of his passion. The reflection of M. de la Bastie, that virtue alone is capable of making impressions which death cannot efface, is one of those which everybody applauds, and everybody finds not to be true, the moment he examines his own breast or the records of human feeling.* Such apophthegms can do nothing for Petrarch or for the cause of morality, except with the very weak and the very young. He that has made even a little progress beyond ignorance and pupilage cannot be edified with any thing but truth. What is called vindicating the honor of an individual or a nation, is the most futile, tedious, and uninformative of all writing; although it will always meet with more applause than that sober criticism, which is attributed to the malicious desire of reducing a great man to the common standard of humanity. It is, after all, not unlikely that our historian was right in retaining his favorite hypothetic salvo, which secures the author, although it scarcely saves the honor of the still unknown mistress of Petrarch.†

 IX.

PETRARCH.

"They keep his dust in Arquà, where he died."

Stanza xxxi. line 1.

Petrarch retired to Arquà immediately on his return from the unsuccessful attempt to visit Urban V. at Rome, in the year 1370, and, with the exception of his celebrated visit to Venice

* "Il n'y a que la vertu seule qui soit capable de faire des impressions que la mort n'efface pas." M. de Bimard, Baron de la Bastie, in the *Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres* for 1740 and 1751. See also *Riflessioni*, etc. p. 295.

† "And if the virtue or prudence of Laura was inexorable, he enjoyed, and might boast of enjoying, the nymph of poetry." *Decline and Fall*, chap. lxx. p. 327, vol. xii. 8vo. Perhaps the *if* is here meant for *although*.

in company with Francesco Novello de Carrara, he appears to have passed the four last years of his life between that charming solitude and Padua. For four months previous to his death he was in a state of continual languor, and in the morning of July the 19th, in the year 1374, was found dead in his library chair with his head resting upon a book. The chair is still shown amongst the precious relics of Arquà, which, from the uninterrupted veneration that has been attached to every thing relative to this great man from the moment of his death to the present hour, have, it may be hoped, a better chance of authenticity than the Shakspearian memorials of Stratford-upon-Avon.

Arquà (for the last syllable is accented in pronunciation, although the analogy of the English language has been observed in the verse) is twelve miles from Padua, and about three miles on the right of the high road to Rovigo, in the bosom of the Euganean hills. After a walk of twenty minutes across a flat well-wooded meadow, you come to a little blue lake, clear but fathomless, and to the foot of a succession of acclivities and hills, clothed with vineyards and orchards, rich with fir and pomegranate trees, and every sunny fruit shrub. From the banks of the lake the road winds into the hills, and the church of Arquà is soon seen between a cleft where two ridges slope towards each other, and nearly enclose the village. The houses are scattered at intervals on the steep sides of these summits; and that of the poet is on the edge of a little knoll overlooking two descents, and commanding a view, not only of the glowing gardens in the dales immediately beneath, but of the wide plains, above whose low woods of mulberry and willow, thickened into a dark mass by festoons of vines, tall single cypresses, and the spires of towns, are seen in the distance, which stretches to the mouths of the Po and the shores of the Adriatic. The climate of these volcanic hills is warmer, and the vintage begins a week sooner than in the plains of Padua. Petrarch is laid, for he cannot be said to be buried, in a sarcophagus of red marble, raised on four pilasters on an elevated base, and preserved from an association with meaner tombs. It stands conspicuously alone, but will be soon overshadowed by four lately planted laurels. Petrarch's Fountain, for here every thing is Petrarch's, springs and expands itself beneath an artificial arch, a little below the church, and

abounds plentifully, in the dryest season, with that soft water which was the ancient wealth of the Euganean hills. It would be more attractive, were it not, in some seasons, beset with hornets and wasps. No other coincidence could assimilate the tombs of Petrarch and Archilochus. The revolutions of centuries have spared these sequestered valleys, and the only violence which has been offered to the ashes of Petrarch was prompted, not by hate, but veneration. An attempt was made to rob the sarcophagus of its treasure, and one of the arms was stolen by a Florentine through a rent which is still visible. The injury is not forgotten, but has served to identify the poet with the country where he was born, but where he would not live. A peasant boy of Arquà being asked who Petrarch was, replied, "that the people of the parsonage knew all about him, but that he only knew that he was a Florentine."

Mr. Forsyth* was not quite correct in saying that Petrarch never returned to Tuscany after he had once quitted it when a boy. It appears he did pass through Florence on his way from Parma to Rome, and on his return in the year 1350, and remained there long enough to form some acquaintance with its most distinguished inhabitants. A Florentine gentleman, ashamed of the aversion of the poet for his native country, was eager to point out this trivial error in our accomplished traveller, whom he knew and respected for an extraordinary capacity, extensive erudition, and refined taste, joined to that engaging simplicity of manners which has been so frequently recognized as the surest, though it is certainly not an indispensable, trait of superior genius.

Every footstep of Laura's lover has been anxiously traced and recorded. The house in which he lodged is shown in Venice. The inhabitants of Arezzo, in order to decide the ancient controversy between their city and the neighboring Ancisa, where Petrarch was carried when seven months old, and remained until his seventh year, have designated by a long inscription the spot where their great fellow-citizen was born. A tablet has been raised to him at Parma, in the chapel of St. Agatha, at the cathedral, because he was archdeacon of that society, and was

* Remarks, etc. on Italy, p. 95, note, 2d edit.

only snatched from his intended sepulture in their church by a *foreign* death. Another tablet, with a bust, has been erected to him at Pavia, on account of his having passed the autumn of 1368 in that city, with his son-in-law Brossano. The political condition which has for ages precluded the Italians from the criticism of the living, has concentrated their attention to the illustration of the dead.

X.

TASSO.

*"In face of all his foes, the Cruscan quire;
And Boileau, whose rash envy," etc.*

Stanza xxxviii. lines 6 and 7.

Perhaps the couplet in which Boileau depreciates Tasso may serve as well as any other specimen to justify the opinion given of the harmony of French verse:—

A Malherbe, à Racan, préfère Théophile,
Et le clinquant du Tasse à tout l'or de Virgile.

Sat. ix. vers 176.

The biographer Serassi,* out of tenderness to the reputation either of the Italian or the French poet, is eager to observe that the satirist recanted or explained away this censure, and subsequently allowed the author of the Jerusalem to be a "genius, sublime, vast, and happily born for the higher flights of poetry." To this we will add, that the recantation is far from satisfactory, when we examine the whole anecdote as reported by Olivet.† The sentence pronounced against him by Bohours‡ is recorded

* La Vita del Tasso, lib. iii. p. 284, tom. ii. edit. Bergamo, 1790.

† Histoire de l'Académie Française depuis 1652 jusqu'à 1700, par l'Abbé d'Olivet, p. 181. edit. Amsterdam, 1730. "Mais, ensuite, venant à l'usage qu'il a fait de ses talens, j'aurais montré que le bon sens n'est pas toujours ce qui domine chez lui," p. 182. Boileau said, he had not changed his opinion. "J'en ai si peu changé, dit-il," etc. p. 181.

‡ La Manière de bien Penser dans les Ouvrages de l'Esprit, sec. dial. p. 89. edit 1692. Philanthes is for Tasso, and says in the outset, "de

only to the confusion of the critic, whose *palinodia* the Italian makes no effort to discover, and would not, perhaps, accept. As to the opposition which the Jerusalem encountered from the Cruscan academy, who degraded Tasso from all competition with Ariosto, below Bojardo and Pulci, the disgrace of such opposition must also in some measure be laid to the charge of Alfonso, and the court of Ferrara. For Leonard Salviati, the principal and nearly the sole origin of this attack, was, there can be no doubt,* influenced by a hope to acquire the favor of the House of Este: an object which he thought attainable by exalting the reputation of a native poet at the expense of a rival, then a *prisoner of state*. The hopes and efforts of Salviati must serve to show the contemporary opinion as to the nature of the poet's imprisonment; and will fill up the measure of our indignation at the tyrant jailer.† In fact, the antagonist of Tasso was not disappointed in the reception given to his criticism; he was called to the court of Ferrara, where, having endeavored to heighten his claims to favor, by panegyrics on the family of his sovereign,‡ he was in turn abandoned, and expired in neglected poverty. The opposition of the Cruscans was brought to a close in six years after the commencement of the controversy; and if the academy owed its first renown to having almost opened with such a paradox,§ it is probable that, on the other hand, the care of his reputation alleviated rather than aggravated the imprisonment of the injured poet. The defence of his father

tous les beaux esprits que l'Italie a portés, le Tasse est peut-être celui qui pense le plus noblement." But Bohours seems to speak in Eudoxus, who closes with the absurd comparison: "Faites valoir le Tasse tant qu'il vous plaira, je m'en tiens pour moi à Virgile," etc. Ibid. p. 102.

* La Vita, etc. lib. iii. p. 90, tom. ii. The English reader may see an account of the opposition of the Crusca to Tasso, in Dr. Black, Life, etc. chap. xvii. vol. ii.

† For further, and, it is hoped, decisive proof, that Tasso was neither more nor less than a *prisoner of state*, the reader is referred to "Historical Illustrations of the IVth Canto of Childe Harold," page 5, and following.

‡ Orazioni funebri . . . delle lodi di Don Luigi Cardinal d'Este . . . delle lodi di Donno Alfonso d'Este. See La Vita, lib. iii p. 117.

§ It was founded in 1582, and the Cruscan answer to Pellegrino's *Caraffa*, or *Epica poesia*, was published in 1584.

and of himself, for both were involved in the censure of Salviati, found employment for many of his solitary hours, and the captive could have been but little embarrassed to reply to accusations, where, amongst other delinquencies, he was charged with invidiously omitting, in his comparison between France and Italy, to make any mention of the cupola of St. Maria del Fiore at Florence.* The late biographer of Ariosto seems as if willing to renew the controversy by doubting the interpretation of Tasso's self-estimation † related in Serassi's life of the poet. But Tiraboschi had before laid that rivalry at rest, ‡ by showing, that between Ariosto and Tasso it is not a question of comparison, but of preference.

 XI.

ARIOSTO.

*"The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust,
The iron crown of laurel's mimicked leaves."*

Stanza xli. lines 1 and 2.

Before the remains of Ariosto were removed from the Benedictine church to the library of Ferrara, his bust, which surmounted the tomb, was struck by lightning, and a crown of iron laurels melted away. The event has been recorded by a writer of the last century.§ The transfer of these sacred ashes, on the 6th of June, 1801, was one of the most brilliant spectacles of the short-lived Italian Republic; and to consecrate the memory of the ceremony, the once famous fallen *Intrepidi* were revived and re-formed into the Ariostean academy. The large public

* "Cotanto potè sempre in lui il veleno della sua pessima volontà contro alla nazione Fiorentina." La Vita, lib. iii. pp. 96, 98, tom. ii.

† La Vita di M. L. Ariosto, scritta dall' Abate Girolamo Baruffaldi Giuniore, etc., Ferrara, 1807, lib. iii. p. 262. See "Historical Illustrations," etc. p. 26.

‡ Storia della Lett. etc. lib. iii. tom. vii. par. iii. p. 1220, sect. 4.

§ "Mi raccontarono que' monaci, ch' essendo caduto un fulmine nella loro chiesa schiantò esso dalle tempie la corona di lauro a quell' immortale poeta." Op. di Bianconi, vol. iii. p. 176, ed. Milano, 1802; lettera al Signor Guido Savini Arcifisiocritico, sull' indole di un fulmine caduto in Dresda l'anno 1759.

place through which the procession paraded was then for the first time called Ariosto Square. The author of the Orlando is jealously claimed as the Homer, not of Italy, but Ferrara.* The mother of Ariosto was of Reggio, and the house in which he was born is carefully distinguished by a tablet with these words: "Qui nacque Ludovico Ariosto, il giorno 8. di Settembre dell' anno 1474." But the Ferrarese make light of the accident by which their poet was born abroad, and claim him exclusively for their own. They possess his bones, they show his arm-chair, and his inkstand, and his autographs.

" Hic illius arma,
Hic currus fuit"

The house where he lived, the room where he died, are designated by his own replaced memorial,† and by a recent inscription. The Ferrarese are more jealous of their claims since the animosity of Denina, arising from a cause which their apologists mysteriously hint is not unknown to them, ventured to degrade their soil and climate to a Bœotian incapacity for all spiritual productions. A quarto volume has been called forth by the detraction, and this supplement to Barotti's Memoirs of the illustrious Ferrarese has been considered a triumphant reply to the "Quadro Storico Statistico dell' Alta Italia."

XII.

ANCIENT SUPERSTITIONS RESPECTING LIGHTNING.

*"For the true laurel-wreath which Glory weaves
Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves."*

Stanza xli. lines 4 and 5.

The eagle, the sea calf, the laurel, ‡ and the white vine, § were

* "Appassionato ammiratore ed invitto apologista dell' *Omero Ferrarese*." The title was first given by Tasso, and is quoted to the confusion of the *Tassisti*, lib. iii. pp. 262, 265. *La Vita di M. L. Ariosto*, etc.

† "Parva sed apta mihi, sed nulli obnoxia, sed non
Sordida, parta meo sed tamen ære domus."

‡ Aquila, vitulus marinus, et laurus, fulmine non feriuntur. *Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. ii. cap. 56.*

§ Columella, lib. x.

amongst the most approved preservatives against lightning. Jupiter chose the first, Augustus Cæsar the second,* and Tiberius never failed to wear a wreath of the third when the sky threatened a thunder-storm.† These superstitions may be received without a sneer in a country where the magical properties of the hazel twig have not lost all their credit; and perhaps the reader may not be much surprised to find that a commentator on Suetonius has taken upon himself gravely to disprove the imputed virtues of the crown of Tiberius, by mentioning that a few years before he wrote, a laurel was actually struck by lightning at Rome.‡

XIII.

“Know that the lightning sanctifies below.”

Stanza xli. line 8.

The Curtian lake and the Ruminal fig-tree in the Forum, having been touched by lightning, were held sacred, and the memory of the accident was preserved by a *puteal*, or altar resembling the mouth of a well, with a little chapel covering the cavity supposed to be made by the thunderbolt. Bodies scathed and persons struck dead were thought to be incorruptible;§ and a stroke not fatal conferred perpetual dignity upon the man so distinguished by heaven.||

Those killed by lightning were wrapped in a white garment, and buried where they fell. The superstition was not confined to the worshippers of Jupiter: the Lombards believed in the omens furnished by lightning; and a Christian priest confesses that, by a diabolical skill in interpreting thunder, a seer foretold to Agilulf, duke of Turin, an event which came to pass, and gave him a queen and a crown.¶ There was, however, some-

* Sueton. in Vit. August. cap. xc.

† Sueton. in Vit. Tiberii, cap. lxix.

‡ Note 2, p. 409, edit. Lugd. Bat. 1667.

§ Vid. J. C. Bullenger, de Terræ Motu et Fulminib. lib. v. cap. xi.

|| Οὐδείς κεραννωθεὶς ἄτιμός ἐστι, ὅθεν καὶ ὡς θεὸς τιμᾶται.

Plut. Sympos. vid. J. C. Bulleng. ut sup.

¶ Pauli Diaconi de Gestis Langobard. lib. iii. cap. xiv. fo. 15. edit Taurin. 1527.

thing equivocal in this sign, which the ancient inhabitants of Rome did not always consider propitious; and as the fears are likely to last longer than the consolations of superstition, it is not strange that the Romans of the age of Leo X. should have been so much terrified at some misinterpreted storms as to require the exhortations of a scholar, who arrayed all the learning on thunder and lightning to prove the omen favorable; beginning with the flash which struck the walls of Velitræ, and including that which played upon a gate at Florence, and foretold the pontificate of one of its citizens.*

XIV.

THE VENUS OF MEDICIS.

"There, too, the Goddess loves in stone."

Stanza xlix. line 1.

The view of the Venus of Medicis instantly suggests the lines in the *Seasons*, and the comparison of the object with the description proves, not only the correctness of the portrait, but the peculiar turn of thought, and, if the term may be used, the sexual imagination of the descriptive poet. The same conclusion may be deduced from another hint in the same episode of Musidora; for Thomson's notion of the privileges of favored love must have been either very primitive, or rather deficient in delicacy, when he made his grateful nymph inform her discreet Damon that in some happier moment he might perhaps be the companion of her bath:—

"The time may come you need not fly."

The reader will recollect the anecdote told in the Life of Dr. Johnson. We will not leave the Florentine gallery without a word on the *Whetter*. It seems strange that the character of that disputed statue should not be entirely decided, at least in the mind of any one who has seen a sarcophagus in the vestibule of the Basilica of St. Paul without the walls, at Rome,

* I. P. Valeriani de fulminum significationibus declamatio, ap. Græv. Antiq. Rom. tom. v. p. 593. The declamation is addressed to Julian of Medicis.

where the whole group of the fable of Marsyas is seen in tolerable preservation; and the Scythian slave whetting the knife is represented exactly in the same position as this celebrated masterpiece. The slave is not naked; but it is easier to get rid of this difficulty than to suppose the knife in the hand of the Florentine statue an instrument for shaving, which it must be, if, as Lanzi supposes, the man is no other than the barber of Julius Cæsar. Winkelmann, illustrating a bas-relief of the same subject, follows the opinion of Leonard Agostini, and his authority might have been thought conclusive, even if the resemblance did not strike the most careless observer.* Amongst the bronzes of the same princely collection is still to be seen the inscribed tablet copied and commented upon by Mr. Gibbon.† Our historian found some difficulties, but did not desist from his illustration: he might be vexed to hear that his criticism has been thrown away on an inscription now generally recognized to be a forgery.

XV.

MADAME DE STAËL.

"In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie."

Stanza liv. line 1.

This name will recall the memory, not only of those whose tombs have raised the Santa Croce into the centre of pilgrimage, the Mecca of Italy, but of her whose eloquence was poured over the illustrious ashes, and whose voice is now as mute as those she sung. CORINNA is no more; and with her should expire the fear, the flattery, and the envy, which threw too dazzling or too dark a cloud round the march of genius, and forbade the steady gaze of disinterested criticism. We have her picture embellished or distorted, as friendship or detraction has held the pencil: the impartial portrait was hardly to be expected from a contempo-

* See Monim. Ant. Ined. par. i. cap. xvii. n. xlii. pag. 50; and Storia delli Arti, etc. lib. xi. cap. i. tom. ii. pag. 314, not. B.

† Nomina gentesque Antiquæ Italiæ, p. 204, edit. oct.

rary. The immediate voice of her survivors will, it is probable, be far from affording a just estimate of her singular capacity. The gallantry, the love of wonder, and the hope of associated fame, which blunted the edge of censure, must cease to exist. — The dead have no sex; they can surprise by no new miracles; they can confer no privilege: Corinna has ceased to be a woman — she is only an author: and it may be foreseen that many will repay themselves for former complaisance, by a severity to which the extravagance of previous praises may perhaps give the color of truth. The latest posterity, for to the latest posterity they will assuredly descend, will have to pronounce upon her various productions; and the longer the vista through which they are seen, the more accurately minute will be the object, the more certain the justice, of the decision. She will enter into that existence in which the great writers of all ages and nations are, as it were, associated in a world of their own, and, from that superior sphere, shed their eternal influence for the control and consolation of mankind. But the individual will gradually disappear as the author is more distinctly seen: some one, therefore, of all those whom the charms of involuntary wit, and of easy hospitality, attracted within the friendly circles of Coppet, should rescue from oblivion those virtues which, although they are said to love the shade, are, in fact, more frequently chilled than excited by the domestic cares of private life. Some one should be found to portray the unaffected graces with which she adorned those dearer relationships, the performance of whose duties is rather discovered amongst the interior secrets, than seen in the outward management, of family intercourse; and which, indeed, it requires the delicacy of genuine affection to qualify for the eye of an indifferent spectator. Some one should be found, not to celebrate, but to describe, the amiable mistress of an open mansion, the centre of a society, ever varied, and always pleased, the creator of which, divested of the ambition and the arts of public rivalry, shone forth only to give fresh animation to those around her. The mother tenderly affectionate and tenderly beloved, the friend unboundedly generous, but still esteemed, the charitable patroness of all distress, cannot be forgotten by those whom she cherished, and protected, and fed. Her loss will be

mcurned the most where she was known the best; and, to the sorrows of very many friends, and more dependents, may be offered the disinterested regret of a stranger, who, amidst the sublimer scenes of the Lemman lake, received his chief satisfaction from contemplating the engaging qualities of the incomparable Corinna.

XVI.

ALFIERI.

*"Here repose
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones."*

Stanza liv. lines 6 and 7.

Alfieri is the great name of this age. The Italians, without waiting for the hundred years, consider him as "a poet good in law." — His memory is the more dear to them because he is the bard of freedom; and because, as such, his tragedies can receive no countenance from any of their sovereigns. They are but very seldom, and but very few of them, allowed to be acted. It was observed by Cicero, that nowhere were the true opinions and feelings of the Romans so clearly shown as at the theatre.* In the autumn of 1816, a celebrated improvisatore exhibited his talents at the Opera-house of Milan. The reading of the theses handed in for the subjects of his poetry was received by a very numerous audience, for the most part in silence, or with laugh-

* The free expression of their honest sentiments survived their liberties. Titius, the friend of Antony, presented them with games in the theatre of Pompey. They did not suffer the brilliancy of the spectacle to efface from their memory that the man who furnished them with the entertainment had murdered the son of Pompey: they drove him from the theatre with curses. The moral sense of a populace, spontaneously expressed, is never wrong. Even the soldiers of the triumvirs joined in the execration of the citizens, by shouting round the chariots of Lepidus and Plancus, who had proscribed their brothers, *De Germanis non de Gallis duo triumphant Consules*; a saying worth a record, were it nothing but a good pun. [C. Vell. Paternuli Hist. lib. ii cap. lxxix pag. 78, edit. Elzevir. 1639. Ibid. lib. ii. cap. lxxvii.]

ter; but when the assistant, unfolding one of the papers exclaimed, *The apotheosis of Victor Alfieri*, the whole theatre burst into a shout, and the applause was continued for some moments. The lot did not fall on Alfieri; and the Signor Sgricci had to pour forth his extemporary common-places on the bombardment of Algiers. The choice, indeed, is not left to accident quite so much as might be thought from a first view of the ceremony; and the police not only takes care to look at the papers beforehand, but, in case of any prudential after-thought, steps in to correct the blindness of chance. The proposal for deifying Alfieri was received with immediate enthusiasm, the rather because it was conjectured there would be no opportunity of carrying it into effect.

XVII.

MACHIAVELLI.

"Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose."

Stanza liv. line 9.

The affectation of simplicity in sepulchral inscriptions, which so often leaves us uncertain whether the structure before us is an actual depository, or a cenotaph, or a simple memorial not of death but life, has given to the tomb of Machiavelli no information as to the place or time of the birth or death, the age or parentage, of the historian.

TANTO NOMINI NVLLVM PAR ELOGIVM

NICCOLAVS MACHIAVELLI.

There seems at least no reason why the name should not have been put above the sentence which alludes to it.

It will readily be imagined that the prejudices which have passed the name of Machiavelli into an epithet proverbial of iniquity exist no longer at Florence. His memory was persecuted as his life had been for an attachment to liberty incompatible with the new system of despotism, which succeeded the fall of the free governments of Italy. He was put to the torture for being a "libertine," that is, for wishing to restore the republic of

Florence; and such are the undying efforts of those who are interested in the perversion not only of the nature of actions, but the meaning of words, that what was once *patriotism*, has by degrees come to signify *debauch*. We have ourselves outlived the old meaning of "liberality," which is now another word for treason in one country and for infatuation in all. It seems to have been a strange mistake to accuse the author of "The Prince," as being a pander to tyranny; and to think that the Inquisition would condemn his work for such a delinquency. The fact is, that Machiavelli, as is usual with those against whom no crime can be proved, was suspected of and charged with atheism; and the first and last most violent opposers of "The Prince" were both Jesuits, one of whom persuaded the Inquisition "benchè fosse tardo," to prohibit the treatise, and the other qualified the secretary of the Florentine republic as no better than a fool. The father Possevin was proved never to have read the book, and the father Lucchesini not to have understood it. It is clear, however, that such critics must have objected not to the slavery of the doctrines, but to the supposed tendency of a lesson which shows how distinct are the interests of a monarch from the happiness of mankind. The Jesuits are reëstablished in Italy, and the last chapter of "The Prince" may again call forth a particular refutation from those who are employed once more in moulding the minds of the rising generation, so as to receive the impressions of despotism. The chapter bears for title, "Esortazione a liberare la Italia dai Barbari," and concludes with a *libertine* excitement to the future redemption of Italy. "Non si deve adunque lasciar passare questa occasione, acciocchè la Italia vegga dopo tanto tempo apparire un suo redentore. Nè posso esprimere con qual amore ei fusse ricevuto in tutte quelle provincie, che hanno patito per queste illuvioni esterne, con qual sete di vendetta, con che ostinata fede, con che lacrime. Quali porte se gli serrerebbono? Quali popoli gli negherebbono la obbedienza? Quale Italiano gli negherebbe l'ossequio? AD OGNUNO PUZZA QUESTO BARBARO DOMINIO."*

* Il Principe di Niccolò Machiavelli, etc. con la prefazione e le note istoriche e politiche di M. Amelot de la Houssaye e l' esame e confutazione dell' opera Cosmopoli, 1769.

XVIII.

DANTE.

"Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar."

Stanza lvii. line 1.

Dante was born in Florence, in the year 1261. He fought in two battles, was fourteen times ambassador, and once prior of the republic. When the party of Charles of Anjou triumphed over the Bianchi, he was absent on an embassy to Pope Boniface VIII., and was condemned to two years' banishment, and to a fine of 8,000 lire; on the non-payment of which he was further punished by the sequestration of all his property. The republic, however, was not content with this satisfaction, for in 1772 was discovered in the archives at Florence a sentence in which Dante is the eleventh of a list of fifteen condemned in 1302 to be burnt alive; *Talis perveniens igne comburatur sic quod moriatur*. The pretext for this judgment was a proof of unfair barter, extortions, and illicit gains. *Baracteriarum iniquarum extorsionum, et illicitorum lucrorum*,* and with such an accusation it is not strange that Dante should have always protested his innocence, and the injustice of his fellow-citizens. His appeal to Florence was accompanied by another to the Emperor Henry; and the death of that sovereign in 1313 was the signal for a sentence of irrevocable banishment. He had before lingered near Tuscany with hopes of recall; then travelled into the north of Italy, where Verona had to boast of his longest residence; and he finally settled at Ravenna, which was his ordinary but not constant abode until his death. The refusal of the Venetians to grant him a public audience, on the part of Guido Novello da Polenta, his protector, is said to have been the principal cause of this event, which happened in 1321. He was buried ("in sacra minorum æde") at Ravenna, in a handsome tomb, which

* Storia della Lett. Ital. tom. v. lib. iii. par. 2. p. 448. Tiraboschi is incorrect: the dates of the three decrees against Dante are A. D. 1302, 1314, and 1316.

was erected by Guido, restored by Bernardo Bembo in 1483, prætor for that republic which had refused to hear him, again restored by Cardinal Corsi, in 1692, and replaced by a more magnificent sepulchre, constructed in 1780 at the expense of the Cardinal Luigi Valenti Gonzaga. The offence or misfortune of Dante was an attachment to a defeated party, and, as his least favorable biographers allege against him, too great a freedom of speech and haughtiness of manner. But the next age paid honors almost divine to the exile. The Florentines, having in vain and frequently attempted to recover his body, crowned his image in a church,* and his picture is still one of the idols of their cathedral. They struck medals, they raised statues to him. The cities of Italy, not being able to dispute about his own birth, contended for that of his great poem, and the Florentines thought it for their honor to prove that he had finished the seventh Canto before they drove him from his native city. Fifty-one years after his death, they endowed a professorial chair for the expounding of his verses, and Boccaccio was appointed to this patriotic employment. The example was imitated by Bologna and Pisa, and the commentators, if they performed but little service to literature, augmented the veneration which beheld a sacred or moral allegory in all the images of his mystic muse. His birth and his infancy were discovered to have been distinguished above those of ordinary men: the author of the Decameron, his earliest biographer, relates that his mother was warned in a dream of the importance of her pregnancy: and it was found, by others, that at ten years of age he had manifested his precocious passion for that wisdom or theology, which, under the name of Beatrice, had been mistaken for a substantial mistress. When the Divine Comedy had been recognized as a mere mortal production, and at the distance of two centuries, when criticism and competition had sobered the judgment of the Italians, Dante was seriously declared superior to Homer; † and though the preference appeared to some casuists “an heretical blasphemy wor-

* So relates Ficino, but some think his coronation only an allegory. See Storia, etc. ut sup. p. 453.

† By Varchi, in his Ercolano. The controversy continued from 1570 to 1616. See Storia, etc. tom. vii. lib. iii. par. iii. p. 1280.

thy of the flames," the contest was vigorously maintained for nearly fifty years. In later times it was made a question which of the Lords of Verona could boast of having patronized him,* and the jealous scepticism of one writer would not allow Ravenna the undoubted possession of his bones. Even the critical Tiraboschi was inclined to believe that the poet had foreseen and foretold one of the discoveries of Galileo.—Like the great originals of other nations, his popularity has not always maintained the same level. The last age seemed inclined to undervalue him as a model and a study; and Bettinelli one day rebuked his pupil Monti, for poring over the harsh and obsolete extravagances of the *Commedia*. The present generation having recovered from the Gallic idolatries of Cesarotti, has returned to the ancient worship, and the *Danteggiare* of the northern Italians is thought even indiscreet by the more moderate Tuscans.

There is still much curious information relative to the life and writings of this great poet, which has not as yet been collected even by the Italians; but the celebrated Ugo Foscolo meditates to supply this defect, and it is not to be regretted that this national work has been reserved for one so devoted to his country and the cause of truth.

XIX.

TOMB OF THE SCIPIOS.

*"Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore;
Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,
Proscribed," etc.*

Stanza lvii. lines 2, 3, and 4.

The elder Scipio Africanus had a tomb if he was not buried at Liternum, whither he had retired to voluntary banishment. This tomb was near the sea-shore, and the story of an inscription upon it, *Ingrata Patria*, having given a name to a modern

* Gio. Jacopo Dionisi Canonico di Verona. Serie di Aneddoti, n. 2. See Storia, etc. tom. v. lib. i. par. i. p. 24.

tower, is, if not true, an agreeable fiction. If he was not buried he certainly lived there.*

In così angusta e solitaria villa
Era 'l grand' uomo che d' Africa s' appella
Perchè prima col ferro al vivo aprilla.†

Ingratitude is generally supposed the vice peculiar to republics; and it seems to be forgotten that for one instance of popular inconstancy, we have a hundred examples of the fall of courtly favorites. Besides, a people have often repented—a monarch seldom or never. Leaving apart many familiar proofs of this fact, a short story may show the difference between even an aristocracy and the multitude.

Vettor Pisani, having been defeated in 1354 at Portolongo, and many years afterwards in the more decisive action of Pola, by the Genoese, was recalled by the Venetian government, and thrown into chains. The Avvogadori proposed to behead him, but the supreme tribunal was content with the sentence of imprisonment. Whilst Pisani was suffering this unmerited disgrace, Chioza, in the vicinity of the capital, ‡ was by the assistance of the *Signor of Padua*, delivered into the hands of Pietro Doria. At the intelligence of that disaster, the great bell of St. Mark's tower tolled to arms, and the people and the soldiery of the galleys were summoned to the repulse of the approaching enemy; but they protested they would not move a step, unless Pisani were liberated and placed at their head. The great council was instantly assembled: the prisoner was called before them, and the Doge, Andrea Contarini, informed him of the demands of the people, and the necessities of the State, whose only hope of safety was reposed on his efforts, and who implored him to forget the indignities he had endured in her service. "I have submitted," replied the magnanimous republican, "I have submitted to your deliberations without complaint; I have sup-

* Vitam Literni egit sine desiderio urbis. See T. Liv. Hist. lib, xxxviii. Livy reports that some said he was buried at Liternum, others at Rome. Ibid. cap. lvi.

† Trionfo della Castità:

‡ See Note VI., page 319.

ported patiently the pains of imprisonment, for they were inflicted at your command: this is no time to inquire whether I deserved them — the good of the republic may have seemed to require it, and that which the republic resolves is always resolved wisely. Behold me ready to lay down my life for the preservation of my country." Pisani was appointed generalissimo, and by his exertions, in conjunction with those of Carlo Zeno, the Venetians soon recovered the ascendancy over their maritime rivals.

The Italian communities were no less unjust to their citizens than the Greek republics. Liberty, both with the one and the other, seems to have been a national, not an individual object: and, notwithstanding the boasted *equality before the laws*, which an ancient Greek writer* considered the great distinctive mark between his countrymen and the barbarians, the mutual rights of fellow-citizens seem never to have been the principal scope of the old democracies. The world may have not yet seen an essay by the author of the Italian Republics, in which the distinction between the liberty of former States, and the significance attached to that word by the happier constitution of England, is ingeniously developed. The Italians, however, when they had ceased to be free, still looked back with a sigh upon those times of turbulence, when every citizen might rise to a share of sovereign power, and have never been taught fully to appreciate the repose of a monarchy. Sperone Speroni, when Francis Maria II. Duke of Rovere proposed the question, "which was preferable, the republic or the principality — the perfect and not durable, or the less perfect, and not so liable to change," replied, "that our happiness is to be measured by its quality, not by its duration; and that he preferred to live for one day like a man, than for a hundred years like a brute, a stock, or a stone." This was thought, and called, a *magnificent* answer, down to the last days of Italian servitude.†

* The Greek boasted that he was *ἰσόννομος*. See the last chapter of the first book of Dionysius of Halicarnassus.

† "E intorno *alla magnifica risposta*," etc. Serassi, *Vita del Tasso*, lib. iii. pag. 149, tom. ii. edit. 2, Bergamo.

XX.

PETRARCH'S CROWN.

*"And the crown
Which Petrarch's laureate brow supremely wore
Upon a far and foreign soil had grown."*

Stanza lvii. lines 6, 7, and 8.

The Florentines did not take the opportunity of Petrarch's short visit to their city in 1350 to revoke the decree which confiscated the property of his father, who had been banished shortly after the exile of Dante. His crown did not dazzle them; but when in the next year they were in want of his assistance in the formation of their university, they repented of their injustice, and Boccaccio was sent to Padua to entreat the laureate to conclude his wanderings in the bosom of his native country, where he might finish his *immortal Africa*, and enjoy, with his recovered possessions, the esteem of all classes of his fellow-citizens. They gave him the option of the book and the science he might condescend to expound: they called him the glory of his country, who was dear, and would be dearer to them; and they added, that if there was any thing displeasing in their letter, he ought to return amongst them, were it only to correct their style.* Petrarch seemed at first to listen to the flattery and to the entreaties of his friend, but he did not return to Florence, and preferred a pilgrimage to the tomb of Laura and the shades of Vaucluse.

XXI.

BOCCACCIO.

*"Boccaccio to his parent earth bequeathed
His dust."*

Stanza lviii. lines 1 and 2.

Boccaccio was buried in the church of St. Michael and St. James,

* "Accingiti innoltre, se ci è lecito ancor l' esortarti, a compire l' immortal tua Africa . . . Se ti avviene d' incontrare nel nostro stile cosa che ti dispiaccia, ciò debb' essere un altro motivo ad esaudire i desiderj della tua patria." Storia della Lett. Ital. tom. v. par. i lib. i. pag. 76.

at Certaldo, a small town in the Valdelsa, which was by some supposed the place of his birth. There he passed the latter part of his life in a course of laborious study, which shortened his existence; and there might his ashes have been secure, if not of honor, at least of repose. But the "hyæna bigots" of Certaldo tore up the tombstone of Boccaccio, and ejected it from the holy precincts of St. Michael and St. James. The occasion, and, it may be hoped, the excuse, of this ejectment was the making of a new floor for the church; but the fact is, that the tombstone was taken up and thrown aside at the bottom of the building. Ignorance may share the sin with bigotry. It would be painful to relate such an exception to the devotion of the Italians for their great names, could it not be accompanied by a trait more honorably conformable to the general character of the nation. The principal person of the district, the last branch of the house of Medicis, afforded that protection to the memory of the insulted dead which her best ancestors had dispensed upon all contemporary merit. The Marchioness Lenzoni rescued the tombstone of Boccaccio from the neglect in which it had some time lain, and found for it an honorable elevation in her own mansion. She has done more: the house in which the poet lived has been as little respected as his tomb, and is falling to ruin over the head of one indifferent to the name of its former tenant. It consists of two or three little chambers, and a low tower, on which Cosmo II. affixed an inscription. This house she has taken measures to purchase, and proposes to devote to it that care and consideration which are attached to the cradle and to the roof of genius.

This is not the place to undertake the defence of Boccaccio; but the man who exhausted his little patrimony in the acquirement of learning, who was amongst the first, if not the first, to allure the science and the poetry of Greece to the bosom of Italy;— who not only invented a new style, but founded, or certainly fixed, a new language; who, besides the esteem of every polite court of Europe, was thought worthy of employment by the predominant republic of his own country, and, what is more, of the friendship of Petrarch, who lived the life of a philosopher and a freeman, and who died in the pursuit of knowledge, — such a man might have found more consideration than he has met with from the priest of Certaldo, and from a late English

traveller, who strikes off his portrait as an odious, contemptible licentious writer, whose impure remains should be suffered to rot without a record.* That English traveller, unfortunately for those who have to deplore the loss of a very amiable person, is beyond all criticism; but the mortality which did not protect Boccaccio from Mr. Eustace, must not defend Mr. Eustace from the impartial judgment of his successors. Death may canonize his virtues, not his errors; and it may be modestly pronounced that he transgressed, not only as an author, but as a man, when he evoked the shade of Boccaccio in company with that of Aretine, amidst the sepulchres of Santa Croce, merely to dismiss it with indignity. As far as respects

“Il flagello de’ Principi,
Il divin Pietro Aretino.”

it is of little import what censure is passed upon a coxcomb who owes his present existence to the above burlesque character given to him by the poet, whose amber has preserved many other grubs and worms: but to classify Boccaccio with such a person, and to excommunicate his very ashes, must of itself make us doubt of the qualification of the classical tourist for writing upon Italian, or, indeed, upon any other literature; for ignorance on one point may incapacitate an author merely for that particular topic, but subjection to a professional prejudice must render him an unsafe director on all occasions. Any perversion and injustice may be made what is vulgarly called “a case

* Classical Tour, chap. ix. vol. ii. p. 355, edit. 3d. “Of Boccaccio, the modern Petronius, we say nothing; the abuse of genius is more odious and more contemptible than its absence; and it imports little where the impure remains of a licentious author are consigned to their kindred dust. For the same reason the traveller may pass unnoticed the tomb of the malignant Aretino.” This dubious phrase is hardly enough to save the tourist from the suspicion of another blunder respecting the burial-place of Aretine, whose tomb was in the church of St. Luke at Venice, and gave rise to the famous controversy of which some notice is taken in Bayle. Now the words of Mr. Eustace would lead us to think the tomb was at Florence, or at least was to be somewhere recognized. Whether the inscription so much disputed was ever written on the tomb cannot now be decided, for all memorial of this author has disappeared from the church of St. Luke.

of conscience," and this poor excuse is all that can be offered for the priest of Certaldo, or the author of the Classical Tour. It would have answered the purpose to confine the censure to the novels of Boccaccio; and gratitude to that source which supplied the muse of Dryden with her last and most harmonious numbers might, perhaps, have restricted that censure to the objectionable qualities of the hundred tales. At any rate the repentance of Boccaccio might have arrested his exhumation, and it should have been recollected and told, that in his old age he wrote a letter entreating his friend to discourage the reading of the Decameron, for the sake of modesty, and for the sake of the author, who would not have an apologist always at hand to state in his excuse that he wrote it when young, and at the command of his superiors.* It is neither the licentiousness of the writer, nor the evil propensities of the reader, which have given to the Decameron alone, of all the works of Boccaccio, a perpetual popularity. The establishment of a new and delightful dialect conferred an immortality on the works in which it was first fixed. The sonnets of Petrarch were, for the same reason, fated to survive his self-admired Africa, the "favorite of kings." The invariable traits of nature and feeling with which the novels, as well as the verses, abound, have doubtless been the chief source of the foreign celebrity of both authors; but Boccaccio, as a man, is no more to be estimated by that work, than Petrarch is to be regarded in no other light than as the lover of Laura. Even, however, had the father of the Tuscan prose been known only as the author of the Decameron, a considerate writer would have been cautious to pronounce a sentence irreconcilable with the unerring voice of many ages and nations. An irrevocable value has never been stamped upon any work solely recommended by impurity.

The true source of the outcry against Boccaccio, which began at a very early period, was the choice of his scandalous personages in the cloisters as well as the courts; but the princes only

* "Non enim ubique est, qui in excusationem meam consurgens dicat, juvenis scripsit, et majoris coactus imperio." The letter was addressed to Maghinard of Cavalcanti, marshal of the kingdom of Sicily. See Tiraboschi, Storia, etc. tom. v. par. ii. lib. iii. pag. 525, ed. Ven. 1795.

laughed at the gallant adventures so unjustly charged upon queen Theodelinda, whilst the priesthood cried shame upon the debauches drawn from the convent and the hermitage; and most probably for the opposite reason, namely, that the picture was faithful to the life. Two of the novels are allowed to be facts usefully turned into tales, to deride the canonization of rogues and laymen. Ser Ciappelletto and Marcellinus are cited with applause even by the decent Muratori.* The great Arnaud, as he is quoted in Bayle, states, that a new edition of the novels was proposed, of which the expurgation consisted in omitting the words "monk" and "nun" and tacking the immoralities to other names. The literary history of Italy particularizes no such edition; but it was not long before the whole of Europe had but one opinion of the Decameron; and the absolution of the author seems to have been a point settled at least a hundred years ago: "On se feroit siffler si l'on prétendoit convaincre Boccace de n'avoir pas été honnête homme, puis qu'il a fait le Décameron." So said one of the best men, and perhaps the best critic, that ever lived — the very martyr to impartiality.† But as this information, that in the beginning of the last century one would have been hooted at for pretending that Boccaccio was not a good man, may seem to come from one of those enemies who are to be suspected, even when they make us a present of truth, a more acceptable contrast with the proscription of the body, soul, and muse of Boccaccio may be found in a few words from the virtuous, the patriotic contemporary, who thought one of the tales of this impure writer worthy a Latin version from his own pen. "I have remarked elsewhere," says Petrarch, writing to Boccaccio, "that the book itself has been worried by certain dogs, but stoutly defended by your staff and voice. Nor was I astonished, for I have had proof of the vigor of your mind, and I know you have fallen on that unaccommodating incapable race of mortals, who, whatever they either like not, or know not, or cannot do, are sure to reprehend in others; and on those occasions

* *Dissertazioni sopra le Antichità Italiane*, Diss. lviii. p. 253, tom. iii. edit. Milan, 1751.

† *Eclaircissement*, etc. etc. p. 638, edit. Basle, 1741, in the Supplement to Bayle's Dictionary.

only put on a show of learning and eloquence, but otherwise are entirely dumb." *

It is satisfactory to find that all the priesthood do not resemble those of Certaldo, and that one of them who did not possess the bones of Boccaccio would not lose the opportunity of raising a cenotaph to his memory. Bevius, canon of Padua, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, erected at Arquà, opposite to the tomb of the Laureate, a tablet, in which he associated Boccaccio to the equal honors of Dante and of Petrarch.

XXII.

THE MEDICI.

"What is her pyramid of precious stones?"

Stanza lx. line 1.

Our veneration for the Medici begins with Cosmo and expires with his grandson; that stream is pure only at the source; and it is in search of some memorial of the virtuous republicans of the family that we visit the church of St. Lorenzo at Florence. The tawdry, glaring, unfinished chapel in that church, designed for the mausoleum of the Dukes of Tuscany, set round with crowns and coffins, gives birth to no emotions but those of contempt for the lavish vanity of a race of despots, whilst the pavement slab, simply inscribed to the Father of his Country, reconciles us to the name of Medici.† It was very natural for Corinna‡ to suppose that the statue raised to the Duke of Urbino in the *capella de' depositi* was intended for his great namesake; but the magnificent Lorenzo is only the sharer of a coffin half

* "Animadverti alicubi librum ipsum canum dentibus lacessitum, tuo tamen baculo egregiè tuâque voce defensum. Nec miratus sum: nam et vires ingenii tui novi, et scio expertus esses hominum genus insolens et ignavum, qui quicquid ipsi vel nolunt vel nesciunt, vel non possunt, in aliis reprehendunt; ad hoc unum docti et arguti, sed elingues ad reliqua." Epist. Joan. Boccaccio, Opp. tom. i. p. 540, edit. Basil.

† Cosmus Medices, Decreto Publico, Pater Patriæ.

‡ Corinne, liv. xviii. chap. iii. vol. iii. page 248.

hidden in the niche of the sacristy. The decay of Tuscany dates from the sovereignty of the Medici. Of the sepulchral peace which succeeded to the establishment of the reigning families in Italy, our own Sidney has given us a glowing, but a faithful picture. "Notwithstanding all the seditions of Florence, and other cities of Tuscany, the horrid factions of Guelphs and Ghibelins, Neri and Bianchi, nobles and commons, they continued populous, strong, and exceeding rich; but in the space of less than a hundred and fifty years, the peaceable reign of the Medices is thought to have destroyed nine parts in ten of the people of that province. Amongst other things, it is remarkable, that when Philip the Second of Spain gave Sienna to the Duke of Florence, his ambassador then at Rome sent him word that he had given away more than 650,000 subjects; and it is not believed there are now 20,000 souls inhabiting that city and territory. Pisa, Pistoia, Arezzo, Cortona, and other towns, that were then good and populous, are in the like proportion, diminished, and Florence more than any. When that city had been long troubled with seditions, tumults, and wars, for the most part unprosperous, they still retained such strength, that when Charles VIII. of France, being admitted as a friend with his whole army, which soon after conquered the kingdom of Naples, thought to master them, the people, taking arms, struck such a terror into him, that he was glad to depart upon such conditions as they thought fit to impose. Machiavel reports, that in that time Florence alone, with the Val d'Arno, a small territory belonging to that city, could, in a few hours, by the sound of a bell, bring together 135,000 well-armed men; whereas now that city, with all the others in that province, are brought to such despicable weakness, emptiness, poverty, and baseness, that they can neither resist the oppressions of their own prince, nor defend him or themselves if they were assaulted by a foreign enemy. The people are dispersed or destroyed, and the best families sent to seek habitations in Venice, Genoa, Rome, Naples, and Lucca. This is not the effect of war or pestilence: they enjoy a perfect peace, and suffer no other plague than the government they are under." * From the usurper Cosmo down to the imbecile Gas-

* On Government, chap. ii. sect. xxvi. pag. 208, edit. 1751. Sidney is,

ton, we look in vain for any of those unmixed qualities which should raise a patriot to the command of his fellow-citizens. The Grand Dukes, and particularly the third Cosmo, had operated so entire a change in the Tuscan character, that the candid Florentines, in excuse for some imperfections in the philanthropic system of Leopold, are obliged to confess that the sovereign was the only liberal man in his dominions. Yet that excellent prince himself had no other notion of a national assembly, than of a body to represent the wants and wishes, not the will, of the people.

XXIII.

BATTLE OF THRASIMENE.

"An earthquake reeled unheededly away."

Stanza lxiii. line 5.

"And such was their mutual animosity, so intent were they upon the battle, that the earthquake, which overthrew in great part many of the cities of Italy, which turned the course of rapid streams, poured back the sea upon the rivers, and tore down the very mountains, was not felt by one of the combatants." * Such is the description of Livy. It may be doubted whether modern tactics would admit of such an abstraction.

The site of the battle of Thrasimene is not to be mistaken. The traveller from the village under Cortona to Casa di Piano, the next stage on the way to Rome, has for the first two or three miles, around him, but more particularly to the right, that flat land which Hannibal laid waste in order to induce the Consul Flaminius to move from Arezzo. On his left, and in front of him, is a ridge of hills bending down towards the lake of Thrasi-

together with Locke and Hoadley, one of Mr. Hume's "despicable" writers.

* "Tantusque fuit ardor armorum, adeo intentus pugnæ animus, ut eum terræ motum qui multarum urbium Italiæ magnas partes prostravit, avertitque cursu rapidos amnes, mare fluminibus invexit, montes lapsu ingenti proruit, nemo pugnantium senserit." Tit. Liv. lib. xxii. cap. v.

none, called by Livy "montes Cortonenses," and now named the Gualandra. These hills he approaches at Ossaja, a village which the itineraries pretend to have been so denominated from the bones found there: but there have been no bones found there, and the battle was fought on the other side of the hill. From Ossaja the road begins to rise a little, but does not pass into the roots of the mountains until the sixty-seventh milestone from Florence. The ascent thence is not steep but perpetual, and continues for twenty minutes. The lake is soon seen below on the right, with Borghetto, a round tower, close upon the water; and the undulating hills partially covered with wood, amongst which the road winds, sink by degrees into the marshes near to this tower. Lower than the road, down to the right amidst these woody hillocks, Hannibal placed his horse,* in the jaws of, or rather above, the pass, which was between the lake and the present road, and most probably close to Borghetto, just under the lowest of the "tumuli." † On a summit to the left, above the road, is an old circular ruin, which the peasants call "the Tower of Hannibal the Carthaginian." Arrived at the highest point of the road, the traveller has a partial view of the fatal plain, which opens fully upon him as he descends the Gualandra. He soon finds himself in a vale inclosed to the left, and in front, and behind him by the Gualandra hills, bending round in a segment larger than a semicircle, and running down at each end to the lake, which obliques to the right and forms the chord of this mountain arc. The position cannot be guessed at from the plains of Cortona, nor appears to be so completely inclosed unless to one who is fairly within the hills. It then, indeed, appears "a place made as it were on purpose for a snare," *locus insidiis natus*. "Borghetto is then found to stand in a narrow marshy pass close to the hill, and to the lake, whilst there is no other outlet at the opposite turn of the mountains than through the little town of Passignano, which is pushed into the water by the

* "Equites ad ipsas fauces saltus tumulis apte tegentibus locat." T. Livii, lib. xxii. cap. iv.

† "Ubi maxime montes Cortonenses Thrasimenus subit." T. Livii, lib. xxii. cap. iv.

foot of a high rocky acclivity." * There is a woody eminence branching down from the mountains into the upper end of the plain nearer to the side of Passignano, and on this stands a white village called Torre. Polybius seems to allude to this eminence as the one on which Hannibal encamped, and drew out his heavy-armed Africans and Spaniards in a conspicuous position.† From this spot he despatched his Balearic and light-armed troops round through the Gualandra heights to the right, so as to arrive unseen and form an ambush amongst the broken acclivities which the road now passes, and to be ready to act upon the left flank and above the enemy, whilst the horse shut up the pass behind. Flaminius came to the lake near Borghetto at sunset; and, without sending any spies before him, marched through the pass the next morning before the day had quite broken, so that he perceived nothing of the horse and light troops above and about him, and saw only the heavy-armed Carthaginians in front on the hill of Torre.‡ The consul began to draw out his army in the flat, and in the mean time the horse in ambush occupied the pass behind him at Borghetto. Thus the Romans were completely inclosed, having the lake on the right, the main army on the hill of Torre in front, the Gualandra hills filled with the light-armed on their left flank, and being prevented from receding by the cavalry, who, the further they advanced, stopped up all the outlets in the rear. A fog rising from the lake now spread itself over the army of the consul, but the high lands were in the sunshine, and all the different corps in ambush looked towards the hill of Torre for the order of attack. Hannibal gave the signal, and moved down from his post on the height. At the same moment all his troops on the eminences behind and in the

* "Inde colles assurgunt." Ibid.

† Τὸν μὲν κατὰ πρόσωπον τῆς πορείας λόφον αὐτὸς κατελάβετο καὶ τοὺς Δίβνας καὶ τοὺς Ἰβηρας ἔχων ἐπ' αὐτοῦ κατεστρατοπέδευσε. Hist. lib. iii. cap. 83. The account in Polybius is not so easily reconcilable with present appearances as that in Livy: he talks of hills to the right and left of the pass and valley; but when Flaminius entered he had the lake at the right of both.

‡ "A tergo et super caput decipere insidiæ." T. Liv. etc.

flank of Flaminius rushed forwards as it were with one accord into the plain. The Romans, who were forming their array in the mist, suddenly heard the shouts of the enemy amongst them, on every side, and before they could fall into their ranks, or draw their swords, or see by whom they were attacked, felt at once that they were surrounded and lost.

There are two little rivulets which run from the Gualandra into the lake. The traveller crosses the first of these at about a mile after he comes into the plain, and this divides the Tuscan from the Papal territories. The second, about a quarter of a mile further on, is called "the bloody rivulet;" and the peasants point out an open spot to the left between the "Sanguinetto," and the hills, which, they say, was the principal scene of slaughter. The other part of the plain is covered with thick-set olive-trees in corn grounds, and is nowhere quite level, except near the edge of the lake. It is, indeed, most probable that the battle was fought near this end of the valley, for the six thousand Romans, who, at the beginning of the action, broke through the enemy, escaped to the summit of an eminence which must have been in this quarter, otherwise they would have had to traverse the whole plain, and to pierce through the main army of Hannibal.

The Romans fought desperately for three hours; but the death of Flaminius was the signal for a general dispersion. The Carthaginian horse then burst in upon the fugitives, and the lake, the marsh about Borghetto, but chiefly the plain of the Sanguinetto and the passes of the Gualandra, were strewn with dead. Near some old walls on a bleak ridge to the left above the rivulet many human bones have been repeatedly found, and this has confirmed the pretensions and the name of the "stream of blood."

Every district of Italy has its hero. In the north some painter is the usual genius of the place, and the foreign Julio Romano more than divides Mantua with her native Virgil.* To the south

* About the middle of the twelfth century the coins of Mantua bore on one side the image and figure of Virgil. *Zecca d' Italia*, pl. xvii. i. 6. *Voyage dans le Milanais, etc.* par A. Z. Millin, tom. ii. pag. 294, Paris, 1817.

we hear of Roman names. Near Thrasimene tradition is still faithful to the fame of an enemy, and Hannibal the Carthaginian is the only ancient name remembered on the banks of the Perugian lake. Flaminius is unknown; but the postilions on that road have been taught to show the very spot where *Il Console Romano* was slain. Of all who fought and fell in the battle of Thrasimene, the historian himself has, besides the generals and Maharbal, preserved indeed only a single name. You overtake the Carthaginian again on the same road to Rome. The antiquary, that is, the hostler of the posthouse at Spoleto, tells you that his town repulsed the victorious enemy, and shows you the gate still called *Porta di Annibale*. It is hardly worth while to remark that a French travel writer, well known by the name of the President Dupaty, saw Thrasimene in the lake of Bolsena, which lay conveniently on his way from Sienna to Rome.

XXIV.

STATUE OF POMPEY.

*“And thou, dread statue! still existent in
The austere form of naked majesty.”*

Stanza lxxxvii. lines 1 and 2.

The projected division of the Spada Pompey has already been recorded by the historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Mr. Gibbon found it in the memorials of Flaminius Vacca; and it may be added to his mention of it, that Pope Julius III. gave the contending owners five hundred crowns for the statue, and presented it to Cardinal Capo di Ferro, who had prevented the judgment of Solomon from being executed upon the image. In a more civilized age this statue was exposed to an actual operation; for the French, who acted the Brutus of Voltaire in the Coliseum, resolved that their Cæsar should fall at the base of that Pompey, which was supposed to have been sprinkled with the blood of the original dictator. The nine-foot hero was therefore removed to the arena of the amphitheatre, and, to facilitate its transport, suffered the temporary

amputation of its right arm. The republican tragedians had to plead that the arm was a restoration: but their accusers do not believe that the integrity of the statue would have protected it. The love of finding every coincidence has discovered the true Cæsarean ichor in a stain near the right knee; but colder criticism has rejected not only the blood, but the portrait, and assigned the globe of power rather to the first of the emperors than to the last of the republican masters of Rome. Winkelmann* is loth to allow an heroic statue of a Roman citizen, but the Grimani Agrippa, a contemporary almost, is heroic; and naked Roman figures were only very rare, not absolutely forbidden. The face accords much better with the "*hominem integrum et castum et gravem*," † than with any of the busts of Augustus, and is too stern for him who was beautiful, says Suetonius, at all periods of his life. The pretended likeness to Alexander the Great cannot be discerned, but the traits resemble the medal of Pompey.‡ The objectionable globe may not have been an ill applied flattery to him who found Asia Minor the boundary, and left it the centre of the Roman empire. It seems that Winkelmann has made a mistake in thinking that no proof of the identity of this statue with that which received the bloody sacrifice can be derived from the spot where it was discovered.§ Flaminius Vacca says *sotto una cantina*, and this cantina is known to have been in the Vicolo de' Leutari, near the Cancellaria; a position corresponding exactly to that of the Janus before the basilica of Pompey's theatre, to which Augustus transferred the statue after the *curia* was either burnt or taken down.|| Part of the Pompeian shade,¶ the portico, existed in the beginning of the XVth century, and the *atrium* was still called *Satrum*. So says

* Storia delle Arti, etc. lib. ix. cap. 1, pag. 321, 322, tom. ii.

† Cicer. Epist. ad Atticum, xi. 6.

‡ Published by Causeus, in his Museum Romanum.

§ Storia delle Arti, etc. lib. ix. cap. i. pag. 321, 322, tom. ii.

|| Sueton. in vit. August. cap. 31, and in vit. C. J. Cæsar. cap. 88. Apian says it was burnt down. See a note of Pitiscus to Suetonius, pag 224.

¶ "Tu modo Pompeia lentus spatiare sub umbra."

Ovid. Art. Am. 267.

Blondus.* At all events, so imposing is the stern majesty of the statue, and so memorable is the story, that the play of the imagination leaves no room for the exercise of the judgment, and the fiction, if a fiction it is, operates on the spectator with an effect not less powerful than truth.

XXV.

THE BRONZE WOLF.

“And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome!”

Stanza lxxxviii. line 1.

Ancient Rome, like modern Sienna, abounded most probably with images of the foster-mother of her founder; but there were two she-wolves of whom history makes particular mention. One of these, *of brass in ancient work*, was seen by Dionysius † at the temple of Romulus, under the Palatine, and is universally believed to be that mentioned by the Latin historian, as having been made from the money collected by a fine on usurers, and as standing under the Ruminal fig-tree. ‡ The other was that which Cicero § has celebrated both in prose and verse, and

* Roma Instaurata, lib. ii. fo. 31.

† Χάλκεα ποιήματα παλαιῶς ἐργασίας. Antiq. Rom. lib. 1. c. 79.

‡ “Ad ficum Ruminalem simulacra infantium conditorum urbis sub uberibus lupæ posuerunt.” Liv. Hist. lib. x. cap. xxiii. This was in the year U. C. 455 or 457.

§ “Tum statua Nattæ, tum simulacra Deorum, Romulusque et Remus cum altrice bellua vi fulminis icti conciderunt.” De Divinat. ii. 20. “Tactus est ille etiam qui hanc urbem condidit Romulus, quem inauratum in Capitolio parvum atque lectentem, uberibus lupinis inhiantem fuisse meministis.” In Catilin. iii. 8.

“Hic silvestris erat Romani nominis altrix
Marta, quæ parvos Mavortis semine natos
Uberibus gravidis vitali rore rigabat;
Quæ tum cum pueris flammato fulminis ictu
Concidit, atque avulsa pedum vestigia liquit.”

De Consulatu, lib. ii. (lib. i. de Divinat. cap. xii.)

which the historian Dion also records as having suffered the same accident as is alluded to by the orator.* The question agitated by the antiquaries is, whether the wolf now in the Conservators' Palace is that of Livy and Dionysius, or that of Cicero, or whether it is neither one nor the other. The earlier writers differ as much as the moderns: Lucius Faunus † says, that it is the one alluded to by both, which is impossible, and also by Virgil, which may be. Fulvius Ursinus ‡ calls it the wolf of Dionysius, and Marlianus § talks of it as the one mentioned by Cicero. To him Rycquius *tremblingly* assents. || Nardini is in-

* 'Εν γὰρ τῷ καπητολιῷ ἀνδριάντες τε πολλοὶ ὑπὸ κεραυνῶν συνεχωνεύθησαν, καὶ ἀγάλματα ἄλλα τε, καὶ Διὸς ἐπὶ κίονος ἰδρυμένον, εἰκὼν τὴν λυκαίνης σὺν τε τῷ Ῥώμῳ καὶ σὺν τῷ Ῥωμύλῳ ἰδρυμένην ἔπεσεν. Dion. Hist. lib. xxxvii. pag. 37. edit. Rob. Steph. 1548. He goes on to mention that the letters of the columns on which the laws were written were liquefied and become ἀμυδρά. All that the Romans did was to erect a large statue to Jupiter, looking towards the east: no mention is afterwards made of the wolf. This happened in A. U. C. 689. The Abate Fea, in noticing this passage of Dion (Storia delle Arti, etc. tom. i. pag. 202, note x.), says, *Nonostante, aggiunge Dione, che fosse ben fermata* (the wolf); by which it is clear the Abate translated the Xylandro-Leunclavian version, which puts *quavis stabilita* for the original ἰδρυμένην, a word that does not mean *ben fermata*, but only *raised*, as may be distinctly seen from another passage of the same Dion: Ἡβουλήθη μὲν οὖν ὁ Ἀγρίππας καὶ τὸν Αὐγουστον ἐνταῦθα ἰδρύσασθαι. Hist. lib. lvi. Dion says that Agrippa “wished to raise a statue of Augustus in the Pantheon.”

† “In eadem porticu ænea lupa, cujus uberibus Romulus ac Remus lactentes inhiant, conspicitur: de hac Cicero et Virgilius semper intellexere. Livius hoc signum ab Ædilibus ex pecuniis quibus mulctati essent fœneratores, positum innuit. Antea in Comitibus ad Ficum Ruminalem, quo loco pueri fuerant expositi locatum pro certo est.” Luc. Fauni de Antiq. Urb. Rom. lib. ii. cap. vii. ap. Sallengre, tom. i. p. 217. In his xviith chapter he repeats that the statues were there, but not that they were *found* there.

‡ Ap. Nardini, Roma Vetus, lib. v. cap. iv.

§ Marliani Urb. Rom. Topograph. lib. ii. cap. ix. He mentions another wolf and twins in the Vatican, lib. v. cap. xxi.

|| “Non desunt qui hanc ipsam esse putent, quam adpinximus, quæ e comitio in Basilicam Lateranam, cum nonnullis aliis antiquitatum reli-

clined to suppose it may be one of the many wolves preserved in ancient Rome; but of the two rather bends to the Ciceronian statue.* Montfaucon † mentions it as a point without doubt. Of the latter writers the decisive Winkelmann ‡ proclaims it as having been found at the church of Saint Theodore, where, or near where, was the temple of Romulus, and consequently makes it the wolf of Dionysius. His authority is Lucius Faunus, who, however, only says that it *was placed*, not *found*, at the Ficus Ruminalis, by the Comitium, by which he does not seem to allude to the church of Saint Theodore. Rycquius was the first to make the mistake, and Winkelmann followed Rycquius.

Flaminius Vacca tells quite a different story, and says he had heard the wolf with the twins was found § near the arch of Septimius Severus. The commentator on Winkelmann is of the same opinion with that learned person, and is incensed at Nardini for not having remarked that Cicero, in speaking of the wolf struck with lightning in the Capitol, makes use of the past tense. But, with the Abate's leave, Nardini does not positively assert the statue to be that mentioned by Cicero, and, if he had, the assumption would not perhaps have been so exceedingly indiscreet. The Abate himself is obliged to own that there are marks very like the scathing of lightning in the hinder legs of the present wolf; and, to get rid of this, adds, that the wolf seen by Dionysius might have been also struck by lightning, or otherwise injured.

quii, atque hinc in Capitolium postea relata sit, quamvis Marlianus antiquam Capitolinam esse maluit à Tullio descriptam, cui ut in re nimis dubia, trepidè adsentimur." Just. Rycquii de Capit. Roman. Comm. cap. xxiv. pag. 250, edit. Lugd. Bat. 1696.

* Nardini, Roma Vetusta, lib. v. cap. iv.

† "Lupa hodieque in capitolinis prostat ædibus, cum vestigio fulminis quo ictam narrat Cicero." Diarium Italic. tom. i. p. 174.

‡ Storia delle Arti, etc. lib. iii. cap. iii. § ii. note 10. Winkelmann has made a strange blunder in a note, by saying the Ciceronian wolf was *not* in the Capitol, and that Dion was wrong in saying so.

§ "Intesi dire, che l' Ercole di bronzo, che oggi si trova nella sala di Campidoglio, fu trovato nel foro Romano appresso l' arco di Settimio: e vi fu trovata anche la lupa di bronzo che allata Romolo e Remo, e stà nella Loggia de Conservatori." Flam. Vacca, Memorie, num. iii. pag. i ap. Montfaucon, Diar. Ital. tom. i.

Let us examine the subject by a reference to the words of Cicero. The orator in two places seems to particularize the Romulus and the Remus, especially the first, which his audience remembered to *have been* in the Capitol, as being struck with lightning. In his verses he records that the twins and wolf both fell, and that the latter left behind the marks of her feet. Cicero does not say that the wolf was consumed: and Dion only mentions that it fell down, without alluding, as the Abate has made him, to the force of the blow, or the firmness with which it had been fixed. The whole strength, therefore, of the Abate's argument hangs upon the past tense; which, however, may be somewhat diminished by remarking that the phrase only shows that the statue was not then standing in its former position. Winkelmann has observed, that the present twins are modern; and it is equally clear that there are marks of gilding on the wolf, which might therefore be supposed to make part of the ancient group. It is known that the sacred images of the Capitol were not destroyed when injured by time or accident, but were put into certain under-ground depositaries, called *favissæ*.* It may be thought possible that the wolf had been so deposited, and had been replaced in some conspicuous situation when the Capitol was rebuilt by Vespasian. Rycquius, without mentioning his authority, tells that it was transferred from the Comitium to the Lateran, and thence brought to the Capitol. If it was found near the arch of Severus, it may have been one of the images which Orosius † says was thrown down in the Forum by lightning when Alaric took the city. That it is of very high antiquity the workmanship is a decisive proof; and that circumstance induced Winkelmann to believe it the wolf of Dionysius. The Capitoline wolf, however, may have been of the same early date as that at the temple of Romulus. Lactantius ‡ as-

* Luc. Faun. *ibid*.

† See note to stanza LXXX. in "Historical Illustrations."

‡ "Romuli nutrix Lupa honoribus est affecta divinis, et ferrem, si animal ipsum fuisset, cujus figuram gerit." Lactant. de Falsa Religione, lib. i. cap. xx. pag. 101, edit. varior. 1660; that is to say, he would rather adore a wolf than a prostitute. His commentator has observed that the opinion of Livy concerning Laurentia being figured in this

serts that in his time the Romans worshipped a wolf; and it is known that the Lupercalia held out to a very late period* after every other observance of the ancient superstition had totally expired. This may account for the preservation of the ancient image longer than the other early symbols of Paganism.

It may be permitted, however, to remark, that the wolf was a Roman symbol, but that the worship of that symbol is an inference drawn by the zeal of Lactantius. The early Christian writers are not to be trusted in the charges which they make against the Pagans. Eusebius accused the Romans to their faces of worshipping Simon Magus, and raising a statue to him in the island of the Tyber. The Romans had probably never heard of such a person before, who came, however, to play a considerable, though scandalous part in the church history, and has left several tokens of his aerial combat with St. Peter at Rome; notwithstanding that an inscription found in this very island of the Tyber showed the Simon Magus of Eusebius to be a certain indigenal god called Semo Sanguis or Fidius.†

Even when the worship of the founder of Rome had been abandoned, it was thought expedient to humor the habits of the good matrons of the city, by sending them with their sick infants to the church of Saint Theodore, as they had before carried them to the temple of Romulus.‡ The practice is continued to this

wolf was not universal. Strabo thought so. Rycquius is wrong in saying that Lactantius mentions the wolf was in the Capitol.

* To A. D. 496. "Quis credere possit," says Baronius [Ann. Eccles. tom. viii. p. 602, in an. 496], "viguisset adhuc Romæ ad Gelasii tempora, quæ fuere ante exordia urbis allata in Italiam Lupercalia?" Gelasius wrote a letter which occupies four folio pages to Andromachus the senator, and others, to show that the rites should be given up.

† Eusebius has these words: *καὶ ἀνδριάντι παρ' ὑμῶν ὡς θεοῦ τετίμηται, ἐν τῷ Τίβερι ποταμῷ μεταξὺ τῶν δύο γεφυρῶν, ἔχων ἐπιγραφὴν Ῥωμαϊκὴν ταύτην Σίμωνι δέω Σάγκτω.* Eccles. Hist. lib. ii. cap. xiii. p. 40. Justin Martyr had told the story before; but Baronius himself was obliged to detect this fable. See Nardini, Roma Vet. lib. vii. cap. xii.

‡ "In esse gli antichi pontefici per toglier la memoria de' ginocchi Lupercali istituiti in onore di Romolo, introdussero l' uso di portarvi bambini oppressi de infermità occulte, acciò si liberino per l' intercessione

day, and the site of the above church seems to be thereby identified with that of the temple; so that if the wolf had been really found there, as Winkelmann says, there would be no doubt of the present statue being that seen by Dionysius.* But Faunus, in saying that it was at the Ficus Ruminalis by the Comitium, is only talking of its ancient position as recorded by Pliny: and even if he had been remarking where it was found, would not have alluded to the church of Saint Theodore, but to a very different place, near which it was then thought the Ficus Ruminalis had been, and also the Comitium; that is, the three columns by the church of Santa Maria Liberatrice, at the corner of the Palatine looking on the Forum.

It is, in fact, a mere conjecture where the image was actually dug up; † and perhaps, on the whole, the marks of the gilding, and of the lightning, are a better argument in favor of its being the Ciceronian wolf than any that can be adduced for the contrary opinion. At any rate, it is reasonably selected in the text of the poem as one of the most interesting relics of the ancient city, ‡ and is certainly the figure, if not the very animal to which Virgil alludes in his beautiful verses:—

di questo santo, come di continuo si sperimenta." Rione xii. Ripa, accurata e succineta Descrizione, etc. di Roma Moderna, dell' Ab. Rindolf. Venuti, 1766.

* Nardini, lib. v. cap. 11, convicts Pomponius Lætus *crassi erroris*, in putting the Ruminant fig-tree at the church of Saint Theodore: but as Livy says the wolf was at the Ficus Ruminalis, and Dionysius at the temple of Romulus, he is obliged (cap. iv.) to own that the two were close together, as well as the Lupercal cave, shaded, as it were, by the fig-tree.

† "Ad comitium ficus olim Ruminalis germinabat, sub qua lupæ rummam, hoc est, mammam, docente Varrone, suxerant olim Romulus et Remus; non procul a templo hodie D. Mariæ Liberatricis appellato, ubi *forsan* inventa nobilis illa ænea statua lupæ geminos puerulos lactantis, quam hodie in Capitolio videmus." Olai Borrichii Antiqua Urbis Romanæ Facies, cap. x. See also cap. xii. Borrichius wrote after Nardini, in 1687. Ap. Græv. Antiq. Rom. tom. iv. p. 1522.

‡ Donatus, lib. xi. cap. 18, gives a medal representing on one side the wolf in the same position as that in the Capitol; and on the reverse the wolf with the head not reverted. It is of the time of Antoninus Pius.

“Geminos huic ubera circum
 Ludere pendentes pueros, et lambere matrem
 Impavidos: illam tereti cervice reflexam
 Mulcere alternos, et corpora fingere linguâ.”*

XXVI.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

“*For the Roman's mind
 Was modelled in a less terrestrial mould.*”

Stanza xc. lines 3 and 4.

It is possible to be a very great man and to be still very inferior to Julius Cæsar, the most complete character, so Lord Bacon thought, of all antiquity. Nature seems incapable of such extraordinary combinations as composed his versatile capacity, which was the wonder even of the Romans themselves. The first general—the only triumphant politician—inferior to none in eloquence—comparable to any in the attainments of wisdom, in an age made up of the greatest commanders, statesmen, orators, and philosophers that ever appeared in the world—an author who composed a perfect specimen of military annals in his travelling carriage—at one time in a controversy with Cato, at another writing a treatise on punning, and collecting a set of good sayings—fighting † and making love at the same moment, and

* Æn. viii. 631. See Dr. Middleton, in his Letter from Rome, who inclines to the Ciceronian wolf, but without examining the subject.

† In his tenth book, Lucan shows him sprinkled with the blood of Pharsalia in the arms of Cleopatra.

“Sanguine Thessalicæ cladis perfusus adulter
 Admisit Venerem curis, et miscuit armis.”

After feasting with his mistress, he sits up all night to converse with the Egyptian sages, and tells Achoreus,

“Spes sit mihi certa videndi
 Niliacos fontes, bellum civile relinquam.”
 “Sic velut in tuta securi pace trahebant
 Noctis iter mediæ.”

willing to abandon both his empire and his mistress for a sight of the Fountains of the Nile. Such did Julius Cæsar appear to his contemporaries and to those of the subsequent ages who were the most inclined to deplore and execrate his fatal genius.

But we must not be so much dazzled with his surpassing glory, or with his magnanimous, his amiable qualities, as to forget the decision of his impartial countrymen:—

HE WAS JUSTLY SLAIN.*

XXVII.

EGERIA.

*“Egeria! sweet creation of some heart
Which found no mortal resting-place so fair
As thine ideal breast.”*

Stanza cxv. lines 1, 2, and 3.

The respectable authority of Flaminius Vacca would incline us to believe in the claims of the Egerian grotto.† He assures

Immediately afterwards, he is fighting again, and defending every position.

“Sed adest defensor ubique
Cæsar et hos aditu gladiis, hos ignibus arcet.
. cæca nocte carinis
Insiluit Cæsar, semper feliciter usus
Præcipiti cursu bellorum et tempore raptō.”

* “Jure cæsus existimetur,” says Suetonius, after a fair estimation of his character, and making use of a phrase which was a formula in Livy’s time. “Mælium jure cæsum pronuntiavit, etiam si regni crimine insons fuerit:” [lib. iv. cap. 15,] and which was continued in the legal judgments pronounced in justifiable homicides, such as killing house-breakers. See Sueton. in Vit. C. J. Cæsar. with the commentary of Pitiscus, p. 184.

† “Poco lontano dal detto luogo si scende ad un casaleto, del quale ne sono padroni li Caffarelli, che con questo nome è chiamato il luogo; vi è una fontana sotto una gran volta antica, che al presente si gode, e li Romani vi vanno l’estate a ricrearsi; nel pavimento di essa fonte si legge in un epitaffio essere quella la fonte di Egeria, dedicata alle ninfe,

us that he saw an inscription in the pavement, stating that the fountain was that of Egeria, dedicated to the nymphs. The inscription is not there at this day; but Montfaucon quotes two lines * of Ovid from a stone in the Villa Giustiniani, which he seems to think had been brought from the same grotto.

This grotto and valley were formerly frequented in summer, and particularly the first Sunday in May, by the modern Romans, who attached a salubrious quality to the fountain which trickles from an orifice at the bottom of the vault, and, overflowing the little pools, creeps down the matted grass into the brook below. The brook is the Ovidian Almo, whose name and qualities are lost in the modern Aquataccio. The valley itself is called Valle di Caffarelli, from the dukes of that name who made over their fountain to the Pallavicini, with sixty *rubbia* of adjoining land.

There can be little doubt that this long dell is the Egerian valley of Juvenal, and the pausing place of Umbricius, notwithstanding the generality of his commentators have supposed the descent of the satirist and his friend to have been into the Arician grove, where the nymph met Hippolitus, and where she was more peculiarly worshipped.

The step from the Porta Capena to the Alban hill, fifteen miles distant, would be too considerable, unless we were to believe in the wild conjecture of Vossius, who makes that gate travel from its present station, where he pretends it was during the reign of the Kings, as far as the Arician grove, and then makes it recede to its old site with the shrinking city.† The tufo, or pumice, which the poet prefers to marble, is the substance composing the bank in which the grotto is sunk.

e questa, dice l'epitaffio, essere la medesima fonte in cui fu convertita." Memorie, etc. ap. Nardini, pag. 13. He does not give the inscription.

* "In villa Justiniana extat ingens lapis quadratus solidus, in quo sculpta hæc duo Ovidii carmina sunt:—

'Ægeria est quæ præbet aquas, dea grata Camœnis:
Illa Numæ conjunx consiliumque fuit.'

Qui lapis videtur ex eodem Egeriæ fonte, aut ejus vicinia, isthuc comportatus." *Diarium Italic.* p. 153.

† *De Magnit. Vet. Rom.* ap. Græv. *Ant. Rom.* tom. iv. p. 1507.

The modern topographers * find in the grotto the statue of the nymph, and nine niches for the Muses; and a late traveller † has discovered that the cave is restored to that simplicity which the poet regretted had been exchanged for injudicious ornament. But the headless statue is palpably rather a male than a nymph, and has none of the attributes ascribed to it at present visible. The nine Muses could hardly have stood in six niches; and Juvenal certainly does not allude to any individual cave. ‡ Nothing can be collected from the satirist but that somewhere near the Porta Capena was a spot in which it was supposed Numa held nightly consultations with his nymph, and where there was a grove and a sacred fountain, and fanes once consecrated to the Muses; and that from this spot there was a descent into the valley of Egeria, where were several artificial caves. It is clear that the statues of the Muses made no part of the decoration which the satirist thought misplaced in these caves; for he expressly assigns other fanes (*delubra*) to these divinities above the valley, and moreover tells us that they had been ejected to make room for the Jews. In fact, the little temple, now called that of Bacchus, was formerly thought to belong to the Muses, and Nardini § places them in a poplar grove, which was in his time above the valley.

* Echinard, *Descrizione di Roma e dell' Agro Romano*, corretto dall' Abate Venuti, in Roma, 1750. They believe in the grotto and nymph.

“*Simulacro di questo fonte, essendovi sculpite le acque a pie di esso.*”

† *Classical Tour*, chap. vi. p. 217, vol. ii.

‡ “*Substitit ad veteres arcus, madidamque Capenam;
Hic ubi nocturnæ Numa constituebat amicæ,
Nunc sacri fontis nemus, et delubra locantur
Judæis, quorum cophinus fœnumque supellex.
Omnis enim populo mercedem pendere jussa est
Arbor, et ejectis mendicat silva Camœnis.
In vallem Egeriæ descendimus, et speluncas
Dissimiles veris: quanto præstantius esset
Numen aquæ, viridi si margine clauderet undas
Herba, nec ingenuum violarent marmora tophum.*”

Sat. III

§ *Lib. iii. cap. iii.*

It is probable, from the inscription and position, that the cave now shown may be one of the "artificial caverns," of which, indeed, there is another a little way higher up the valley, under a tuft of alder bushes: but a *single* grotto of Egeria is a mere modern invention, grafted upon the application of the epithet Egerian to these nymphae in general, and which might send us to look for the haunts of Numa upon the banks of the Thames.

Our English Juvenal was not seduced into mistranslation by his acquaintance with Pope: he carefully preserves the correct plural —

"Thence slowly winding down the vale, we view
The Egerian *grots*: oh, how unlike the true!"

The valley abounds with springs,* and over these springs, which the Muses might haunt from their neighboring groves, Egeria presided: hence she was said to supply them with water; and she was the nymph of the grottos through which the fountains were taught to flow.

The whole of the monuments in the vicinity of the Egerian valley have received names at will, which have been changed at will. Venuti† owns he can see no traces of the temples of Jove, Saturn, Juno, Venus, and Diana, which Nardini found, or hoped to find. The mutatorium of Caracalla's circus, the temple of Honor and Virtue, the temple of Bacchus, and, above all, the temple of the god Rediculus, are the antiquaries' despair.

The circus of Caracalla depends on a medal of that Emperor cited by Fulvius Ursinus, of which the reverse shows a circus, supposed, however, by some to represent the Circus Maximus. It gives a very good idea of that place of exercise. The soil has been but little raised, if we may judge from the small cellular structure at the end of the Spina, which was probably the chapel of the god Consus. This cell is half beneath the soil, as it must have been in the circus itself; for Dionysius‡ could not be persuaded to believe that this divinity was the Roman Neptune, because his altar was under ground.

* "Undique e solo aquæ scaturiunt." Nardini, lib. iii. cap. iii.

† Echinard, etc. Cic. cit. p. 297, 298.

‡ Antiq. Rom. lib. ii. cap. xxxi.

XXVIII.

THE ROMAN NEMESIS.

*"Great Nemesis !**Here, where the ancient paid thee homage long."*

Stanza cxxxii. lines 2 and 3.

We read in Suetonius, that Augustus, from a warning received in a dream,* counterfeited, once a year, the beggar, sitting before the gate of his palace with his hand hollowed and stretched out for charity. A statue formerly in the Villa Borghese, and which should be now at Paris, represents the Emperor in that posture of supplication. The object of this self-degradation was the appeasement of Nemesis, the perpetual attendant on good fortune, of whose power the Roman conquerors were also reminded by certain symbols attached to their cars of triumph. The symbols were the whip and the *crotalo*, which were discovered in the Nemesis of the Vatican. The attitude of beggary made the above statue pass for that of Belisarius: and until the criticism of Winkelmann † had rectified the mistake, one fiction was called in to support another. It was the same fear of the sudden termination of prosperity that made Amasis king of Egypt warn his friend Polycrates of Samos, that the gods loved those whose lives were chequered with good and evil fortunes. Nemesis was supposed to lie in wait particularly for the prudent; that is, for those whose caution rendered them accessible only to mere accidents: and her first altar was raised on the banks of the Phrygian Æsepus by Adrastus, probably the prince

* Sueton. in Vit. Augusti, cap. 91, Casaubon, in the note, refers to Plutarch's lives of Camillus and Æmilius Paulus, and also to his apophthegms, for the character of this deity. The hollowed hand was reckoned the last degree of degradation; and when the dead body of the præfect Rufinus was borne about in triumph by the people, the indignity was increased by putting his hand in that position.

† Storia delle Arti, etc. lib. xii. cap. iii. tom. ii. p. 422. Visconti calls the statue, however, a Cybele. It is given in the Museo Pio-Clement. tom. i. par. 40. The Abate Fea (Spiegazione dei Rami. Storia, etc., tom. iii. p. 513,) calls it a Chrisippus.

of that name who killed the son of Crœsus by mistake. Hence the goddess was called Adrastea.*

The Roman Nemesis was *sacred* and *august*: there was a temple to her in the Palatine under the name of Rhamnusia:† so great, indeed, was the propensity of the ancients to trust to the revolution of events, and to believe in the divinity of Fortune, that in the same Palatine there was a temple to the Fortune of the day.‡ This is the last superstition which retains its hold over the human heart; and, from concentrating in one object the credulity so natural to man, has always appeared strongest in those unembarrassed by other articles of belief. The antiquaries have supposed this goddess to be synonymous with Fortune and with Fate: but it was in her vindictive quality that she was worshipped under the name of Nemesis.

XXIX.

GLADIATORS.

*"He, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday."*

Stanza cxli. lines 6 and 7.

Gladiators were of two kinds, compelled and voluntary; and were supplied from several conditions;—from slaves sold for

* Dict. de Bayle, article Adrastea.

† It is enumerated by the regionary Victor.

‡ Fortunæ hujusce diei. Cicero mentions her, de Legib. lib. ii.

DEAE NEMESI
SIVE FORTUNAE
PISTORIVS
RVGIANVS
V. C. LEGAT.
LEG. XIII. G.
CORD.

See Questiones Romanæ, etc. ap. Græv. Antiq. Roman. tom. v. p. 942
See also Muratori, Nov. Thesaur. Inscript. Vet. tom. i. p. 88, 89, where there are three Latin and one Greek inscription to Nemesis, and others to Fate.

that purpose; from culprits; from barbarian captives either taken in war, and, after being led in triumph, set apart for the games, or those seized and condemned as rebels; also from free citizens, some fighting for hire (*auctorati*), others from a depraved ambition: at last even knights and senators were exhibited,—a disgrace of which the first tyrant was naturally the first inventor.* In the end, dwarfs, and even women, fought; an enormity prohibited by Severus. Of these the most to be pitied undoubtedly were the barbarian captives; and to this species a Christian writer † justly applies the epithet “innocent,” to distinguish them from the professional gladiators. Aurelian and Claudius supplied great numbers of these unfortunate victims; the one after his triumph, and the other on the pretext of a rebellion.‡ No war, says Lipsius,§ was ever so destructive to the human race as these sports. In spite of the laws of Constantine and Constans, gladiatorial shows survived the old established religion more than seventy years; but they owed their final extinction to the courage of a Christian. In the year 404, on the kalends of January, they were exhibiting the shows in the Flavian amphitheatre before the usual immense concourse of people. Almachius, or Telemachus, an eastern monk, who had travelled to Rome intent on his holy purpose, rushed into the midst of the area, and endeavored to separate the combatants. The prætor Alypius, a person incredibly attached to these games,|| gave instant orders to the gladiators to slay him; and Telemachus gained the crown of martyrdom, and the title of saint, which surely has never either before or since been awarded for a more noble exploit. Honorius immediately abolished the shows,

* Julius Cæsar, who rose by the fall of the aristocracy, brought Furius Leptinus and A. Calenus upon the arena.

† Tertullian, “certe quidem et innocentes gladiatores in ludum veniunt, et voluptatis publicæ hostiæ fiant.” Just. Lips. Saturn. Sermon. lib. ii. cap. iii.

‡ Vopiscus, in vit. Aurel. and in vit. Claud. ibid.

§ “Credo, immo scio, nullum bellum tantam cladem vastitatemque generi humano intulisse, quam hos ad voluptatem ludos.” Just. Lips. ibid. lib. i. cap. xii.

|| Augustinus (lib. vi. Confess. cap. viii.). ‘Alypium suum gladiatorii spectaculi inhiatu incredibiliter abreptum,’ scribit. ib. lib. i. cap. xii.

which were never afterwards revived. The story is told by Theodore^{*} and Cassiodorus,[†] and seems worthy of credit notwithstanding its place in the Roman martyrology.[‡] Besides the torrents of blood which flowed at the funerals, in the amphitheatres, the circus, the forums, and other public places, gladiators were introduced at feasts, and tore each other to pieces amidst the supper tables, to the great delight and applause of the guests. Yet Lipsius permits himself to suppose the loss of courage, and the evident degeneracy of mankind, to be nearly connected with the abolition of these bloody spectacles.[§]

XXX.

*Here, where the Roman millions' blame or praise
Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd.*

Stanza cxlii. lines 5 and 6.

When one gladiator wounded another, he shouted, "he has it," "hoc habet," or "habet." The wounded combatant dropped his weapon, and advancing to the edge of the arena, supplicated the spectators. If he had fought well, the people saved him; if otherwise, or as they happened to be inclined, they turned down their thumbs, and he was slain. They were occasionally so savage that they were impatient if a combat lasted longer than ordinary without wounds or death. The emperor's presence generally saved the vanquished; and it is recorded as an instance of Caracalla's ferocity, that he sent those who supplicated him

^{*} Hist. Eccles. cap. xxvi. lib. v.

[†] Cassiod. Tripartita, l. x. c. xi. Saturn. ib. ib.

[‡] Baronius, ad ann. et in notis ad Martyrol. Rom. I. Jan. See — Marangoni, Delle memorie sacre e profane dell' Anfiteatro Flavio, p. 25, edit. 1746.

[§] "Quod? non tu, Lipsi, momentum aliquod habuisse censes ad virtutem? Magnum. Tempora nostra, nosque ipsos videamus. Oppidum ecce unum alterumve captum, direptum est; tumultus circa nos, non in nobis; et tamen concidimus et turbamur. Ubi robur, ubi tot per annos meditata sapientiæ studia? ubi ille animus qui possit dicere, *si fractus illabatur orbis?*" etc. ibid. lib. ii. cap. xxv. The prototype of Mr. Windham's panegyric on bull-baiting.

for life, in a spectacle, at Nicomedia, to ask the people; in other words, handed them over to be slain. A similar ceremony is observed at the Spanish bull-fights. The magistrate presides; and after the horsemen and piccadores have fought the bull, the matadore steps forward and bows to him for permission to kill the animal. If the bull has done his duty by killing two or three horses, or a man, which last is rare, the people interfere with shouts, the ladies wave their handkerchiefs, and the animal is saved. The wounds and death of the horses are accompanied with the loudest acclamations, and many gestures of delight, especially from the female portion of the audience, including those of the gentlest blood. Every thing depends on habit. The author of Childe Harold, the writer of this note, and one or two other Englishmen, who have certainly in other days borne the sight of a pitched battle, were, during the summer of 1809, in the governor's box at the great amphitheatre of Santa Maria, opposite to Cadiz. The death of one or two horses completely satisfied their curiosity. A gentleman present, observing them shudder and look pale, noticed that unusual reception of so delightful a sport to some young ladies, who stared and smiled, and continued their applauses as another horse fell bleeding to the ground. One bull killed three horses *off his own horns*. He was saved by acclamations, which were redoubled when it was known he belonged to a priest.

An Englishman who can be much pleased with seeing two men beat themselves to pieces, cannot bear to look at a horse galloping round an arena with his bowels trailing on the ground, and turns from the spectacle and the spectators with horror and disgust.

XXXI.

THE ALBAN HILL.

"And afar

The Tiber winds, and the broad ocean laves

The Latian coast," etc. etc.

Stanza clxxiv. lines 2, 3, and 4.

The whole declivity of the Alban hill is of unrivalled beauty and from the convent on the highest point, which has succeeded

to the temple of the Latian Jupiter, the prospect embraces all the objects alluded to in the cited stanza; the Mediterranean; the whole scene of the latter half of the *Æneid*, and the coast from beyond the mouth of the Tiber to the headland of Circæum and the Cape of Terracina.

The site of Cicero's villa may be supposed either at the Grotta Ferrata, or at the Tusculum of Prince Lucien Buonaparte.

The former was thought some years ago the actual site, as may be seen from Middleton's *Life of Cicero*. At present it has lost something of its credit, except for the Domenichinos. Nine monks of the Greek order live there, and the adjoining villa is a cardinal's summer-house. The other villa, called Rufinella, is on the summit of the hill above Frascati, and many rich remains of Tusculum have been found there, besides seventy-two statues of different merit and preservation, and seven busts.

From the same eminence are seen the Sabine hills, embosomed in which lies the long valley of Rustica. There are several circumstances which tend to establish the identity of this valley with the "*Ustica*" of Horace; and it seems possible that the mosaic pavement which the peasants uncover by throwing up the earth of a vineyard may belong to his villa. Rustica is pronounced short, not according to our stress upon — "*Usticæ cubantis*." — It is more rational to think that we are wrong, than that the inhabitants of this secluded valley have changed their tone in this word. The addition of the consonant prefixed is nothing: yet it is necessary to be aware that Rustica may be a modern name which the peasants may have caught from the antiquaries.

The villa, or the mosaic, is in a vineyard on a knoll covered with chestnut trees. A stream runs down the valley; and although it is not true, as said in the guide books, that this stream is called Licenza, yet there is a village on a rock at the head of the valley which is so denominated, and which may have taken its name from the Digentia. Licenza contains 700 inhabitants. On a peak a little way beyond is Civitella, containing 300. On the banks of the Anio, a little before you turn up into Valle Rustica, to the left, about an hour from the *villa*, is a town called Vicovaro, another favorable coincidence with the *Varia* of the poet. At the end of the valley, towards the Anio, there is a bare hill, crowned with a little town called Bardela. At the foot of this hill the rivulet of Licenza flows, and is almost absorbed in a wide

sandy bed before it reaches the Anio. Nothing can be more fortunate for the lines of the poet, whether in a metaphorical or direct sense:—

“Me quotiens reficit gelidus Digentia rivus,
Quem Mandela bibit rugosus frigore pagus.”

The stream is clear high up the valley, but before it reaches the hill of Bardela looks green and yellow like a sulphur rivulet.

Rocca Giovane, a ruined village in the hills, half an hour's walk from the vineyard where the pavement is shown, does seem to be the site of the fane of Vacuna, and an inscription found there tells that this temple of the Sabine Victory, was repaired by Vespasian.* With these helps, and a position corresponding exactly to every thing which the poet has told us of his retreat, we may feel tolerably secure of our site.

The hill which should be Lucretilis is called Campanile, and by following up the rivulet to the pretended Bandusia, you come to the roots of the higher mountain Gennaro. Singularly enough, the only spot of ploughed land in the whole valley is on the knoll where this Bandusia rises.

“ tu frigus amabile
Fessis vomere tauris
Præbes, et pecori vago.”

The peasants show another spring near the mosaic pavement which they call “Oradina,” and which flows down the hills into a tank, or mill-dam, and thence trickles over into the Digentia.

But we must not hope

“To trace the Muses upwards to their spring,”

by exploring the windings of the romantic valley in search of the Bandusian fountain. It seems strange that any one should have thought Bandusia a fountain of the Digentia—Horace has not let drop a word of it; and this immortal spring has in fact been discovered in possession of the holders of many good things in Italy, the monks. It was attached to the church of St. Ger-

* IMP. CÆSAR VESPASIANVS
PONTIFEX MAXIMVS. TRIB.
POTEST. CENSOR. ÆDEM
VICTORIÆ. VETVSTATE ILLAPSAM.
SVA. IMPENSA. RESTITVIT.

vais and Protais near Venusia, where it was most likely to be found.* We shall not be so lucky as a late traveller in finding the *occasional pine* still pendent on the poetic villa. There is not a pine in the whole valley, but there are two cypresses, which he evidently took, or mistook, for the tree in the ode.† The truth is, that the pine is now, as it was in the days of Virgil, a garden tree, and it was not at all likely to be found in the craggy acclivities of the valley of Rustica. Horace probably had one of them in the orchard close above his farm, immediately overshadowing his villa, not on the rocky heights at some distance from his abode. The tourist may have easily supposed himself to have seen this pine figured in the above cypresses; for the orange and lemon trees which throw such a bloom over his description of the royal gardens at Naples, unless they have been since displaced, were assuredly only acacias and other common garden shrubs. ‡

XXXII.

EUSTACE'S CLASSICAL TOUR.

The extreme disappointment experienced by choosing the Classical Tourist as a guide in Italy must be allowed to find vent in a few observations, which, it is asserted without fear of contradiction, will be confirmed by every one who has selected the same conductor through the same country. This author is in fact one of the most inaccurate, unsatisfactory writers that have in our times attained a temporary reputation, and is very seldom to be trusted even when he speaks of objects which he must be presumed to have seen. His errors, from the simple exaggeration to the downright misstatement, are so frequent as

* See — Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto, p. 43.

† See — Classical Tour, etc. chap. vii. p. 250, vol. ii.

‡ “Under our windows, and bordering on the beach, is the royal garden, laid out in parterres, and walks shaded by rows of orange trees.” Classical Tour, etc. chap. xi. vol. ii. oct. 365.

to induce a suspicion that he had either never visited the spots described, or had trusted to the fidelity of former writers. Indeed, the Classical Tour has every characteristic of a mere compilation of former notices, strung together upon a very slender thread of personal observation, and swelled out by those decorations which are so easily supplied by a systematic adoption of all the common-places of praise, applied to every thing, and therefore signifying nothing.

The style which one person thinks cloggy and cumbrous, and unsuitable, may be to the taste of others, and such may experience some salutary excitement in ploughing through the periods of the Classical Tour. It must be said, however, that polish and weight are apt to beget an expectation of value. It is amongst the pains of the damned to toil up a climax with a huge round stone.

The tourist had the choice of his words, but there was no such latitude allowed to that of his sentiments. The love of virtue and of liberty, which must have distinguished the character, certainly adorns the pages of Mr. Eustace; and the gentlemanly spirit, so recommendatory either in an author or his productions, is very conspicuous throughout the Classical Tour. But these generous qualities are the foliage of such a performance, and may be spread about it so prominently and profusely, as to embarrass those who wish to see and find the fruit at hand. The unction of the divine, and the exhortations of the moralist, may have made this work something more and better than a book of travels, but they have not made it a book of travels; and this observation applies more especially to that enticing method of instruction conveyed by the perpetual introduction of the same Gallic Helot to reel and bluster before the rising generation, and terrify it into decency by the display of all the excesses of the revolution. An animosity against atheists and regicides in general, and Frenchmen specifically, may be honorable, and may be useful as a record; but that antidote should either be administered in any work rather than a tour, or, at least, should be served up apart, and not so mixed with the whole mass of information and reflection, as to give a bitterness to every page: for who would choose to have the antipathies of any man, however just, for his travelling companions? A tourist, unless he

aspires to the credit of prophecy, is not answerable for the changes which may take place in the country which he describes; but his reader may very fairly esteem all his political portraits and deductions as so much waste paper, the moment they cease to assist, and more particularly if they obstruct, his actual survey.

Neither encomium nor accusation of any government, or governors, is meant to be here offered; but it is stated as an incontrovertible fact, that the change operated, either by the address of the late imperial system, or by the disappointment of every expectation by those who have succeeded to the Italian thrones, has been so considerable, and is so apparent, as not only to put Mr. Eustace's antigallican philippics entirely out of date, but even to throw some suspicion upon the competency and candor of the author himself. A remarkable example may be found in the instance of Bologna, over whose papal attachments, and consequent desolation, the tourist pours forth such strains of condolence and revenge, made louder by the borrowed trumpet of Mr. Burke. Now Bologna is at this moment, and has been for some years, notorious amongst the states of Italy for its attachment to revolutionary principles, and was almost the only city which made any demonstrations in favor of the unfortunate Murat. This change may, however, have been made since Mr. Eustace visited this country; but the traveller whom he has thrilled with horror at the projected stripping of the copper from the cupola of St. Peter's, must be much relieved to find that sacrilege out of the power of the French, or any other plunderers, the cupola being covered with *lead*.*

If the conspiring voice of otherwise rival critics had not given considerable currency to the Classical Tour, it would have been unnecessary to warn the reader, that however it may adorn his

* "What, then, will be the astonishment, or rather the horror, of my reader, when I inform him . . . the French Committee turned its attention to Saint Peter's, and employed a company of Jews to estimate and purchase the gold, silver, and bronze that adorn the inside of the edifice as well as the copper that covers the vaults and dome on the outside." Chap. iv. p. 130, vol. ii. The story about the Jews is positively denied at Rome.

library, it will be of little or no service to him in his carriage; and if the judgment of those critics had hitherto been suspended, no attempt would have been made to anticipate their decision. As it is, those who stand in the relation of posterity to Mr. Eustace may be permitted to appeal from contemporary praises, and are perhaps more likely to be just in proportion as the causes of love and hatred are the further removed. This appeal had, in some measure, been made before the above remarks were written; for one of the most respectable of the Florentine publishers, who had been persuaded by the repeated inquiries of those on their journey southwards to reprint a cheap edition of the Classical Tour, was, by the concurring advice of returning travellers, induced to abandon his design, although he had already arranged his types and paper, and had struck off one or two of the first sheets.

The writer of these notes would wish to part (like Mr. Gibbon) on good terms with the Pope and the Cardinals, but he does not think it necessary to extend the same discreet silence to their humble partisans.



Byron, George Gordon Byron

The poetical works of Lord Byron with a memoir : ten volumes in five

Bd.: 2

New York [u.a.] 1878

P.o.angl. 620 q-8

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb11377002-8